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July, 1888.

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THE COMBAT FOR THE FAITH.

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JULY, 1888.

THE COMBAT FOR THE FAITH.

THE FIELD-INGERSOLL-GLADSTONE CONTROVERSY.

THE REAL ISSUES.

TO ATTACK a subject having the proportions of this Discussion in the few hours and paragraphs allowed for the undertaking seems to me like bombarding the English navy with a pebble from David's sling. Proportion is no less sacred in the symposium of a modern Review than in other things, and I confess to a sense of the futility of my task which well-nigh cripples me of the muscle for it.

The first thing which impresses me in the discussion between the Presbyterian clergyman, the American infidel and the English Premier is that there has been an extraordinary waste of nerve tissue in the whole business. Controversial literature has its history, like other phases of art, and that history has taught us respect for the dignity, severity, and economy of form. These qualities are not present throughout this discussion. They are, in portions, conspicuously absent. It is a controversy of impulse rather than of systems. It has, on the whole, the character of a table-talk rather than of a debate. It lacks the forensic stateliness which belongs to a subject of ultimate importance when approached by important minds. It is needless to particularize whereabouts

in the discussion one may find the absence or presence of due intellectual dignity. Evidences of both are only too apparent. Dignity is always an argument in itself, it lends a beautiful force, like that of delicate machinery, to those perfected arguments which it weaves.

The man who keeps his temper; who avoids invective as a distinguished American gentleman for forty years avoided audible sneezing; who has no more taste for superficiality and sophistry than a ship-wrecked sailor for a polka; who curbs passion into persuasions, and the license of rhetoric into the liberty of logic—such a man carries the presumption of favor for his case in so far as he is such a man; and he ought to.

The treasure of the Christian faith is not of a kind to be borne away from us by intellectual burglary.

In the next place I am reminded of the comment made on the Concord School of Philosophy by one of the keen newspaper men who have made American wit a modern discovery. The Concord students spent their time, he said, in trying to scrute the inscrutable and poss the impossible. The controversy in which Colonel Ingersoll has been the defendant is, I venture to say, not upon his part alone, an attempt to poss the impossible. Tactically considered, the discussion has to a marked extent followed that simple military expedient known as "firing wild." It strikes me that the chief reason for this is one for which no individual party to the encounter can be held responsible; least of all, the distinguished statesman whose scholarship, dignity, and repose have given value to the conflict if they have not won the day.

Is not the main trouble with the discussion the absence of definition? Really, when we come to look at it, there is no such thing postulated between the opponents. The simplest conditions of controversy are disregarded from the start. There are no common terms.

It is easy to ask, How can there be any? What can there be? Between a mind which finds it natural to call Heaven a poor-house and Jehovah an eternal turnkey, and the mind of a devout believer in the divine mission of Jesus Christ, where is the common term?

True, it may be a matter of the subtlest difficulty to find one; it may even seem to be past finding out; but for controversial purposes it is no less necessary for that. Without it there should

be no more serious war of words urged between Christianity and the "modern improvements" in unbelief, than there could be, at a similar disadvantage, between Fichte and Schopenhauer.

Without the common terms, without the mutual definitions, without the first condition of intellectual combat—why spend powder and shot and blood? Why fight at all, to leave the field unconquered and unheld, dimmed with smoke and dust, turbulent with outcry, and piteous with tears?

It seems to me that just here lies the chief mistake of much of our present conflict between faith and skepticism. When all is said, it comes to this: We fire too much at random. We do not insist on our first premise. We spend ourselves on defective conditions. It is an age which pre-eminently requires precision of terms. It is the time of exact thought. It is the time when no defender of the Christian faith can dare to enter a helter-skelter fight for it. It is the time of times when he owes it to that faith to demand of its foes every justice, every courtesy, every consistency which the common consent of scholarship grants to controversy in all other departments of thought. It is a time when any believer and any agnostic who choose to discuss the Christian religion must begin by postulating of something, somewhere—

"*Here* is our common ground; though it be no more than a geometrical point can cover. Stand on it. Now, where next?" Otherwise the disputants may better go play tennis, in the long run.

It is necessary to say distinctly, for the truth's sake and one's own, that no replies to the position of Colonel Ingersoll can be offered in these crowded paragraphs. All that is possible in this space is to suggest that there are a few points on which it would seem practicable to find common ground, even between minds so diversely constructed as those of the three controversialists in the recent discussion.

The historic fact of anachronism in creeds is one of these points. Creeds are always behind beliefs.

Religious progress always gets the start of the Ecclesiastical Council. The faith of one age becomes the creed of the next. The progress of truth is geologic, it is to be measured from the fossils to the forming crystal, but he is a poor student who mistakes the fossil for the crystal; as we plainly see. Anachronism in creeds is

a fact to be admitted, and to be counted upon in all discussion which finds it necessary to view truth through the lenses of ecclesiastical formulation. This fact is as simple and as inevitable as changes in orthography, etymology, philosophy, science. All other forms of truth are subject to the law of variation in progress. Religious belief is no exception. This should be postulated. It should be a common term.

It might be well, also, to urge, if one had space to be urgent, that the margin of mystery in human thought and fact is large and universal. Frederick Robertson, when asked why a benevolent God could make a world of sin and misery, replied : " He is the wisest man who answers, 'I do not know.'" The greatest scientific genius of the age, one of the greatest of all ages, has been unable to fit the missing link to the superb and convincing chain of inductive reasoning involved in the theory of evolution.

The unbeliever who does not know why the sun sets, or why his children love him, or how his heart beats, or wherefore the tide turns, may be contented to concede this common term: The larger the truth the larger the mystery.

We may be peremptory to demand of him: If you cannot tell us why the spider beneath your foot stops forever if you step on it, how can you expect us to explain the private reasons of the Almighty for his public acts?

There is one other condition of satisfactory discussion upon a topic as tremendous as that involved, which I humbly venture to suggest as worth consideration. I refer to the common ground of sufficient equipment. The scholarship of the subject is the least which we have the right to demand of a man who thrusts himself before the world as a destroyer of the dearest hope which the heart of the world contains, or which the consecrated intelligence of the world has justified. In respect to equipment, it is but fair to remind ourselves that there has been no natural selection for this encounter.

Where are the specialists of the occasion ? Where are the experts in exegesis ? in theology ? in the most practical and renowned successes of the ministry of the living faith ? Admit that Colonel Ingersoll is not alone in respect to deficiency of equipment for a debate of such lofty and such solemn character; this scarcely varies the charge, so far as his peculiar relation to the subject is concerned. A man should be well assured of what he

has in it, to start with, who knocks his head against the most valuable faith of the human race. Pungent thought he has; brilliant fancy; cogent passion; magnificent rhetoric. Logic he has not. In biblical scholarship he is a generation, at least, behind his times. He is without any which qualifies him or justifies him for his foray against the Christianity of his age.

To be a professional assassin of eternal hope, one would say, a man should know enough of his weapon to select the most recent inventions and to put himself under some cultivated training in the use of them. No one can doubt that Colonel Ingersoll is quite capable of doing both of these things. The point to be noted is, that he has not taken the trouble to do them.

But, after all "words, words, words" were said and sorrowed over, would not this remain the simplest, strongest fact in the whole matter—that the most necessary common term of all possible to religious controversy, and the one most nearly impossible to command, is the delicate and old-fashioned one of spiritual sympathy?

God is a Spirit. By Spirit He is to be apprehended. They that worship, worship in Spirit. He must be loved, to be understood. He is not so unlike other objects of affection in this, after all.

His methods are mysteries. Large love is always a mystery. Trust is a premise in the syllogism of personal belief. The severer the test of love the more precious the possession. To Christian believers God is too precious to be given up, because, in brief, the Bible is a book requiring a more scholarly, a more candid, and a more trustful interpretation than any to which the unbeliever of this discussion has had his attention drawn.

Difficulties in exegesis cannot rob us of actualities in our spiritual history. Personal dearness is our sweet and powerful *præjudicium* in God's behalf. Like all love, it is an argument. Like all experience, it teaches. Like other developments, it develops. Logically considered, the most serious difficulty with the brilliant scoffer of this conflict is, that he does not bring to it the prime condition of spiritual education which is as necessary to religious debate as syntax to a classical oration.

"Ye were dead to things ye knew not of."

Let him meet us, though afar off, in the common term of the

spiritual nature. Though he possess it only in the most rudimentary stage, let him recognize that rudiment. It would serve us well on both sides, in the long and loving effort to reach the eternal conclusion which he seeks most wisely who *wishes* to find it. It is possible, results might prove that the Atheist is not the only good father in the scheme of things. It is not impossible that even the Almighty might be found qualified to vie with him in the parental virtues. Without this simply common ground of respect for the truth in question, how can we—God teach us all! —how can we ever "reason together" of Him or His?

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

MR. GLADSTONE recognizes that "the moral history of man, in its principal stream, has been distinctly an evolution from the first until now." This recognition of evolution in morals should suggest that in regard to doctrine also, the other branch of religion, and therefore in regard to religion as a whole, the history of man has been from the first until now distinctly an evolution. Mr. Gladstone's recognition of evolution in morals is in reality an admission, and entirely inconsistent (could he but see it) with the old belief which he professes still to entertain, that the moral nature of man was a definite gift, good at first but early impaired, not by a process of evolution, but as the result of the definite action of man's first parents. The admission is doubtless just. I shall here assume it to be such, because there is no space for the adequate discussion of its validity.* And I shall further assume that the religions of all races have been evolved—not revealed in full, if revealed at all.

*A separate article would be required, or rather a series, for the discussion of the true relations of religion and science. Already in the columns of *Knowledge* I have entered on this discussion, proposing to show that the religion of each age, each race, each individual man, has ever been the outcome of such knowledge as each age, each race, each individual has possessed. So far from being the enemy of religion, science or knowledge is religion's parent. If the offspring is defective it is because of the parent's imperfections. If the science of to-day having advanced beyond the science of old times, can beget a purer and better religion, it must nevertheless not forget that the religions of old times were the offspring of such knowledge as men in those days thought they had. But on the other hand, it is to be remembered, that though science may seem to oppose certain religious dogmas, she has always begun by opposing the false science on which they were originally based.

I know not how the evolution of religion can be considered otherwise than in a profoundly religious spirit. The thoughtful mind must contemplate with feelings of awe man's relations with the ineffable mystery residing behind phenomena. Yet a feeling of "reverential calm" appropriate in the presence of the thoughts of this infinite mystery is not desirable when superstitious ideas about it, only respectable because of their antiquity, are in question. Nay, reverential calm in dealing with teachings about the Godhead which (fondly claiming to be based on knowledge) are in reality blasphemous, is essentially irreverent. If, for instance, Colonel Ingersoll is right in his contention that in these days when better and purer moral ideas have been evolved, the common teachings about Jehovah are an insult alike to God and man, his assaults upon those teachings, whether conducted by sarcasm, by raillery, or by earnest rebuke, are akin to that anger of which it has been said that those who are moved by it "do well to be angry."

Premising that it argues something of weakness to attack Colonel Ingersoll's zeal, *quâ* zeal, instead of considering his objections, yet his zeal has been constantly rebuked while his objections have been scarcely ever met; and I may remark that there seems to me one mistake in his attacks on the common teachings respecting Jehovah. Granting that these teachings are inconsistent with the evolved religion of to-day, granting that viewed according to the ideas of to-day alike about justice and right, mercy and loving-kindness, they are insulting to the Deity; they were, nevertheless, not foolish, nor offensive, nor wicked in the days when they were originally taught. By his unreadiness to place himself in the position of those old believers, who regarded God as a being to be propitiated like the rulers and chiefs they feared, Colonel Ingersoll gives his opponents an opportunity to divert the argument from the real issue. A deity who required the sacrifice of the innocent child of a brave man as a propitiation for the offences of others, or as a satisfaction in any way to himself, is, doubtless, a conception utterly hateful to us; nay, one which we can hardly imagine as occurring to reasonable beings. But the very fact that this conception was once general, and was held unquestioningly by the best men of those days, should lead us to be very careful how we judge by our standards of right the actions of men who were able to form no higher conception of deity. A god requiring from Jephthah his young daughter's life

is doubtless for us a monstrous conception; believers in a personal Devil could hardly conceive a devil more evil than such a deity seems to a loving and beloved father like our earnest and warm-hearted Colonel, but to a race recognizing the god of nature as a being requiring sacrifice, and taking men's dearest and best, whether offered or not, as if loving to slay, the action of a Jephthah in offering his best and dearest (or risking so much) for the sake of his people must have seemed worthy of all praise. If we applaud the Spartan mother who was ready to see son after son fall in defense of her country and theirs, who could say to the last and dearest of them, that rather than he should fling his shield away in flight, she hoped he would be brought back upon it dead to her arms, we must in justice recognize the devotion of the warrior-judge to his people, who, to propitiate the favor of Jehovah for them, made a rash vow, and fulfilled it by the sacrifice of his only child.

Doubtless it is intensely saddening to picture a people so low in moral development as the people must have been who made it an ordinance that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was to be celebrated four days in every year. One would be glad to rejoice in the non-Semitic descent of our race, were it not that we find Agamemnon similarly sacrificing Iphigenia, and kindred sacrifices recorded among our own more immediate ancestry, the Teutons and the Norsemen. We are disposed to welcome the dealers in mythic lore who tell us that Jephthah (or Yiphtâch, the *Opener*) is the sun (or *First-born*) who sacrifices his daughter (the sunset-sky) when she comes forth at dawn (as the sun-rise sky) to welcome his return after conquering his enemies—only to be slain by her father as with his advance the ruddy light of sunrise disappears. We learn gladly that another Semitic "Opener," the Libyan sun god Aptûchos, or *Ἀπτοῦχος* (we only have the Greek form), was really the same sun as Yiphtâch, or Jephthah; and that Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac is only another myth, telling how Abh Râm, the *Lofty Father,* kills his son (יִצְחָק) Yischâk, the *Laugher,* or the *Bright* (that is, how night killed its offspring, the sun); only, as history could not (whereas a sun-myth very well *could*) speak of the slain as restored to life, the Hebrew record, as eventually preserved for "the chosen people," pictures Isaac as saved through a vicarious sacrifice.

But we cannot escape the certain conclusion that whether they were relating historic facts or borrowing myths, the writers of the Pentateuch, Joshua and Judges, addressed a race as yet scarce emerged from savagery, and themselves accepted the hideous ideas of deity which they promulgated among their people. Though we must not call their teachings foolish or offensive or wicked for them, yet *in themselves and for us* those teachings are as hateful, as wicked, as blasphemous as they have been called (somewhat too generally) by Colonel Ingersoll. Mr. Gladstone cannot escape this by assuming an air of reverential calm. The Talmages and the Sam Joneses can no more silence the teachings of men's hearts by beating the drum-ecclesiastic than the priests who made hideous noises to dumb the cries of mothers when their first-born were immolated to Moloch could quench those mothers' tears, or by clamor still the beating of those mothers' hearts. It remains the simple fact that those to whom we owe the earliest Bible teachings about the Godhead, so far from being inspired to conceive of deity as almighty, allwise, and all-perfect, pictured a Being whose plans were constantly foiled, who was no wiser than they were themselves, and whose ways were as the ways of the worst and most brutal of the savage rulers they chiefly feared.

I can for my own part be patient with the poor savages who pictured gods savage and unreasoning as themselves; but I must confess I sympathize in my heart of hearts with Colonel Ingersoll when he loses all thought of reverential calm in contemplating the ways of men who in these days of a higher and purer morality can speak otherwise than with horror of the Being pictured as the God of Abraham, the God of Moses, and the God of Jephthah. Of what use is the evolution of morality if we are to hold by the teachings of the morality of savage times? And in what way shall men who love mercy, who as fathers seek their children's love, speak of a conception of the God which while calling Him Our Father pictures Him as mercilessly seeking His children's lives?

Where is the greater irreverence, in saying "These are God's words and therefore I will take them to heart, though they seem to present God as a terrible, nay horrible Being," or in saying, "These words picture God as cruel and unjust, therefore they *cannot* be God's words—it were blasphemy to deem them such?"

But the idea of sacrifice running through all the older among

the Jewish books included in the Old Testament—seen equally in the reproduction or adoption of mythical stories, in the ceremonial law, and in the laws for the punishment of Sabbath breaking and so forth, shows us what was the real origin of the Jewish religion in which this idea of sacrifice remained always important and became eventually predominant. Nature-worship, that is the worship of powers supposed to be present in natural phenomena—in storm and tempest, earthquake, flood, and fire, in sea and land, in mountain and river, and later in sun and moon and stars, has always involved sacrifices intended either to please or to propitiate the gods of nature. In the Jewish stories of sacrifice we have the idea of the sun god's sacrifice of his own offspring, which seemed to teach that by sacrifice alone, and by sacrifice of the best and purest and most innocent, could deity be kept kindly disposed towards man, or be appeased when He had been offended. In the Jewish ceremonial we find the sacrifices to the evening and morning sun (propitiation to insure his return, and thanksgiving because he had returned), sacrifices to the returned moon, sacrifices with feasting and joy in honor of the year-god's passover or crossing of the equator on his way towards his full glory in the midsummer skies, sacrifices with fasting and sorrow for the year-god's approach to his descending passage of the equator on his way towards the cold and gloom of winter. In the laws for the punishment of those who failed to keep the sabbaths and new moons, the passover and the atonement, we find evidence of what has ever lain close by the root of all formal religion, and of all forms of religious intolerance, the fear lest the gods of nature worshiped and propitiated of old without doubt or hesitation should be offended by the misdoing of a few, or even but of one among the people and should therefore wreak vengeance (so disrespectfully did men then think of deity) on the whole race to which that one offender (or those few) belonged.

Within the limits of the Old Testament, however, we recognize the evolution of man's moral nature. We have but to compare the teaching of the first and greater Isaiah (chapters i. to xxxix.), with the teaching found in anybook or any chapter, from the opening of Genesis to the end of Chronicles, to recognize the development of a morality so much higher and so much purer, the recognition of a deity so much worthier of love and reverence, that we might imagine we had lit upon a preacher of a

different race, a race as far in advance of the Israelitish race of old as the Caucasian is in advance of the Papuans of to-day. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to me," saith the Lord; . . . "I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. . . . Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, . . . your appointed feasts, my soul hateth. . . . Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment (justice), relieve the oppressed, judge (seek justice for) the fatherless, plead for the widow." Here is religion that appeals to the heart of man, teaching good and not evil, approving the merciful, and rebuking—even as the tender-hearted Ingersoll rebukes "them that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter," and so onwards, almost without a break to the end of the Hebrew Bible: "The Lord hath shown thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

But the idea of sacrifice (and especially of the sacrifice of innocent blood) as pleasing to God returned upon man in the later evolution of religion. For evolution tends not always towards advance. There was no Isaiah, or Amos, or Micah to preach more worthily of deity when the early Christians—somewhere about the end of the first century—began to load the religion, whose essential principles should be those taught in the Sermon on the Mount, with the old sacrificial doctrines, passing back even beyond the sacrificial teachings of the early Hebrews to the system originally belonging to sun worship. Whatever view men choose to take respecting the absolute parallelism between the doctrines and ceremonial of Christianity and the doctrines and ceremonial of ancient sun worship (a parallelism so striking that the Emperor Hadrian, in a letter written 137 A. D., described Christianity as the worship of Serapis)—whether we attribute it to the desire of the early Christians to harmonize their doctrines with those of surrounding nations, or regard it as an attempt at symbolism, or as indicating in the doctrines of sun worshipers a miraculous foreshadowing of the "Scheme of Redemption," or lastly take the simpler view which I have elsewhere advocated, the parallelism is there, perfect in every detail. The annual history of sun god as watched

from the Pyramid observatory temples, is followed (in every detail) in those parts of the Ebionite gospel (Matthew), which even the Ebionites themselves rejected as mythical. Not more exactly was the ceremonial system of Serapis followed (to the bewilderment of Hadrian) by the Christians of Alexandria in the second century of the Christian era.

It is to this idea of a sacrifice-loving God that the failure of the tender and merciful teachings of Christianity to bring mercy and peace into the world must be chiefly attributed. It was "prophecy after the event" which caused an early Christian writer to put into the mouth of the Teacher of Peace the hard saying (which moves Col. Ingersoll to just warmth of indignation), "I came not to bring peace, but a sword into the world." The "Logia" of Matthew (much older than the rest of the gospel) show that the true Christian doctrine taught peace and self-sacrifice, love and mercy. We may be certain that the same lips did not say, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you *rest*," and "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

The process of evolution in religion is yet once more tending in these days, as in the days of the greater Isaiah, to bring unworthy ideas respecting deity into disfavor among men of just and merciful minds. But we must not expect "reverential calm" in such men. How can they be calm with what moves them to just wrath? How can they be reverential in the presence of what seems to them unworthy of reverence—worthy of the opposite of reverence? Did Isaiah treat the formal religion, the sacrificial system, and the insult to deity underlying it, with reverential calm? Nay, but he pictured the Lord Himself as full of anger, because "evil was called good, and good evil," and because justice and mercy and loving-kindness, replaced by ceremonial observances which were "an abomination unto Him." "'I will turn my hand upon thee,' saith the Lord, 'and thoroughly purge away thy dross, and will take away all thine alloy.'"

Colonel Ingersoll may have somewhat overlooked the pure metal in Bible teachings and in the Christian religion; but it has been the dross he has striven with zeal and earnestness (by no means with inappropriately reverential calm) to purge away, the worthless alloys he has endeavored to burn out with the fire of his fervid words.

The time will come when the teachings, which seem to Mr. Gladstone wanting in reverence, will be more justly valued. Hypocrisies and cruelties, which are now regarded as the expression of religious fervor, will be seen in their true light, and utterances warm from a tender and generous heart against the cruelty and intolerance born of superstition, will be seen to be the expression of the truest reverence, to teach the worthiest religion of which man is capable. For that "pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father," which was taught in the first days of Christianity, was no other than what had been taught by Isaiah; nor can man advance beyond it. Should that religion ever be accepted by mankind generally the evolution of religion will have done its full work and reached its highest development.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE BIBLE IN THE CONTROVERSY.

THE story is told of Dr. James Freeman, minister for many years of Kings Chapel, in Boston, that, when a lady said to him once, Is it not a dreadful thing, sir, that this Abner Kneeland, the atheist, should go about the country lecturing as he does? Freeman answered promptly, No, madam; I think it is a good thing; and then went on to cite facts and instances in proof of his own conclusion; that the arguments made in support of atheism had always brought out so many new arguments on the other side, the side of faith, as to leave religion on a higher and more impregnable basis than it was before.

And I love to believe that this will be the final issue of the conflict started afresh in these times by our sturdy idoloclast from Illinois and transferred just now from the platform to the pages of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, where one feels bound to say it has been held so high above the usual level of such conflicts by the men on both sides—or shall we say at the three angles—and so free from all clamor and evil speaking, that I am reminded of a very noble saying of Lord Falkland, as I read what has been written so far, "I have always thought there should be as little bitterness in religious controversy as there is in a love letter, and that the contrary way is as void of Christian charity as it is of human wisdom."

Bishop Wilberforce said once, "I have often heard about the milk of human kindness, but I was never able to identify the cow until I knew Jacobson." And I think of that saying also as I read these letters and papers, but with this distinction, that one could not have imagined it would flow forth at such a time and from the breasts of men engaged in such a battle; yet here is the milk of human kindness pouring in gentle and wholesome streams, and so one has to say that if no other worth should be found in the debate opened by Dr. Field, we may surely be glad for this: that we have seen how men standing so far apart in opinion and conviction have been able to write what one may fairly call *love letters* in religious controversy.

It is in this spirit I would try to say some word, by the editor's invitation, touching the conclusion of the whole matter so far, and will lose no time in saying I would like to touch the Bible for my theme, because, as it seems to me, this is the centre on which the questions in debate turn and return, each man resting his arguments in affirmation or denial so entirely on the book, by reason of Dr. Field's first letter, that we have to see at once if it could be taken out there would be no debate worth the name between these frank and free-spoken champions of religion on the one side, and infidelity—so-called—on the other.

And I would fain range myself also, so far as one may honestly do this who is compelled to believe as I do, on the side of the men who maintain the divine inspiration and authority of the Bible, because I accept this doctrine within what I take to be its true limitations, and gladly say with Carlyle, It is "the one book wherein for thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and a response to whatever was deepest in his heart;" and with another, that, "In all the world there is no such book beside, for the cottage window or the statesman's closet, the poet's instance or the orator's pattern, or the help of a man, or the inspiration of a race." It is related of George Peabody that when he was quite an old man, sitting in his office one day in London, a boy brought him a new testament for some purpose, I know not what; but the old man looking up, said: "My boy, you carry that book easily in your youth, but when you are as old as I am it must carry you." I have to confess to some such feeling in my own life, weighted now with many years. It is told of Dr. Adam Clarke also, that while he was writing his great and

curious commentary on the Bible his table was loaded and cumbered with the books he must use; but when his work was done, these were all cleared away except one book, and then he said to his son: "See, my lad, the books are all done with and put away, and only the old Bible is left."

I can easily understand the old man's thought and feeling that this was more to him than the whole wealth of learning and inspiration beside, the old Bible, just as Shakespeare is more to what Mr. Gladstone rather daintily calls "The Reply" than any other man, and his book "the noblest ever written with a pen." It has been well said, indeed, that the man who knows no book but his Bible does not know his Bible; still no such thought can touch us when we look toward the grand old Methodist, or toward these defenders of the faith whose work is now in our hands. They are all men of many books, but this is to them just as it stands, *The Word of God*, the one book of a divine inspiration and authority, *The Bible*, and no doubt they will say with Milton, "There are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics equal to those the Scriptures can teach us."

Nor can I think it is a fair argument against the ingrain worth of the book, as this must be touched for a moment apart from the question of its plenary inspiration and authority, that men should misuse it as they have done so often, any more than it is a fair argument against the ingrain worth of good corn or wheat that so much of it should be turned into whiskey. We have drawn from it the power to save men and to slay them, to establish peace and to mass artillery, and to be Christians of the noblest type and bigots of the direst. It is the text-book alike of your iron-clad Calvinism and your sunny and most generous Universalism, and the volume in which the Quaker finds food for his quietness, and your Millerite of all brands for his craze. It was the corner-stone of the great Puritan foundation which underlies our nation's life, it was also the book from which the Puritan drew his infernal power to hang the Quakers, whip and banish the Baptists, and to burn the witches, while the advocates of human slavery in the times I easily remember found proof in it to show that slavery was a divine institution, and men like Garrison that it was accursed of God and man. Always in the Bible we may find this power for good and evil, the inspiration of life unto life

and of death unto death, the light of heaven and the smoke of hell.

And when we look for the reason why men should touch these wide extremes of good and evil, and find their inspiration for them in the self same book, it seems clear to me again that this must be the main reason, and it may be the only one, that we do not go to the Bible so much for what we should find in it as for what we want to find either as sects or as men. The appetite is in us, and we want what will satisfy the appetite. We have got our question all ready, and we go to the Bible for our answer, while so vast and variant is the store of things we can find in the wonderful old book that it shall go very hard with us if we do not come soon or late on exactly what we look for. And so for this reason it is as wings to the spirit of one man, and as lead to that of another, and brings sight or begets blindness, makes melody or creates discord, and is sweet to us as milk and honey, or sour as unsunned crabs, in answer to this law—shall we call it of selection? —and I have never yet met the man whose instinct did not answer to this law. The moment we come to the book for more than the mere reading we begin to show our limitations, and I do not hesitate to say the man was never born of woman who could find what Calvin and Channing found in the self same volume, and make the things chime, or inwardly digest them so that they should bring forth the good fruits of the spirit.

And it is here, as I am compelled to believe, that we find the main reason for the evil and ugly things we must all deplore and condemn as ruthlessly as our sturdy idoloclast knows how to condemn them. The fine wheat of it even has been turned into a sour mash, if I may return to my figure, and so distilled through the twisted worm of bigotry and intolerance that men have become drunk thereby, and insane, and then the things have been done in the name of God and the Holy Book which are the disgrace and shame of Christendom as well as the mother milk very often on which such men as our honest Atheist have been nursed forth to what they were. And so touching the question as it stands, so far, between these frank and sincere men who affirm on the one side that the Bible is the word of God to man, perfect and entire, and on the other reject such a claim with scorn and contempt, and trying, I trust, with an equal sincerity to see where the truth lies among them, is it not fair to say that this can never

be a divine book to those who make only an infernal use of it, or the word of God to those who only find their inspiration in it to do the work of devils. Also, as we find the instinct everywhere to take only what suits us and leave all the rest, must we not say the man then, after all, is greater than the book, no matter who may say the book is greater than the man, this being divine, as they hold, while we are only human.

Is it not fair to ask the defenders of the book which I also love and reverence, whether we may not use our reason when we read it as we use it when we read any book of a great and vital moment; and as we use our instinct, to take only what suits us really and truly, and to leave the rest because, as Butler well says, "Reason is the only faculty we have to judge concerning any thing, even revelation itself," and Locke: "He that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both." And as the truth is forever growing larger and clearer, as we claim, on all sides, in science, in philosophy, in history and life, so that many things once accepted as pure truth are now quite incredible, have we not the right to claim that this law of progress should touch the Bible as it touches all things beside, and the truth we shall draw from its inexhaustible pages. Moreover, as we read by the ever-growing light of our time and the fair light of reason also, may it not grow clear to us that this great old book is not something sealed and settled and then locked up in the dogma of a plenary inspiration, once for all, which is something the book itself never claims? If I have read it to any purpose I am compelled to believe that the book itself makes on this side and loses on that, while it still remains The Bible—just as in my mother land and within the lines of authentic history, there were towns standing where you can now sail in pretty deep waters, and a way for ships on the sea where there is good land now covered with thorpes and farms; yet, it is still old England.

The Apostles, for instance, evidently believed in the almost instant return of their great and dear friend to the earth, when the dead in Christ should rise first, and those who were alive and remained would meet the Lord in the air; but we see now they were utterly mistaken, and the expectation has sunk out of sight, save as a periodical craze. They believed also in the resurrection of this body from the grave

at the last day, and every time our good advocate across the water recites his creed, he says, I believe in the resurrection of the body. It is none of my business to ask what meaning he gives to the sentence. I can only say that for myself the evident faith of the Apostles is simply incredible, I can only believe that these bodies of ours wait not a moment for the call of the angels of the great resurrection. It is rising now, in this June splendor, the dust of the dear sacred dead, and by October some sweet and holy essence from it will have been hidden in the flowers, the fruits, and the corn. My dear friend and brother, Dr. Field, has no doubt found poor remnants of them in the caves by the Nile. They were laid there at endless cost and pains by the heathen, as we call them, who also believed in this resurrection, that so they might be ready when the call came sounding through the valley, and the rocks would rend to let them come forth. They burn them for fuel now, as I hear, in the fires; and I think as I read that, there must be a dim, dumb joy in them to be so disimprisoned at last, and be free to be one again with the beautiful living world. These are but the instances of the truth which touches me always as I read my New Testament, of the way it may make and lose, and how we must verify and rectify the truths we find here; winnow the grain and let the chaff burn or rot, as it pleases the Creator of the grain and the chaff.

But if I must use such reason as I have again as the twin sister of such faith as I have, I find I must reject some things I find in my Bible as what we used to call "Bible true" and written by a divine inspiration or done by it, as heartily as Mr. Ingersoll rejects them. Some he has quoted in his rejoinder. I will quote some more. The book makes the walls of a city fall down flat at the noise of a great shouting and the blowing of rams' horns; and says the sun stood still on Gibeon and the moon on the valley of Ajalon until the people had avenged themselves of their enemies, and hasted not to go down a whole day, so that there was not a day like that before or after it; and makes Deborah bless Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, and tip, with a divine approval, the nail she drives into the temple of her sleeping and trusting guest. Now if we found things like these wonders written a great while ago in, let us say, Hindostan, we should say at once they were myths and legends; and of such treachery done in the name of their God, What a deity! I have no option about saying just

the same thing when I read these chapters in my Bible. They may be myths, legends, poems, whatever you will; but they are no word of God to me or true word about Him. So, because I must be true to my own soul, I have to say if those walls went down at all it must have been by good solid pounding; and the courses the steadfast sun and moon keep now they kept then, while barbarian fought barbarian; and it was by no divine inspiration the woman drove that nail into the man's temple after she had given him that bowl of bread and milk, but by the inspiration of a very evil spirit of treachery and revenge. They might believe it who made the record, I will not; and since then all Christendom might believe it, I will not; and Newton might believe what they say about the sun and moon as a Christian, and doubt it as a philosopher, then I stand with the philosopher against the Christian. I say amen also to the things Mr. Ingersoll quotes for ruthless condemnation touching this whole business in the old fighting books. It was noticed when the missionaries had got hold of some New Zealanders, and were teaching them from the Bible, that they preferred these fighting books above all others, and would fain have had the holy men read from them all the time. And I have read how a good bishop, who "did a great work" among the Goths in his time, undertook to translate the Bible for them, but would not translate these books at all, because, as he told them, they were over-fond of fighting already. When they were holding a debate over them an[illegible] like in Concord many years ago, and Master Rogers asked his antagonist, point blank, whether he would slay innocent women and children then at the command of his god, and the man said: "Yes, I would," Rogers answered very quietly. "Well, I wouldn't, and there's where we differ."

Such things are but the instances of the cleft between those who still love the Bible and find in it a divine inspiration and those who say it is all divine and must be accepted without question, and, as near as may be, without debate. It cannot be so accepted in our time. We must bring the Bible to the truth, and not the truth to the Bible, and having long done with the worship of golden idols—so we say—we must not now worship a verbal one. The fine wheat is there, so is the chaff; the fair flowers, so are the weeds; the pure gold, so is the dross and refuse and the slag of holy and unholy fires long burnt out; and we must weigh

these things at their true worth and call them by their right names, no matter who gets hurt. Prove all things and hold fast that which is good, as honest old Paul says—as fine a bit of manhood as ever breathed the breath of life. "The truth should be no less than the *Gospel* of God, presented under a living form so human and so gentle that, being accepted by all, it may rouse the souls of all to a community of thought."* I know of no other way to win or silence men like our honest Atheist, or to "leave religion on a higher and more impregnable basis than it was before." Some years ago, I was riding across the prairies with a missionary who had newly come home from Egypt, where he had been eleven years, and talking of many things, I said to him, "Tell me truly who was the very best man you found there." "My Mahomedan teacher of Arabic," he answered at once; "he was the noblest and best man I found in the valley." "Then what will become of him," I said again, "if he dies in that faith," and his answer was, "He will go to hell, sir, because he would not accept the terms of salvation laid down in the Bible." So say those who sent him out. How mean and vile such dogmas are in contrast with the saying of Achmet the Turk to John Tempest of Broughton: "Religion is that manner of serving one and the same God which suits the constitution of each respective country."† And when we blazon such things as my missionary said to me on our banners and fall back on our Bible to maintain them, yes, and give them to our children for "the sincere milk of the Word," what wonder that a man so wholly human and tender as our friend should say if that is your God and this your Bible I will fight them both to the bitter end.

ROBERT COLLYER.

THE VINDICATION OF JEHOVAH.

I HAVE followed the Field-Ingersoll and the Gladstone-Ingersoll controversy with exceeding interest, not unmingled with quiet merriment evoked by the serio-comic gravity with which the gallant Colonel gets in his favorites heaves and stabs at the fictions of his own creation, while he loudly declares them to be the figments of religion. Who was the genius who compiled an

* Conversations of Rabelais in the Life of Stephen Dolet.
† Reported in Whitaker's History of Craven.

essay to prove the non-existence of Napoleon I. ? I could well fancy the mantle of his painstaking audacity enwrapping the shoulders of this sturdy Paynim-knight, a most genial and cultured gentleman as all have it, and whose sweet and reverent home-life has been repeatedly described to me by those privileged to witness it. In these most sacred relations of our existence, by the unconscious growth of heredity and the unknown absorption of custom and habit of thought, Colonel Ingersoll is intensely religious in spite of himself. But all well-founded reverence for him who thus practices better than he preaches must never relax the sinews of one who is called upon to parry to the best of his poor ability the thrusts of "that other man over yonder," the blusterous and audacious writer who likewise bears the honored name of Colonel Ingersoll. Therefore I, too, who would be well content to practice only what I preach, must close my visor and put forth my shield, and present my buckler for the weight of the quasi-wrathful arm that is wildly flourishing the blade of trenchant and ready wit in the pages of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Basing, as I do, upon the Bible only (with a big B, Colonel; decades of centuries entitle it to that), by which term we Hebrews mean only what is commonly known as the "Old Testament," I do not feel authorized to discuss any of the magnificent feints and terrifying slashes made at doctrines or principles specifically Christian. What Colonel Ingersoll attacks herein has no authoritative existence for us whatever. Pauline Christianity, *i. e.*, the Christianity of fact as opposed to that of theory, is *eo ipso* anti-Jewish; and, for the matter of that, could readily be shown to be antagonistic, too, to the teachings of that pious Essene Hebrew of Nazareth, whom posterity has elevated to the dignity of founder of a world-religion and made the recipient of divine honors. Attacks concern Hebrews which are directed against Jewish teachings; some of these only, appearing in Colonel Ingersoll's latest utterance, shall I consider.

I have heard that many men seek refreshing relaxation from the toil of business or the cares of professional life by the vigorous exercise of muscle and sinew in the science of the fencer or the boxer. Some such motive seems to me to dominate Colonel Ingersoll, who, however, endowed with more than the average intellectuality, prefers to be intellectual even in his relaxation, and so fences and boxes, as it were, with a pen, upon paper, and

with the loftiest and most powerful opponents he can find. Nay, he has been publicly accused of mounting a wild broncho, and, throwing the rein upon his neck, of galloping and cavorting in a most reckless and defiant manner in a tilt around the stately figure of reverent Religion, mounted upon the charger Revelation. All the aforesaid exercises are good as relaxation, if the exerciser can stand them, and provided, moreover, that he is thoroughly skilled in the use of the foil, the gloves, or the saddle and stirrup. But if not—look out for disaster. Now, while cheerfully according Colonel Ingersoll any or all of these favorite relaxations, if they do him good or even if he only thinks so, I desire to call attention to several errors he is constantly making in matters which I have come to study a little, matters in which my people have for many centuries preserved with unpatterned devotion a certain measure of knowledge or explanation. It is in ignorance of these things that the Colonel's rapier scores vainly on parts altogether invulnerable, that his gloves smite the air, that his antic-pony sadly springs a joint. Let us see some things the Colonel does not know.

He says, for instance, that "God and Elijah" are strongly to be censured for mocking (*sic*) the God of the priests of Baal, and to severest condemnation for slaying them presently on the banks of the Kishon. I cannot understand the disgust with which a Colonel Ingersoll assails the gaunt prophet for mocking the religious beliefs of another, when I call to mind certain peccadillos of his in that direction, unless, indeed, the Colonel count his own offenses as trivial in this age of enlightened *liberality*, by the side of Elijah's offense, in time of keenest struggle, a struggle for very life and death waged by the almost extinguished theocracy against the inroads of a life-sapping, morality-destroying, Phœnician idolatry boasting an unscrupulous protectress upon the royal throne. Surely, under such circumstances, a little gentle mockery did no particular harm. Yes, but murder—? that slaughter at the brook afterwards? Well, not alone does the Colonel not know that the Word directly states that *Elijah* was the author of the massacre, not God, but the very next chapter, the vision on Horeb, gives Elijah a severe reproof from the Almighty for that very bloody act, a crushing reproof to such a high-strung nature as that of the fiery Tishbite, together with what is tantamount to his dismissal from active office, and the caution to all that the

Truth is to be preached, not by fire or hill-upturning earthquake, not by hurricane-like zeal or the storm-wind of impetuous force, but by "the still, the small voice" of kindly persuasion and affectionate instruction. So that it *does* appear that mercy and judgment met together, righteousness and peace kissed, even in this episode of Elijah, if the Colonel would only read it to the end.

Another thing the Colonel does not know, when he speaks of God as malevolent, anent the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy and the so-called "curses" therein contained, is that they are prophecy, not imprecation, prediction, not malediction. The disasters there described are the legitimate and necessary results of all those immoral and obscene practices, which constituted the heathen's idolatry, and contain no more a curse than the words of one who should warn his child that plunging his hand into hot embers will cause suffering and death. Forewarning is forearming, the proverb says; he who foretells the inevitable evil results of evil choice does not cause those results, but rather he who thus forewarned, nevertheless braves them. In conclusion, I would point out to Colonel Ingersoll that the very "curse" (he calls it), or prediction, he quotes concerning the woman feasting on her babe actually came to pass in the terrible straits of the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, as he may read in Josephus.

The Colonel does not know (or he would admit) the anti-idolatrous, *i. e.* the anti-obscene, animus of the Egyptian plagues, when he scornfully asks, "how did God treat the animals in Egypt?" May I point out to him that it was not "the patient ox," "the loving dog," which felt the sword of Adonai's power, to teach Israel the falsity of Egyptian dogmas, but the as Apis and Mnevis reverenced ox and the dog-god of Cynopolis who were thereby hurled from their thrones in men's minds, and with them the belief in their corresponding impurities of worship.

The Colonel does not know (or he would not have stated the opposite) that God did not establish a religion in which every temple was a slaughter-house and every officiating priest a butcher. I believe that Judaism is not yet extinct, and methinks many a Jewish temple exists where cattle are not slaughtered and many a rabbi who is not a butcher for the altar. From my more intimate acquaintance with my people, I may say that it would trouble the Colonel sorely to find a single temple Jewish to-day where sacrifices *are* in existence. We *had* them in a former period of

our history, about the time when the Colonel's ancestors clothed themselves (mainly) in woad-dye, and worshiped the mistletoe, with human holocausts. Yet I would not for a moment reproach Colonel Ingersoll with such sanguinary ideas of religious necessities, nor accuse him of deep reverence for that curious parasite plant, unless indeed it have been in the days of his youth and under the chandeliers at Christmastide. It may be, however, that the Colonel is under that common delusion that the "sacrifices" of the Pentateuch were "established" by God for Israel. He says so. This is erroneous; for sacrifices existed in all time from the day when the first men brought of their primeval possessions "an offering to the Lord." The Israelites had seen sacrifices galore in Egypt before they received God's revelation; no need to "establish" them. In infinite condescension to human ideas, and human infirmity, the Almighty permitted sacrifices (of certain animals only) to be continued for a period of our historical development, until loftier ideas and modes of worship should prevail,* to satisfy the inherited, aboriginal craving for visible approach to God with an offering as a present.

Mr. Ingersoll does not seem to know, in the next place, the practical import of the 13th of Deuteronomy, commanding the denunciation of the seducer to idolatry, even were it the lips of wife or brother that framed the specious arguments. He does not seem at all to comprehend what idolatry was in Moses' time. Idolatry was human sacrifice, nay, child-burning (Lev. xviii. 21); it was bestiality (Lev. xvii. 22, 24, xx. 23). It was sin so gross and so revolting that the land was described as spewing idolators forth (Lev. xviii. 25, 28). No alliance could be permitted with idolators, by reason of their utter corruption; note the disastrous results of enticement planned by Balaam, according to Jewish tradition, resultant upon a short intercourse with Moab (Num. xxv. 1). For Israelites not only to become enticed by such immoralities, but to become the enticers of husbands, brothers, others, would have been inconsistent with the selection of the "kingdom of priests, the holy nation," the preachers of a purer code. Therefore was this command issued, altogether minatory and preventive; for our annals record no single instance of its fulfillment. It

*If the founders of that woful doctrine of the Atonement for mankind by vicarious sacrifice had correctly appreciated the transitional and intermediary function of the sacrifices permitted to Israel they would have escaped the sarcasm Colonel Ingersoll lavishes upon them.

served its purpose; here again there is the mercy which the Colonel does not see because he has not studied sufficiently. And when he continues with the assertion that "God did not tell the husband to reason with his wife: she was to be answered only with death: she was to be bruised and mangled to a bleeding, shapeless mass of quivering flesh for having breathed an honest (?) thought," the Colonel betrays, with all these cheap heroics, a lamentable ignorance of the slow, stately and merciful course of judicial procedure which obtained among the Hebrews. The Talmudical treatise Sanhedrin is full of instruction for him on this head.

He is equally unfortunate in speaking of the God who "established" slavery, and by a curious chance, contrasts thereby the "effrontery" of the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." As it happens, although, of course, the Colonel does not know it, that species of theft, the theft of human rights we denominate slavery, is precisely the primary objective point of that commandment, as any Jewish scholar could have told him; that theft being the only one, according to Jewish jurisprudence punishable, like infringements of the other articles of the Decalogue, with death (vide the very next chapter, Exod. xxi. 16). As regards Israelites, bondmen * were forbidden; "for My servants are they, whom I brought forth out of the land of Egypt: they shall not be sold as bondmen are sold (Lev. xxv. 42). Thus, then God did not "establish" slavery among His chosen people. But among the nations round about, among whom the sale of men for service was custom, established probably from the first war ever waged, bondage had to be recognized, for it existed; and he who has ever read, as Mr. Ingersoll has evidently not, the numerous and extremely merciful laws touching the treatment by Hebrews of these dependents, recommending them constantly as recipients of kindness, forethought and benevolence, "for bondmen were ye in the land of Egypt," must thank God for the introduction of such noble and altogether unusual sentiment in the treatment of the serfs and pariahs of ancient society.

In conclusion, the Colonel breaks a lance for those poor Canaanitish tribes, championed by him of old, and vehemently asks why God did not give them the "Ten Commandments." "Why did He shower all the blessings of revelation on one poor and

* The Hebrew language has no word for "sla " the bondman was a "servant," a "laborer."

wretched tribe and leave the great world in ignorance and crime?" It will, I am sure, delight the gallant gentleman to know that this question was asked centuries ago by Jewish sages, and solved by the investigation of the murderous propensities of the one tribe, the kleptomaniac weakness of an Amalek, the moral turpitude of incest-springing Moab and Ammon, *et hoc genus omne*, none of whom could with satisfactory consistency receive the Decalogue's stringent provisions in certain regards. It was "only a poor and wretched tribe" (we are not ashamed of our ancestors, Colonel; they very much antedated yours in the arts of clothing and general civilization)—it was only this poor and wretched tribe of serfs could be found, not living by murder and rapine, not supporting themselves by violence or pillage, but by rigorous hard labor, and capable withal of honoring both the parental and marital relationships. This poor and wretched tribe received those and other teachings of which you know nothing, right faithfully has it conserved them both by precept and example, for all the world's adoption, and therewith has it justified the wisdom of God's selection of a serf-band.

I would I had the time to follow Mr. Ingersoll whither he leads next, to the consideration of Abraham and Jephthah. I could show, I believe, evidence of what I have hitherto submitted, that the Colonel's shafts are feathered by imperfect knowledge, and wabble hopelessly wide of the mark; that his attacks are often against invulnerable positions of which he does not seem aware; that if he knew more of that which he discusses he would spare his strength. He must study the Bible by the light of the exposition of those who brought it into the heathen world; he must sit for awhile at the feet of Jewish instruction in Jewish matters as did he of Tarsus; and then he may venture to form opinions on Hebrew teachings and Biblical traditions. And if he shall do this, his pen will trace other things, in his moments of relaxation, than scorn and invective for men's most precious literary possessions; from a mind so prolific and so cultivated, "in the stead of the thornbush there shall come up the cedar, and in the place of the nettle there shall spring up the myrtle, to the glory and the name of God." And as we all recognize this, let me in parting with the fight-loving knight of this tilt, draw his attention to the fact that the horse ridden by Religion "in deep and reverential calm," is not therefore *dead* because he takes no

notice of that bucking, saltatory, and generally amusing little broncho the Colonel rides; he is not dead, he slyly winks.

F. DE SOLA MENDES.

THE COMBATANTS.

BAYARD, Sir Philip Sydney, nor El Cid ever entered the lists against a foe with more chivalrous courtesy than the three gentlemen who have just closed their tournament. If there were nothing else noteworthy in this clash of conflicting opinions on the most vital of all subjects, the formal and graceful salutes which each combatant executes in honor of his adversary before proceeding to demonstrate the fallacy and wickedness of that adversary's cause, must command admiration and perhaps suggest surprise in view of its novelty on such an occasion. To Dr. Field belongs the credit of pitching the discussion in a key of mutual admiration, and, if I may say so, somewhat gushing regard. The joy that fills him in contemplating the fact that he is acquainted with Col. Ingersoll breaks out in the opening paragraph of his opening paper. "Dear Sir, I am glad that I know you," he exclaims before proceeding to the immediate business before him, and follows up this complimentary ejaculation by the statement that some of his, the Doctor's, brethren look upon him, the Colonel, as a monster because of his unbelief. It is needless to call attention to the magnanimity of a declaration of affection entertained in the teeth of the well-known sentiments of one's own brethren; it is not easy to go beyond it in fervor and enthusiasm. We may not wonder that Col. Ingersoll should in *his* opening paragraph declare that his reverend competitor's letter "is manly, candid and generous." Nor that in order to point his pleasant bit of courteous commendation by contrasting the Rev. Doctor's style with that of other men of his cloth, he should inform him that "it is not often that a minister of the gospel of universal benevolence speaks of an unbeliever except in terms of reproach, contempt and hatred." In other words, Dr. Field is far better than the rest of his people, a fact accounted for by the assurance that "the meek are often malicious."

Thus far, the disputants are in accord, at least, upon the form in which their discussion is to be conducted: the learned and reverend teacher of the Gospel is ready to cross swords on equal terms with the brilliant rhetorician who boldly speaks out his

scorn against all that Christian men deem of the highest moment, here and hereafter. And thereupon comes Mr. Gladstone into the arena. He is not to be outdone by his predecessors in their gracious and gentle speeches, but with the characteristic caution which betrays the training and experience of a diplomat, he qualifies his testimonial by averring that it is based, not upon knowledge, but "information and belief."

> "I have not the personal knowledge which assisted these doughty champions in making reciprocal acknowledgments as broad as could be desired, with reference to personal character and motive. Such acknowledgments are of high value in keeping the issue clear, if not always of all adventitious, yet of all venomous matter."

Whether or not there was a bit of grim humor concealed beneath this disclaimer of any personal knowledge as to the merits of the "doughty champions," others may, if so inclined, examine and decide. Lastly, keeping up this lofty train of chivalrous courtesy, Colonel Ingersoll assures Mr. Gladstone that it gives him pleasure to say that for his intellect and character he has the greatest respect.

If, then, a discussion of this kind, starting with these evidences of mutual good feeling and forbearance, was ever likely to produce good fruit when conducted by disputants of acknowledged ability, we would expect to find in the voluminous exchange of opinions before us a conspicuous example of the usefulness of such a debate. Yet I cannot escape the conviction, sympathizing as I most earnestly do with the sentiments of Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Field, that it would have been well for their cause if they had confined themselves to those assurances of high regard and distinguished consideration for the person of their adversary, leaving him the master of an undisputed field.

This language may seem bold to the verge of presumption; *a priori*, it is scarcely possible that such experienced masters of intellectual athletics should have written so many pages without some good result. It seems impossible that after studying the subject from his earliest youth with the ardor of an apostle, the zeal of a missionary, and the genius which he possesses to so conspicuous a degree, Mr. Gladstone should not, when defending a cause which appeals to the sympathy and love of the majority of civilized mankind, have left an impression in impartial minds that he had succeeded in at least neutralizing the efforts of his antago-

nist. But I do not hesitate to say that, although Mr. Gladstone has demonstrated his ability as a controversialist, his learning as a scholar and his skill as a debater, it was a foregone conclusion that in a contest with Colonel Ingersoll upon the vital subjects of Christian revelation, he must inevitably suffer defeat. It is not enough to say that his cause was good and his talents abundantly equal to the occasion; the difficulty lies in the fact that he entered the arena shorn of his best advantages and exposed to receive blows which the very nature of the controversy forbade him to return with effect.

A discussion upon any grave subject of religion, philosophy, ethics, or the like, presupposes adversaries using the same weapons, bound by the same rules, subject to the same requirements, and starting from some common postulate. The case is far different where, as in this instance, one of the champions is handicapped by his earnestness in the cause which he has espoused, and the reverence which he may not discard when he approaches the subject under controversy. If Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Newman, for instance, should undertake to discuss these weighty questions, they would both enter upon an interchange of views with the same emotions of respect, the same decorum of speech, and a common acceptance of the great truths of their common faith. A debate between such men must necessarily bring out the best that is in them, because starting from the same premises, and bringing to bear the wealth, the vigor and accumulated resources of their intellects, joined with rare eloquence of style, their contributions to the religious literature of the day would certainly be interesting and effective. Neither of them would appeal to popular passion or prejudice; neither of them would descend from the lofty plane of dignified controversy to purchase a victory which would lose its charms if obtained by mere declamation, sophistry or irreverent assumption of unproved facts.

There is to me something almost pathetic in Mr. Gladstone's implied recognition of the fact that the discussion in which he was about to engage could not be conducted with advantage to the cause which he had at heart. He complains in tones of aggrieved surprise that Col. Ingersoll does not conform to *his* rules of controversial discussion, but rather insists upon following his own. Not only is he aggrieved because "in this case all attempt

at continuous argument appears to be deliberately abjured" but he laments the fact that the paper which he undertakes to answer leaves on his mind "the impression of a battle-field where every man strikes at every man, and all is noise, hurry, and confusion." He strenuously objects to the "tumultuous" method in which the Reply conducts, "not indeed its argument, but its case." All of which seems very illogical. Col. Ingersoll used no false pretences to decoy Mr. Gladstone into the field. He did not claim to be any other than he was. A fair sample of his style and reasoning was before Mr. Gladstone when he undertook to defend great and solemn truths against the "tumultuous methods" which, whatever be their merit or demerit, belong peculiarly to Col. Ingersoll.

The remarks of Mr. Gladstone show very plainly the confusion into which an experienced debater and acute logician may be thrown by endeavoring to adapt himself to circumstances which he cannot consistently turn to advantage. The tone of his paper is, I need not say, marked by a grace and thoughtful decorum which is due as well to the subject under discussion as to the character of the writer. He shrinks from levity upon sacred themes as a child from physical pain. The irreverent use of the Creator's name, scoffing allusions to His works, jests and sneers in connection with the great problems of eternal life, wound him as though they were barbed with steel. He cannot overlook an expression which does not accord with his own exalted view of the matter under investigation. Thus, at the outset of his argument he pauses to rebuke his antagonist for venturing to ask Dr. Field, "What do you think of Jehovah himself?" This inquiry probably seemed entirely proper to the propounder, and it must be admitted even by those who deprecate that style of discussion that the expression was no more calculated to shock the moral sense of Dr. Field than a hundred others equally objectionable to those who are sensitive on those topics. But hear Mr. Gladstone's reprimand:

"I will briefly ask whether this is the tone in which controversy ought to be carried on? Not only is the name of Jehovah encircled in the heart of every believer with the profoundest reverence and love, but the Christian religion teaches through the Incarnation a doctrine of personal union with God, so lofty that it can only be approached in a deep reverential calm. I do not deny that a person who deems a given religion to be wicked may be led onward by logical consistency to impugn in strong terms the character of the Author and Object of that religion. But he is surely bound by the *laws of social morality and decency* to consider well the terms and the manner of his indictment. (P. 484).

When we have before us the fact that this violation of the "laws of social morality and decency" had been committed and was well known to Mr. Gladstone before he took up his pen, as were also the "tumultuous methods" and contempt for "anything like continuous argument" (p. 484) of which he now complains, is it disrespectful to ask why that eminent champion of the Christian religion entered upon a contest wherein he must have known that the same objectionable features would be repeated and probably reproduced in an aggravated form? Colonel Ingersoll certainly made no promise and entered into no pledge that he would respect Mr. Gladstone's theories or be guided by his rules. He presented himself in his own person, with his known peculiarities of warfare, with his avowed disregard for the opinion of decorous Christian disputants. His raillery, his scorn, his ridicule, his humor, have never bowed in homage before Christian revelation, never quailed before the most solemn theme, never suffered bit or bridle to restrain them before any antagonist.

The consciousness of this fatal cause of embarrassment obviously affects Mr. Gladstone's "Remarks." He knows, feels and shows throughout that he cannot reconcile himself to the office of a mere advocate. He cannot admit and recognize that the ordinary rules of reason are appropriate and reliable guides, for he knows that human reason looks on helpless and silent when it contemplates the Infinite, the Eternal, the Unknown; that its boldest projects and most ambitious efforts can no more solve the problems beyond the grave than an acrobat can hope to leap into Mars or a human hand seize and arrest the whirlwind. That reason, experience and a calm judicial temper may assist in solving difficulties which faith presents; that the divine scheme may, by the aid of faith and reason combined, be made clear to the minds of men, neither he nor any of those who think with him have ever doubted, but the initial obstacle in his way consists in this very requirement that Faith should play a part, and an important one, in the demonstration of revealed truth. This proposition his adversary openly derides; it is the very basis of his argument, or (to use Mr. Gladstone's distinction) of his case. If he *believed*, he would be shorn of his strength as effectually as was Samson after Delilah's shears had removed his flowing hair. The readers of the REVIEW would never have sought to read Col. Ingersoll's

attacks upon the Bible had he conceded that a resort to faith, and an acceptance of unseen and undemonstrated fact was a respectable feature in an argument on any subject. To ask of that gentleman that he shall stay his hand because faith bids him pause is simply to invite him to abstinence and silence. Of course, this obviously difficult situation Mr. Gladstone realizes, but instead of frankly avowing its existence as an insuperable bar to profitable discussion with Col. Ingersoll, he endeavors, with very doubtful success, to mitigate and evade it. Thus he says (p. 495) that

"The upholders of belief or of revelation from Claudian down to Cardinal Newman (see the very remarkable passage of the *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, pp. 376-78), cannot and do not seek to deny that the methods of divine government, as they are exhibited by experience, present to us many and varied moral problems, *insoluble by our understanding*. Their existence may not, and should not be dissembled. But neither should they be exaggerated."

Certainly they should not be exaggerated, because exaggeration is the attribution of excessive value or importance to any factor in the consideration of any problem, and is, therefore, to be deprecated. But the fact that from Claudian to Newman all upholders of revelation (including, of course, Mr. Gladstone) have agreed in holding that the understanding of men could not solve these problems, is of the highest significance. It is the brazen wall between the school of which Colonel Ingersoll is now the most brilliant and active advocate, and the class which Mr. Gladstone represents and defends. The knowledge of this fact, his familiarity with the thoughts of the upholders of faith from Claudian to his own great contemporary, Dr. Newman, as well as his own fixed convictions, might well have taught Mr. Gladstone that he might expect no victory in the discussion of moral problems which were insoluble without the aid of an ally whose right to be heard was not admitted by his adversary.

True, the author of the Remarks attempts to justify his conclusions on the grounds of reason and common sense.

"In one sense, without doubt these difficulties are matter for our legitimate and necessary cognizance, and it is our duty to decide for ourselves by the use of the faculty given us the great questions of natural and revealed religion. They are to be decided according to the evidence, and if we cannot trim the evidence into a consistent whole, then according to the balance of evidence."

This general proposition Colonel Ingersoll would, no doubt, admit to be true. No one, so far as I am informed, among the

Rationalists or Agnostics denies or has denied that every man who undertakes to form an opinion or to pronounce a judgment or to participate in a debate on a given topic, should examine into the evidence. That is, on the contrary, what they strenuously insist upon, with the addition that upon this evidence *alone* the judgment shall be pronounced. But surely Mr. Gladstone does not mean to be thus understood. If such was his meaning, he and his antagonist differ in this only, that the one has been convinced and the other has not been convinced by evidence which both have studied, and which, although the same in both cases, has produced opposite results. I venture to say that such was not the meaning of the writer, and that in his anxiety to meet his adversary on equal terms, he has thrown aside his armor and blunted his sword.

Where, then, is faith, and what part does it play in the discussion or acceptance of Divine Truth and the solution of these "insoluble problems"? The sacred volume from which he draws inspiration and strength tells him in no uncertain words that faith is the evidence of things *unseen;* that we must accept these things as little children; that they are happy who have not asked *to see,* but have *believed.* The danger of conceding that faith may be eliminated to make room for common sense (whatever that may mean in connection with supernatural subjects) is too apparent to require more elaboration.

But the pleasure which Colonel Ingersoll derives from the concession is most frankly and joyously manifested. He fairly exults at Mr. Gladstone's admission. He tells him that he has finally left the City of Refuge to which the theologian flies, that he has abandoned the breastwork behind which the theologian kneels, and the rifle-pit into which the theologian crawls. He quotes his adversary's disclaimer of the right to set up any rule of investigation except such as common sense teaches us to use in the ordinary conduct of life, and then rapturously declares that "this is certainly a morning star," by which he no doubt means that Mr. Gladstone has abandoned his case and surrendered at his adversary's discretion. The peculiar way in which he takes advantage of this generous surrender is manifested in his commentaries upon the story of Abraham and his son Isaac, and the history of Ananias and Sapphira, winding up as to the latter with a declaration that, *of course,* he feels sure that the thing never occurred, the

probability being that Ananias never lived and never died. "It is probably a story invented by the early church to make the collection of subscriptions somewhat easier."

Shall it then be said that no weighty question of Religion, Faith, and Revelation shall be the theme of discussion, or ever be debated between eminent men of different views? Far from it. Even those subjects that are beyond the ken and apprehension of men may be fairly examined and weighed and decorously submitted to analysis. Mr. Gladstone might well have accepted a challenge from or sent a challenge to Mr. Huxley, but he would have known in advance that his deepest convictions would be respected and his reverence for sacred themes not be shocked. But under the circumstances he appears to have acted very much as would an astronomer, who, engaging in discussion with a blind antagonist as to the existence of a planet, throws aside his telescope, or as an athlete, who, before starting upon a race, consents to have shackles placed upon his limbs because his competitor is lame.

There are subjects, however, upon which Mr. Gladstone might have spoken with great advantage to his hearers, subjects that were merely suggested in the discussion. The question of marriage comes up incidentally, and is disposed of with great brevity. Mr. Gladstone, as we might well suppose, upholds the great dignity of that institution by saying that Christ taught the absolute indissolubility of marriage. Colonel Ingersoll scouts the idea of indissolubility with even more than his usual vehemence and his usual rhetoric. "Why should a husband and wife be compelled to live with each other after love is dead?" And he follows this inquiry by others of the same general character, intended to prove that when love is dead, when the husband is cruel or infamous or an outcast, the bond should be severed and a new field of matrimonial ventures opened to the actors in the original failure. It is hardly possible that the writer was not carried away by the facility of his pen or blinded by the brilliancy of his own rhetoric. He certainly cannot have intended to say that the permanency of this contract, "the most sacred that human beings can make" (p. 626), is to depend solely upon caprice or upon the strength of the man's or the woman's love. It is too plain for argument that this simply resolves itself into the abolition of the marriage relation and the substitution of temporary unions which will last so long as the convenience of both parties or either of them may suggest.

The experiment of divorce made easy is not a new one. Juvenal speaks of a lady who had married eight husbands in the course of five years. Martial mentions a matron who had taken ten husbands in one month. This may be a poetical exaggeration, and I do not present Martial as absolutely reliable on a question of statistics. Saint Jerome, however, is not a poet, and is an honest witness. He speaks of a husband who had been widowed twenty times; the twenty-first lady whom he selected as his companion had had twenty-two husbands. Conceding our modern society to be less frivolous and anxious for variety, I still think that when divorces are granted because love on the wife's side has gone, or the husband's affection weakened, the divorce courts will be kept immeasurably busy.

But then what becomes of woman's dignity if the sanctity of this tie is gone? The ancient church raised marriage to the dignity of a sacrament and attached to it a solemnity and importance that no other contract possesses. To the permanency of marriage, to the influence of the Christian religion in sanctifying the union of one man and one woman under the sanction of the Creator and Father of the human family, woman owes more than to any other cause the exalted station which she holds in our modern society. If it should ever happen that the efforts of the new school of Anti-Christian writers shall succeed, she first of all must feel the incalculable loss. Her title to queenly rank dates back to the time when that declaration was made in Judea. Her claim has since been consecrated by the blood of her martyrs who bravely died for the faith which placed a crown upon her brow. How could or can the Christian church do otherwise than honor and hold up for example the noble women who confessed their belief in the amphitheatre and public places, maimed by wild beasts and brutal men. Even Renan's cold skepticism warms into a glow of enthusiasm when he describes the brave and gentle little slave Faustina as she smilingly accepted cruelty and outrage that may not be described, declaring all the while that she was a Christian and that Christians could do no harm. And she was but one of an army that ennobled, purified and made sacred the whole family of Christian women.

What an answer to the sneers and scoffs of which we have so brilliant a sample before us Mr. Gladstone might have made if he had not been misled into so fruitless a line of debate. Whether

the stories of Jephthah and Jonah are literally true, whether or not they are to be taken in this sense or in that, is not the question of great and vital moment. It is easy to make witty comments upon these narratives, but no man will cease to be a believer because he fails to understand and is unable to explain why God commanded the dreadful sacrifice of Abraham, or whether Ananias and Sapphira deserved death for their lie.

The men of to-day need to learn what Christanity has done and is doing for the human race. They must be asked to refrain for a moment from laughing at the bright sallies of brilliant declaimers and to inquire into the possible results of a successful campaign against the system of belief that has been interwoven with the growth, strength and progress of the world for the last eighteen hundred years.

None more wisely and eloquently than Mr. Gladstone could have warned society of the dangers and evils which a reckless eagerness for untried systems and an impatient sufferance of whatever *is*, may produce. For the first time in the history of our modern life, the law looks on in silence and leaves men's tongues and pens free to malign and caricature the religion which was and still is part of the law of the land. The fear of punishment being removed, nothing is left but the self-imposed restraint of him who decries sacred things to fix the measure and violence of his attacks. Whether Dr. Field and Mr. Gladstone may or may not outshine Colonel Ingersoll in debate, is not, after all, so important. The question remains whether the Lord's Prayer may be abolished and the Sermon on the Mount derided into general contempt, without changing the whole structure of our moral and social world. Colonel Ingersoll utters many noble sentiments in eloquent speech, but it is no disrespect to say that he did not first discover them. If I mistake not, every one of them comes down in a straight line of descent from that Magna Charta of human fraternity, the prayer which first taught that men were brothers and that forgiveness of offenses was a virtue. He will hardly admit this, however, for it also teaches that one Name should be hallowed above all others and that a Divine Will rules the world.

FREDERICK R. COUDERT.

DEMOCRACY AT ST. LOUIS.

THE people of the United States will not long be interested in the details of the convention at St. Louis. History will hardly linger over the well-wrought phrases of Daniel Dougherty, or the courageous assumptions of Patrick Collins, or even over the bright speech of the brilliant McKenzie, of Kentucky.

The candidates and the platform alone deserve attention. Of Mr. Thurman I do not purpose to speak, for the situation is one of some delicacy.

It would be unkind to the President to say that Mr. Thurman was nominated because it was needful to have somewhere on the ticket a great name not obtained by accident, but earned by years of public service. It would be equally unkind to Mr. Thurman to point out that this rounding up of his career was only another instance of that ingratitude of Republics, which so often delights to abase the worthy in order that the exaltation of the unworthy may become more marked. However, things which are mislaid are not always lost, and it must add a two-fold glory to any barbarian triumph to have a noble Roman, however aged, or however doubtful his Roman citizenship, at the chariot wheels. Of Mr. Cleveland I do not intend to speak words of reproach. On the contrary, the first sentence is one of commendation. The Treasury Department has been carried on, in matters relating strictly to finance, in those respects where comparison can be made, in the same way in which it was carried on by Republican secretaries. None of the wild and foolish things which his party announced have been done. Not a single Democratic oration delivered before election on the floor of the House has been realized. On this the country is to be congratulated. The truth, of course, is, that the principles on which the Republican party had based its Treasury action were so fundamental that nothing

was left to their successors but to continue the building on the same foundations. Whether, however, the loaning of sixty millions of dollars to the national banks without interest when bonds could have been bought and interest saved was wisdom and sound policy, I leave to the Democratic orators in the next campaign, only asking them to use about the transaction the same language they would have employed had John Sherman been Secretary of the Treasury. I think I already feel the refreshing coolness the discourse will throw over Democratic meetings. Mr. Cleveland has done one other thing which, if rightly understood, may be of incalculable advantage to the country. He has recognized the tendencies of his party, and has brought them to the clear light of day. He has revealed the real masters of the organization and shown where the power lies. For years the House of Representatives has been organized so as to show both the dominance and the determination of the governing power, but the country has paid little heed to the fact, because the practical results were prevented. It must now take notice or suffer. Much has been said of Mr. Cleveland's courage on the tariff question, but it requires very little courage to throw yourself into the arms of the vast majority of your own party. Whoever knows anything of the dangers to his political ambition in his own State of New York can have little doubt of the wisdom of a politician who by one message secured to himself the sure votes of the leaders of his party.

Some of the friends of Reform who thought that grapes could be gathered from thorns and figs from thistles are disappointed that no recognition of them or their faith was made at St. Louis. They are now engaged in turning with child-like faith from Platform to Candidate. If I were to select the plainest instance in all history where good men have been trifled with, I should select this gentle dalliance with Civil Service Reform. Mr. Cleveland's first manœuvres committed every civil service reformer to his side. They could not say too much. After such loud committal, very shame has made them first apologize and then keep silent. Meantime the end of Mr. Cleveland's term finds him with enough officials in office to run conventions, and enough offices out of which he can yet turn Republicans to make a free raw material which will be very useful in the manufactures of the campaign. If Mr. Cleveland were not already fixed in our minds as an utterly guileless man, the sole object of whose creation was to show how

much better a man could be than his party, somebody would suspect him of being a politician. In fact Mr. Cleveland has been in this, as in his tariff utterance, controlled by his party. No man, however near his head may be to his shoulders, can long resist the people he allies himself with, especially if during his whole career he has thought their thoughts and been bone of their bone.

It may be a fine thing to be better than your party. It certainly is a very profitable thing to appear to be so. The world is a very busy world, has no time to examine shops, but will read advertisements if the print be large and the headlines emphatic. Hence, when Mr. Cleveland loudly proclaimed his opposition to silver, the world thought him fixed in the faith, and has never noticed that he has coined more silver than his predecessors. The increase is slight, but worth noticing. By rewarding the postmaster of a great city, whose devotion to Civil Service Reform had been useful in the election, he established so high a reputation for clemency that he was able to behead all the rest with due regularity and reasonable dispatch. The descent from the high moral elevation which seemed to signalize the appointment of Pearson, to that scene in the Pennsylvania convention where the officeholders of a purified administration dragged down Mr. Randall, the ablest Democrat in public life, may be very great indeed; but the grade was easy, for the road was winding and there were many loops. The French historian, Lanfrey, seems to have been right when he said that a little charlatanism is needful to move masses of men. Mr. Cleveland's administration does not seem to lack the needful motive power. But the effort to make out of Mr. Cleveland a personage apart, distinct from his party friends, pure while they are impure, strong where they are weak, intelligent where they are ignorant, has been brought to the test of real life, and to-day no skillful divider of hairs can tell where Mr. Cleveland leaves off and the old dominant and domineering wing of his party begins. They twain are now visibly one flesh.

The victory in the convention secured by Mr. Watterson over the Maryland senator, whom he dragged afterwards openly behind his triumphal sulky, was not the victory of Mr. Cleveland over the convention, but the record of the fact that the majority of the party as of right had taken possession of both Cleveland and convention. For years this dominant faction has kept itself in

the background pushing forward to the public view their protectionist brethren whose useful feet were shod with swiftness as they sped to New York, to Ohio, to New Jersey and Connecticut, to assure those of like faith that Mr. Cleveland was as good a protectionist Democrat as if all the industries of the United States were localized in his native village.

But this dominant faction is no longer in the rear. Encouraged by the election of 1884, they have taken the front and are now openly in control. This is a situation long expected by observant men. Most party men have hoped for it, but most business men will regret to see committed to the hazards of a political campaign the entire business interests of the country. But those interests can no longer be kept out of politics. They have been forced into the next election and must take heed to themselves, unless they welcome irreparable loss. The danger is not that the people of the United States have failed to understand the causes of that great prosperity which has enabled us to face war and debt and even unwonted extravagance of individual luxury with a national growth unparalleled in the history of the world. The danger is that under deceitful twisting of ambiguous words men may be tempted to retain their party fealty in forgetfulness of real interests at stake. Party feeling and party fealty I have no quarrel with. They both bind men together and help make the world governable. No man ought to leave the party his judgment upholds except for grave cause; and he will not if he is wise, for it means disruption of friendship and the sundering of ties, the strength of which no man knows until they are broken. Hence men keep with their party on the slightest pretences. But parties cannot remain stationary. Their real majorities may bide their time, but they finally take control. Whoever examines the proceedings and the outcome of the St. Louis convention can have no more doubt that the Free Trade wing has taken the reins in hand in the nation than they can doubt that they have done it in the House of Representatives. When Mr. Randall was deposed from the speakership, which he adorned by his ability and honored by his high personal character, it was not a defeat of person, but of principle. From that moment not a single representative of the protectionist democracy has been allowed a seat on the Committee of Ways and Means. With that reluctance to break from party ties, of which I have already spoken,

and hoping for better days, the protectionist Democrats gave New York and New Jersey and Connecticut to Mr. Cleveland, who, in return, has delivered them bound hand and foot to those who sought their destruction. The same scene is now attempted on a larger stage. The protectionist Democrats of the House of Representatives have been delivered over to their foes without even a recommendation to mercy. Can the same thing be done with the protectionist Democrats of the country? That depends entirely upon whether they have closed their eyes or opened them.

Platforms are usually glittering generalities specific only as to the past and nebulous as to the future. They are ordinarily meant to mask aggressive designs and yet to utilize the timid. Of such a character was the platform of 1884. If you emphasized one branch of the antithesis you sounded for Free Trade; if the other, your voice was for Protection. But this year there is small choice of sounds. The platform must be interpreted by Cleveland's message. The emphasis must be on Free Trade. It is true that worthy message towards the close tried a few clauses on the other side; but when a man knocks you down, even if he says he would not hurt you for the world, the blow is apt to be more impressive than the word. When also the convention, not satisfied with approving a message which stiffened the price of British iron, endorsed and sustained the bill now before the House of Representatives, the world can well understand why Mr. Edward Cooper and perhaps Mr. Hewitt should stand aghast at the Frankenstein monster they had helped to raise. Whatever doubt could remain in the mind of a protectionist Democrat the plain tendencies of the convention ought to remove. That wing of the party which for six years has organized the House of Representatives, which for six years has refused even the lowest place on the committee which shapes the business destinies of the country to any member who sympathized with Mr. Randall or his views, were in full control of the great national assembly of the party. And they were rightly in control, for they were in great majority. The office holding power of the Administration was put to such unsparing use that even Pennsylvania, whose Democrats have never before faltered in the cause they deemed for the interest of their country, was made to do obeisance to the new idol. Can any man with eyes doubt as to what this thing is which he sees?

To make assurance doubly sure let him turn to the proceedings

of the House of Representatives, proceedings which have had the endorsement of the St. Louis convention. A tariff bill represents the business interests of the whole country. It affects him who manufactures and him who consumes. No man is so rich as to escape its influence, or too poor to suffer by its errors. Enterprise awaits its fiat, capital hangs on its deliberation, and labor unemployed suffers the paralysis of its delay. Surely if any legislation needs the sanction of open day, the scrutiny of sunlight, it is a tariff bill. Yet, even to this day, the place where the present bill was formed is as secret as the burial place of Moses. After it saw daylight not one single interest affected was permitted to appear and defend its position. Capital and labor, and even their representatives on the floor, were alike shut out. Nothing but secret interviews have been allowed, and what transpires at those interviews no protectionist, Democrat or Republican, has been allowed to know. The bill is thoroughly and essentially geographical. Where democracy has sway the knife skims lightly. Where the other side is represented the knife goes to the hilt. Salt is on the free list, rice is left with a duty of 68 to 100 per cent. There is another feature which demands the attention of thinking men. The newspapers show that a party caucus has been held and that some of the heaviest "tariff taxes" have been restored where Democratic representatives would be discommoded. In other words, industries have been treated with favor or disfavor on account of their politics. What the Free Traders so frequently call in debate the "privileged classes" have been continued in their "privileges" if Democrats come from their districts and refused if they do not. Can it be possible that a people who would not suffer that clerkships, mere government clerkships, should be bestowed for political services, and made a great uprising against the practice, will permit the business of the country, the industries of a whole people, to be farmed out as the reward of party fealty, and distributed as recognitions of party success? Nothing like this has ever before happened in the history of this country.

Let me briefly call the attention of your readers to another aspect of the case which still further illustrates what will be the final outcome of these proceedings. Everybody must admit that the real pressure on Congress this session comes from the surplus. What the country really demands is a reduction of the surplus.

By skillful machinery the pressure from this source has been transferred to the tariff. The people have no quarrel with the tariff. No petitions show restlessness. No public meetings testify to any sense of oppression. If the party in power would introduce such a measure as would reduce the surplus and leave unaffected the business of the country, the surplus would disappear as rapidly as does the public building bill of an enemy of the administration under the Executive veto. There has been no moment of time since the opening of the session when a bill could have been defeated which took thirty millions from tobacco, six from alcohol used in the arts, and either twelve or twenty-five millions from sugar, had the majority presented it. Nay, not even a two-thirds vote would have been refused. The government might for the six months last past have taken at the rate of forty-eight to fifty-four millions less per year than now.

But the men in control care nothing for the surplus, except as means to an end. They are looking beyond to-day. Using the tactics of the skillful lawyer who calls many witnesses to prove an uncontested fact, in order to conceal the lack of evidence on the point really at issue, they may choose in speeches, as did Mr. Speaker Carlisle, to lay great emphasis on the surplus, but that is only to beguile the unwary. To them the issue is not surplus, but tariff. They calculated that the effect of the bill will be twofold. They believe that whatever they put on the free list will bring them recruits for the assaults of the future; that the lumbermen and saltmen and woolmen, if themselves denied the markets of America, will unite with their enemies of to-day to deny those markets to others, and that they will thus march over the ruins of the industries of the far North to newer victories, aided by the people of the countries already conquered. But some one may ask what pretense they will have in the future. Their bill once passed, will they not be satisfied? This only shows how little communication there is from the place where laws are made to the people who are governed by them. Not a day passes but some friend of the present bill in the House, amid the loud plaudits of his associates, proclaims that this is only a step in advance, only a step in the right direction, only a turning of the face to the sunlight. But if you ask me what excuse they will have before the people, I answer, the very one they have now. Whatever losses the Treas-

ury will have from the free list, will, if the present bill should be carried as it now stands, be made up by the increased amounts collected from the increased importations which this very bill is intended to promote. Such a bill will bring no reduction. Such a lowering of tariff cannot lower income. On the contrary, it will surely increase it. Remember what the object of the bill is. It is to facilitate importations. It could have no other purpose; and yet the alleged reduction, outside the free list, is based on the idea that importations will remain the same, though the very object of the bill is to increase them. Let such a bill be passed, and even before the ruins are cleared away we shall see an undiminished surplus, and these victorious gentlemen again to the front proclaiming that the surplus must be reduced, and that the only way is to again cut the tariff. Where this is to end it needs only eyes to see. If the voters of the United States desire to reach that end, desire to give up our markets to those beyond sea, to abolish the system which has prevailed in those decades of American history which have most dazzled the world, those decades which have filled the earth with such a sense of our power and might that every American abroad feels himself invigorated by the wide recognition of his country's glory; if such be their desire, the way is as broad as the great avenue of our capital city. Follow where the St. Louis convention leads, and the shock of arrival will render other evidence unnecessary. If the triumph of Mr. Watterson at St. Louis, the crushing of Mr. Randall in Pennsylvania, and the debates and the action of the House of Representatives cannot show that the days of the Protectionist wing of the Democratic party are numbered, what can?

THOMAS B. REED.

FASHIONS IN PRECIOUS STONES.

THE American spirit of unrest finds its outlet in an incessant desire for change and novelty. In this we are sharply distinguished from the French, English or German, who believe that a good thing once is a good thing always. For us a thing must not only have excellence, but it must also be new or unique to satisfy the demands of this American trait. So in precious stones very few escape the imperious edict of Dame Fashion, who is influenced largely by the demands of her American followers. It is my purpose to note in this article a few of the principal changes which have taken place within a recent period.

During the last decade new stones have come into favor, some neglected, ones have regained their popularity, and still others, such as amethysts and cameos, have been ushered out entirely. The latter, no matter how finely cut, would not now find purchasers at one-fifth of their former value, while ten years ago they were eagerly sought after at from four to twenty times present prices. Rubies were considered high ten years ago, and a further rise was not looked for, but to-day they are still higher, a nine and eleven-sixteenths carat stone being quoted at $33,000.

There is no demand at present for topaz, yet a syndicate of French capitalists has been organized to control the so-called topaz mines of Spain in the expectation that after twenty years of disfavor this gem will again find favor in the sight of fashion.

Coral has felt the change of fashion, for during the last three years less than $1,000 worth per annum has been imported, and in the last ten years, in all, $33,956, whereas in the ten years preceding $388,570 worth was imported.

The popularity of amber, on the other hand, is increasing. The imports of amber beads for the ten years, 1868 to 1878, were less than $5,000 worth, whereas during the last ten years $35,897 worth have been introduced. Amber amounting only to $47,000 was imported from 1868 to 1878, but over $350,000 worth from 1878 to 1888.

Ten years ago few of our jewelers carried more than the following stones in stock: diamond, ruby, sapphire, emerald, garnet, and, occasionally, a topaz or an aquamarine. The gem and mineralogical collections, however, contained a large series of beautiful stones, hard and of rich color, that are now known as "fancy stones," and by the French as *pierres de fantasie*. Since then considerable interest has centered in these fancy stones, and a jeweler is not only expected to be familiar with, but to keep in stock almost all of these. This change may be partly referred to the fact that since the Centennial Exhibition art matters have received more attention among us than before.

That the Duke of Connaught gave his bride a cat's-eye ring as an engagement token, was enough to make the stone fashionable and to increase its value greatly. The demand soon extended to Ceylon, where the true chrysoberyl cat's-eye is found, and stimulated the search for it there. In the chrysoberyl cat's-eye the effect is the result of a twinning of the crystal, or of a deposit between its crystalline layers of other minerals in microscopic inclusions. If the stone be cut across these layers, *en cabochon*, or carbuncle-cut, as it is called, a bright line of light will be condensed on the dome-like top of the stone.

In the search for these chrysoberyl cat's-eyes, there have been found an endless series of chrysoberyls of deep golden, light yellow, yellow green, sage green, dark green, yellowish brown, and other tints. They are superb gems, weighing from one to one hundred carats each, ranking next to the sapphire in hardness. They gave a great surprise to the gem dealers; for it was found that the darker leaf green or olive-green stones possessed the wonderful dichroitic property of changing to columbine red by artificial light, the green being entirely subdued and the red predominating; and in fact were alexandrites, a gem which had formerly been found only in Siberia and even there of poor quality, though in large crystals, a perfect gem of even one carat being a great rarity. Here, however, fine gems rarely under four carats were found, and an exceptional one weighed sixty-seven carats. They can be numbered among the most remarkable of known gems. Strange to say, among these alexandrites a few have been found which combine the characteristics of the cat's-eye and the alexandrite and are in reality alexandrite cat's-eyes.

The demand for the cat's-eye also brought into use the sup-

posed rare mineral crocidolite, commonly called tiger-eye, which has since been found to occur extensively in the Asbetus mountains, forty miles north of the Vaal River. It occurs in a ferruginous porcelain jasper, in veins from half an inch to four inches in thickness, and was first brought to Europe by Le Valliant, a French traveler in South Africa. Value has, more especially, attached to that variety which has been altered to a quartz cat's-eye. In this stone an infiltration of silicious material coated each fibre with quartz or chalcedony, giving it the hardness of the quartz and amethyst—seven in the scale of hardness. This pleasing stone readily sold for six dollars a carat, and at the outset even more; but owing to the excessive competition of two rival dealers, who sent whole cargoes of it to the London market, the price fell to one dollar, or even to twenty-five cents per pound, by the quantity. Even table-tops have been made of this material by veneering, and vases, cane heads, paper weights, seals, charms, etc., made of it have sold in large quantities. Burned, it assumed a bronze-like lustre, and by dissolving out the brown oxide of iron coloring, an almost white substance was obtained, which was dyed by allowing it to absorb red, green and brown colored solutions, which, owing to the delicacy of the fibres, were evenly absorbed.

Ten years ago this material was practically unknown, but so extensively has it been sold, that to-day it is to be found on every tourists' stand, whether at the Rigi, on Pike's Peak, in Florida, at Los Angeles, or at Nijni Novgorod, showing how thoroughly organized is the system of distribution in the gem market. Missionaries have never spread a religion so rapidly as traders have disseminated this form of the "cat's-eye."

Since it has become generally known that Queen Victoria is partial to the opal, the old and stubborn superstition concerning it, which is said to date from Scott's Anne of Geierstein, has been slowly yielding, until now the gem has its share of popular favor. During the last two years ten times as many opals have been imported as were brought here during the preceding decade, many of these being the finest Hungarian stones. Mexican fire-opals are much more common, as tourists know to their sorrow who buy them at exorbitant prices in Mexico, hoping thus to pay the expenses of the trip, only to find, on reaching New York, that the opals are worth only about a quarter of what they paid for them.

The Mexican opal mines are near Querertera, and it is believed that a demand of 50,000 stones per annum could be supplied without raising the price perceptibly, since in the market of precious stones, the demand generally raises the price. The opal mines of Dubreck, Hungary, yield the government a revenue of $6,000 annually. And the output is so carefully regulated by the lessees that the market is never glutted.

About ten years ago a new and very interesting variety of opal was brought from the Baricoo River, Queensland, Australia, where it was found in a highly ferruginous jasper-like matrix, sometimes apparently as a nodule and then again in brilliant colored patches or in specks affording a sharp contrast with reddish brown matrix, which admits of a high polish and breaks with a conchoidal fracture. Many of these stones are exceedingly brilliant. They are of the variety known as harlequin opals, their color being somewhat yellow as compared with the Hungarian stone, although not less brilliant. The rich ultramarine blue opal is quite peculiar to this locality, and many have a rich green tint that makes them almost transcend the Hungarian opals.

A company capitalized at £200,000 has been formed, and the gems are soon likely to be extensively mined. Many curious little cameo-like objects, such as faces, dogs, heads, and the like, are made by cutting the matrix and the opal together.

Never have pearls been more popular or commanded such high prices as during the past ten years. At present nothing is considered in better taste than the pearl, on account of its purity and subdued beauty. This unusual demand has had the effect of greatly stimulating the search for them, especially on the west coast of Australia, at Thursday Island, the Sooloo Archipelago, in Ceylon and the Persian Gulf, and also along the coast of Lower California. The demand included pearls of all colors except the inferior yellow. The fine black pearls from Lower California have been in great request, single ones bringing as much as $8,000. With these black pearls are found many beautiful gray and grayish brown pearls. The different fisheries of the world produce fully $1,000,000 worth annually, of which the lower California fisheries produce probably one-sixth. Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas have given us over $10,000 worth of pearls per annum; their remarkable fresh-water pearls, especially the pink ones, which are unrivalled for delicacy of tint. The finding of two

bushels of these in the Turner group of mounds in the Little Miami Valley, Ohio, by Prof. F. W. Putnam, gives us a faint idea of how plentiful they were before the arrival of the Europeans. But within the last five years many of the fancy-colored pearls have received their variety of color not from nature but by artificial means.

The acquisition of the Burmese ruby mines cost the British Government a vast sum of money. On the wars of 1826 and 1852 England expended $75,000,000 and $15,000,000 respectively, and after all this sacrifice of treasure the Burmah & Bombay Trading Company claimed, four years ago, that King Thebaw, of Burmah had arbitrarily canceled the leases by which the company controlled the output of the ruby mines near Mandalay. A meeting was accordingly held at Rangoon, October 11th, 1884, presided over by J. Thompson, agent for Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Company (a firm of which Gladstone's son is said to be a partner), with a view to securing the lease of the mines. They did not succeed, however, and the war of 1886 which followed involved the raising of an army of 30,000 men and an outlay of $5,000,000, but the British Government finally gained control of the long-coveted ruby mines. The question which next presented itself was, how should they be worked? Several firms were desirous of securing the lease, and after the Indian Government had virtually closed a lease to Messrs. Streeter & Company, the London jewelers, at an annual rental of 4 lakhs of rupees (£40,000), for a term of five and one-half years, with the privilege of collecting thirty per cent. on all stones mined by others, for some unexplained reason, but probably on account of trade jealousies, the home government revoked the lease, although Mr. Streeter had apparently every assurance of the acceptance of his proposition and had even made preparations to begin work at the mines.

The ruby mines of Burmah are situated in the valley of the Mogok, fifty-one miles from the bank of the Irrawaddy River and about seventy-five miles north of Mandalay, at an altitude of 4,200 feet. Very little has been known concerning them up to the present, as they were always the monopoly of the crown and were jealously guarded. It was said that they paid King Thebaw's government 100,000 rupees per annum and, one year, 150,000 rupees. Mining is carried on there by forty or fifty wealthy natives, who employ the poorer townspeople at liberal wages; but at present only

seventy-eight mines or diggings are in operation, and they are worked in the most primitive manner. All of the gems are sent to Ruby Hall, Mandalay, to be valued. At present the royalty exacted by the English government is thirty per cent. A stone was lately sold in Mandalay for 8,000 rupees, but without the knowledge of the officials. In the valley a number of pagodas have been erected by wealthy ruby miners as votive offerings for their success.

One thing at least we learned from the British occupation of Burmah; namely, that King Thebaw did not own the dishes of rubies which were said to outrival anything in history. His possessions of this sort were found to consist only of a few stones of poor quality.

The diamond mines at Salabro, Brazil, known as the Canavieiras, were discovered in 1882 by a poor miner who had worked in the earlier mines. They are situated two days' journey from Canavieiras, near the river Pardo, and the gems, which are found inared gravel at a depth of about two feet, are very fine in quality, and are remarkable for their purity and whiteness, the crystals being of such a form that scarcely any cleaving is necessary.

History repeats itself, and as, when the Brazilian mines were first discovered, the stones were sent to Europe by way of India to enter the markets in India wrappers, so Bultfontein diamonds were sent to Canavieiras to be shipped to Europe as the product of that mine. So great was the rush for these mines at first that, notwithstanding the rumors of a malarial climate and epidemic diseases, by the end of the first year 3,000 miners were at work where shortly before was a virgin forest, and for a time even this number was exceeded. The other Brazilian mines have been only slightly worked of late years.

India, Borneo and Australia are now yielding very few diamonds, probably not more than one per cent. of the entire product. These three countries, together with Brazil, yield probably less than ten per cent. of the total output.

The recent combination of the diamond mining companies in South Africa to regulate the production and price has led to a feverish speculation in diamond shares and awakened interest in the mines of Brazil and India. During the past month the Madras Presidency Diamond-fields Company, Limited, has been organizing with a capital stock of £190,000, and to prove that the Indian mines are not yet exhausted it is announced that operations will soon be com-

menced at Wadjra Karur Field in the Madras Presidency. On this field of 554 acres was found a very fine sixty-seven and a half carat diamond crystal which furnished a twenty-five carat stone called the Gor-do-Norr, valued by the company at £15,000.

Another English company has recently been formed under the name of the "Hyderabad Deccan Mining Company," to work the mines in the valley of Krishna in India, where it is thought that the famous Koh-i-nûr diamond was found.

The author of "Arabian Nights" undoubtedly thought that he was imagining the wildest and most improbable things when he wrote of "Sinbad, the Sailor," obtaining such fabulous treasures in the valley of diamonds. Yet the African mines have paled this profusion of wealth into utter insignificance. A glimpse at these new "diamond" valleys may be interesting.

The primitive method of diamond washing was carried on for centuries by thousands of slaves, who, like those who built the pyramids under the lash of the Pharaohs, simply followed a master mercilessly goading them on whip in hand. To-day we have the most ingenious and powerful machinery, which, eyeless though it be, allows fewer diamonds to escape than would the keenest and most disciplined army of washers.

At the Kimberley diamond mines in South Africa, a wonderful progress has been made in the last decade. About 1877 the work of consolidation of the different companies began. Originally the mines were worked as 3,238 separate claims, each thirty-one feet square, with a seven and a half foot roadway between every pair of claims. Now these are all united in about forty companies.

A mine in the early days was a bewildering sight. Stretched across in all directions were miles of wire cable, to which were attached the buckets for carrying the earth, reef, or wall-rock of the mines, and at times water, all running from individual claims. Some of these were almost level with the surface, while others next to them might be cut down two hundred feet, and others only one hundred feet, yet all were being worked independently. At the sides were endless belts with pockets for carrying the earth. The result of this independent system of working was that rock was dropped so recklessly that it is said to have been as dangerous as the battle field around the edges of the claims. Not only was the loss of life great from this source, but also from the falling of immense masses of reef, loosened by the blasting, which

sometimes buried a score of men at once. But improved methods were gradually introduced. Steam railroads were run down into the mine, and parts of it were leveled down even. Millions of tons of reef required removing, and the only way to do it was to assess every company in the mine proportionally. Many mistakes were made at first, if mistakes they can be called, when the problems offered for solution were entirely new and untried. The yellow or surface soil which overlaid the blue stuff pulverized so readily that it could be taken to the washing machine direct ; but as the claims were sunk down in the blue the rock grew harder, and dynamite became necessary. Immense quantities of it are now used for blasting.

Not only has the yield of the African mines been great, but the diamonds have averaged much larger than those from any of the old mines. The finding of a seventeen carat stone in the Brazilian diggings was sufficient to secure the freedom of the fortunate slave who found it ; but stones of this size are found by the hundred here. A one hundred carat stone scarcely creates as much excitement as a stone of one-fifth the size did in Brazil.

One-fifth to one-quarter of all the yield, it is estimated, never reached the proper owners, as the native diggers swallow and conceal the diamonds in every possible manner. Hence it became necessary for the companies, in self defense, to take extraordinary precautions against this great loss, and overseers or special searchers were apointed, who made the most thorough examination of all who left the mines. The natives use most ingenious methods for the concealment of the gems. On one occasion some officers, suspecting that a Kafir had stolen diamonds, gave chase and caught up with him just after he had shot one of his oxen. No diamonds were found upon the Kafir, it is needless to say, for he had charged his gun with them, and after the disappearance of the officers, dug them out of his dead ox. Diamonds have been fed to chickens, and a post-mortem recently held over the body of a Kafir revealed the fact that death had been caused by a sixty carat diamond which he had swallowed.

On September 4, 1886, a meteoric stone weighing about four pounds fell at Nowo Urei, Krasnoslobodsk, in the Government of Penza, Siberia. In this, MM. Latschinoff and Jerofeieff found what they supposed to be diamonds of microscopic size. In an insoluble residue appeared small corpuscles, showing traces of po-

larization, harder than corundum, having the density and other characteristics of the diamond, and present to the amount of one per cent of the whole mass (see *Nature*, December 1, 1887). Through the courtesy of His Excellency Julien V. Siemaschko, of St. Petersburg, I procured a small piece of the meteorite. Small fragments of it were boiled first with nitric acid, then with sulphuric, then with nitro-muriatic acid, which removed the iron magnetite, olivine, enstatite, etc., leaving as a residue some small transparent bodies, about twelve in all. One of these, which was unfortunately lost, was evidently a distorted trigonal tris-octahedron. Those exhibited are very much distorted, and two resemble this form, which is one of the principal forms of the diamond. The colors are either pink or light brown. The smallness of their size has prevented me from trying the hardness, but by grinding with a sapphire four particles of the meteorite, I distinctly made a number of minute but deep scratches on each polished face of nine different sapphires with each piece of meteorite. These scratches are characteristic of but one mineral that we know, and that is the diamond. Pieces of the meteorite scratched nine sapphires, producing the fine delicate lines characteristic of a diamond, and there can be little doubt that these bodies, the only residue, were the ones that produced the scratches. If a larger quantity of material comes to hand, I intend to polish a diamond with the powder of the meteorite, using a new wheel for the purpose.

Some of that very curious form of diamond known as round bort, found only in Brazil, were exhibited at the Amsterdam Exhibition of 1882. They were perfect spheres, the result of a multiple twinning of the cubic form of the diamond. One of these Messrs. Tiffany & Co. cut into the rude outline form of a brilliant, and placed its table on an iron polishing wheel with diamond dust on it revolving at the rate of 2,800 revolutions per minute. The circumference of that part of the wheel on which the diamond was placed was about two and a half feet. It remained there nearly one hundred days, ten hours per day, so that the surface which traveled over it amounted to over 75,000 miles. Four and at times eight pounds of pressure were added to the usual two and a quarter pounds and two and a half pounds of the clamps or holder, while for a time forty pounds extra were added, causing the diamond to throw out scintillations several feet long.

The wheel was ploughed up and ruined ; yet no polish was produced, and the diamond was only slightly ground away after all this immense abrasion.

As an illustration of the labor and capital employed in diamond mining, it may be interesting to note that in addition to many miles of aerial tramways there are over one hundred and seventy miles of tramway around the four Kimberley mines. Twenty-five hundred horses, mules, and oxen, and three hundred and fifty steam engines, shafts, etc., representing four thousand horse-power, are employed in the work. One million pounds sterling are annually expended for labor, and over £1,000,000 for fuel and other supplies. The gross capital of the companies is nearly £10,000,000. Over ten thousand natives, each receiving £1 a week, and twelve hundred European overseers, at an average wage of £5, are employed. It is now proposed to consolidate all the companies into an enormous diamond trust, with a capital of £10,000,000. At the present value of the shares they are worth £14,000,000, and the stocks fluctuate as much as our more active railroad securities.

The De Beers mine is now owned by one company, who also control the Central Diamond Mining Company, of the Kimberley mine. Mr. Gardner F. Williams, of Oakland, Cal., is superintendent of this mine.

In 1878 the importations of uncut diamonds amounted to $63,270 ; in 1887, to $262,357 ; while in 1883 there were imported $443,996 worth, showing that although we are cutting four times as many diamonds as we were in 1878, yet the importations have been falling off. This is partly because in the years from 1882 to 1885 a number of our jewelers opened diamond-cutting establishments, but have either given up the business or sold out to others ; for in spite of the protective duty of ten per cent. on cut stones, cutting can only be profitably carried on here on a scale large enough to enable one of the partners to reside in London, the great market for rough diamonds, to take advantage of every fluctuation of the market, and purchase large parcels which can be cut immediately and converted into cash ; for nothing is bought and sold on a closer margin than rough diamonds.

The recent death of Mr. Henry D. Morse, of Boston, known as the pioneer diamond cutter of the United States, brings to mind many interesting reminiscences. He has scarcely received the

credit he deserves for his work. That he was the first in this country to cut diamonds is well known, and the best cutters in the United States to-day received their training under him. But educating young Americans, both men and women, to the art, was not his greatest work. He showed the world that the art which had so long been a monopoly of the Hollanders, was degenerating in their hands into a mere mechanical trade. His ‹tment of the diamond gave a great stimulus to the industry both in the United States and abroad, and shops were opened here and in London in consequence of his success. He was one of the few who studied the diamond scientifically, and taught his pupils that mathematical precision in cutting greatly enhances the value as well as the beauty of the gem. His artistic eye, sound judgment and keen perception enabled him to carry the art to a perfection seldom, if ever, attained before.

It was in his shop that a machine for cutting diamonds was invented which did away in great measure with the tediousness and inaccuracy of the old manual process. Thanks to his labors, we now have among us the best cutters in the world, men who can treat the diamond as it should be treated to develop its greatest beauty. The fact that so many fine stones were recut here after he started his wheel led to a great improvement in cutting abroad, especially in the French Jura and Switzerland, where both sexes are now employed at the trade. As a result of this the diamonds sold to-day are decidedly better cut than those of twenty years ago, before Mr. Morse turned his attention to that work, which he, above all others, has shown us is properly an art and not an industry.

There are at present about twelve cutting establishments in this country employing from one to fifty men each, and in all about one hundred, at salaries ranging from twenty to fifty dollars per week. Most of the cutting done here is of a high class, some shops being almost entirely employed in recutting stones that had been cut abroad. Ten years age nearly all the diamonds used in the United States were purchased through brokers or importers. To-day, owing to the marvelous growth of the diamond business here, and the facilities for transatlantic travel, many of the large retail houses buy their diamonds direct in the European markets; and some have even established branches or agencies abroad.

GEO. F. KUNZ.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

On the 14th of May, 1887, the newly built central hall of the People's Palace in East London was opened by the Queen in the midst of an immense concourse of people. The opening of this hall was, in fact, the opening of the People's Palace itself, because, with the aid of temporary buildings and sheds, the scheme of the trustees was immediately commenced, and has been carried on complete in nearly all its parts, though fettered as yet for want of room.

The Palace, as it stands at present, consists only of the temporary sheds and the central hall. Externally, the hall is hideous; but then it is the core of the whole Palace, and its exterior will be invisible when the whole is built. This hall, which is capable of holding 6,000 people at a pinch, is well proportioned and lofty; at one end stands an organ and a platform for the use of the singers and performers at concerts; a spacious gallery is built out on either side; a statue of the Queen stands over the entrance; the sides are adorned with statues of queens and princesses of Great Britain and Ireland; under the gallery are temporary bookshelves, for the hall is at present the library; as well the body of the room is provided with tables and seats for readers and hundreds of papers from all parts of the world; at the upper end under the platform is the table where the librarians—two ladies—sit to advise the readers, to receive and give out the books. The place is always well filled. On Sundays, especially, when the librarian's work is done by volunteers, it is crammed with orderly and quiet readers, who find here a place for rest and reading. The opening of the place on Sunday, although fiercely resisted by local bigots, has proved an unmixed blessing and boon to the people.

At the back of the hall the library is rapidly rising; it will be completed in May or June. It is an octagonal domed room with

book accommodation for 250,000 volumes. At present the library contains no more than 8,000 volumes, but it is rapidly growing. The ante-rooms of the library will be given over entirely for the use of the girls who form the "Lady Members." They will then have all to themselves, under the government of their own committee, their own music room, tea room, reading and writing room, and conversation room.

At the back of the library stands a long two-storied building. This was formerly the dormitory of the school and almshouses which used to occupy the site. Fortunately this block was not pulled down, and it is now, pending the completion of the building, used for class rooms.

The other buildings are a long corrugated iron structure used for the exhibitions ; an iron building, which contains a gymnasium perfectly fitted up with all the modern appliances; a billiard room furnished with half a dozen billiard and bagatelle tables in it, and a refreshment room. There are also the secretarial offices, a small "Ladies' Room" fitted up for the girls, and the *Palace Journal* office.

When the whole building is completed, these temporary buildings will disappear. The Palace will contain in itself everything, namely : Social rooms, club rooms, billiard rooms, lecture rooms, reading rooms, apart from the Queen's hall ; class rooms, capable of accommodating an immense number of students ; chemical and physical laboratories, and all the machinery of a great technical college and palace of delight.

So much for the present condition of the building.

The scheme, which is now almost in full working order, is much more ambitious than its first projectors designed. This is natural where a scheme is really worth anything. It grows and develops, shooting out all kind of unexpected branches. It comprehends a vast school of technical education, in all its branches ; a day school for trades ; a library and a reading room. This on the solid or educational side. On the other side, every form of recreation that young people may desire is here cultivated and encouraged. I use the word "young" advisably, because it was clearly understood from the outset that whatever good was to be effected by the Palace must be done for and by the young.

The initial difficulty, therefore, was to attract the lads and girls. There were the experiences of other institutions to guide

us on this point. For instance, at the other end of London are two foundations having objects in some respects similar to those of the Palace. One of these has proved a great—a very great success; the other is as conspicuous a failure; to the former the lads resort in ever increasing numbers; to the latter they will hardly go at all. The chief reason is that men considered old by lads of sixteen—say men of thirty; and men considered in decrepit and advanced age by such lads—say men of forty; men, in fact, of all ages; were admitted to the privileges of the place. Youth will not consort with age; the lads of sixteen refused to sit down in the same rooms with men old enough to be their fathers. With this warning before them, the trustees resolved on making admission to the Palace; first, a privilege which, to be prized at all, must be paid for; and next, a privilege to be limited by age. The members of the Palace must be, therefore, not under fifteen, and not over five and twenty. There was much complaint, at first, from those who were over the age, and it certainly seemed hard that because a man was six and twenty he was to be debarred the use of the Palace. As a matter of fact, however, the members do not, as will be seen, enjoy anything like absolute occupation. These privileges include, (1) Admission to all the concerts, entertainments and exhibitions free of charge. (2) The use of the library in the evenings (this is to be altered into a separate reading room for their use). (3) The use of the gymnasium. (4) The right to join any of the classes at reduced fees. (5) Admission to the club. (6) The right of taking the *Palace Journal* at a reduced rate. For this the lads pay 7s. 6d. a year, and the girls 5s. a year, the former a little more than three half pence a week, the latter about a penny a week. This does not seem a very large sum for all these privileges. As a matter of fact, however, when a young man makes the most of the place, attending one or two of the classes, belonging to one or two of the clubs, and to the gymnasium, he finds himself spending about a shilling a week upon the Palace. If he were not here every night he would spend five times that sum in beer, music halls and theatres for himself and his girl. It is not one of the least advantages of membership, that it separates a lad from the society of his sweetheart while he is at the Palace.

It was estimated that we could accommodate about two thousand members to begin with, six hundred more were afterwards

admitted, another thousand are now about to be admitted. As soon as the lists were opened, the applications crowded in; and the first list was completed in a week; those who came too late and wished to have their names put down on the chance of vacancies were made to pay a registration fee of one shilling. On a recent admission of members, this shilling was spent in giving the new comers a little social evening, at which Sir Edmund Currie, the director, spoke "straight" to the lads. When all the buildings are up we shall have as many as ten thousand members. Out of the original members about a fourth were girls. As to the social standing of these members, they belong, with the exception of a few clerks, absolutely to the working classes. They are not of the lowest class; that has been thrown in our teeth; if they were they would not stay in so orderly and civilized a place; but they are "respectable." They are of those who work with their hands; both girls and lads. Of the former, there are an immense number, for instance, who are connected with the great Sewing Mystery. They are mostly lads in steady work, and they have a trade; they belong to the "better class" of labor.

As regards the stability of the Palace, that is now, happily, assured. The Charity Commissioners have made it a grant of £4,500 a year; the sum of £12,000, with which the trustees began—it was a bequest from a Mr. Beaumont to be used for purposes of recreation—provides about £400 a year, and the classes and members' fees bring up the income to about £6,500 a year. Out of this the Fabric will have to be maintained, the secretarial staff, the librarians, the service, and the teachers in the school will have to be paid. There is as yet no paid manager. Sir Edmund Currie, the director, to whose exertions the Palace owes everything—absolutely everything—lives on the spot, and gives his whole time and thought to the conduct of the Palace.

Let us, with these preliminary words, sketch out the daily life of the People's Palace, first from the educational point of view, and next from its recreative side.

The boy's school, which is carried on during the day, is an attempt to do something for the boys who have reached the fifth or sixth standard in the board schools—*i. e.*, who have a good rudimentary education and have shown intelligence, and whose parents cannot afford to apprentice them to any trade. We take them for years on their leaving school, and instruct them in trades and in

the principles which underlie all technical teaching. Thus they are not taught anything ornamental or superfluous. There are classes in carpentry, design, geometry, drawing, and chemistry, but none in such superfluities as spelling or French. They come at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and they are to stay for two years, after which they will leave the school to enter upon their trade. The school is at present small and is not regarded with favor by the board schoolmasters, apparently because, if it is successful, it will take all their best boys. This jealousy will, however, die away as the benefits of the school become more known and appreciated by the parents.

The technical schools are carried on in the evening; they may be attended by those who are not members; in fact, some of the members do not attend any of the classes. They comprise "Practical Trade Classes." At present nine trades are taught: "Technical Classes," which include thirteen branches of work; "Science Classes," "Art and Design Classes," "Musical Classes," "Classes for Women," including all sorts of dressmaking, and "General" classes, which include the requirements for the examinations of the Civil Service, shorthand, French and German, book-keeping, and so forth. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join the practical or technical classes. All these classes are full to overflowing.

It will thus be seen that not only does the Palace provide for the East End of London a great university of technical education, but that it is already, after no more than six months, greatly appreciated. A great body of work is now being carried on, but nothing compared with what it will become when our class rooms are all built and are filled to their utmost capacity.

The position of the Palace is, happily, most central as regards the city of East London, for which it was built. It is surrounded by great suburbs, such as Bow, Bromley, Ford, Hackney, Dalston and Bethnal Green; it is accessible by train, tram and omnibus, and it stands in a great thoroughfare; no more convenient site could possibly have been found.

Let us turn to its recreative side. There are, first of all, the exhibitions. Since its opening the Palace has held a Flower Show, a Chrysanthemum Show, an Apprentice's Exhibition, and other shows, and two concerts have been given every week. The exhibitions have been very well attended; the concerts, for which

an admission of two pence is charged, are always crowded. The music given is not of the "music hall" character, but is uniformly good; the "Messiah," for instance, which was lately given —the chorus consisted of the Palace choir—attracted an audience which packed the hall completely. On Sunday mornings, from half past twelve to half past one, an organ recital of sacred music is held, and the hall is filled, chiefly with men who, if they were not there, would be loafing about the streets or in the public-house. The library and reading-room are open every day from 9 A. M. till 10 P. M.; on Sunday the library is open from 2 P. M. till 10 P. M. It is generally filled all the time by men and women who appreciate a warm, well lit, and quiet place. As yet we have no lay student class. They come and read for amusement. Thus, out of 569 books taken out in four days, 448 were works of fiction. The chief favorite is Captain Marryatt. On Sunday the work of superintendence and giving out the books is done by volunteers, chiefly students at the various London colleges. Indeed, there is a great quantity of voluntary work done at the Palace; thus, the exhibitions have been chiefly managed by a generous young Irishman, a Kerry landlord, who gives to the Palace nearly the whole of his time.

The members have started clubs of every kind. These are, of course, managed by themselves. Thus there is a Committee of Management for the billiard room, whose duty it is to see that the tables are not monopolized and that betting is not carried on—betting and gambling are great curses among our young working lads. There are committees and secretaries for the Debating Club, the Chess Club, the Cyclists, the Ramblers, the Harriers, the Cricket, and I know not what else. There is a social room for the lady members, where they can sit and talk, play or read. There is a *Palace Journal*, which records the doings of the club, prints letters from the members, and is intended to serve as their voice and organ. The *Journal* has, of course, a competitive column, and the competition editor has no easy task.

Lastly, an experiment was made at the New Year which proved so successful that there is no doubt it will be repeated. For many years the public dancing rooms have fallen into such bad odor that one after the other they have all been closed. There is now, I believe, not a single place in all London where a respectable girl—or, indeed one who cannot claim that title—can

go for a dance. Under the evangelical rule of fifty years ago, the clergy set their faces dead against dancing. Most nonconformists still do so. The magistrates steadfastly refuse dancing licenses. But a change is coming over our views. We have happily learned to distinguish. Not dancing, but the abuse of dancing places, is the vice; dancing itself is the most innocent, as it is also the most delightful of all amusements. We have only to go to Germany to understand that. Until the last century, which was a time when nearly everything was brutal, dancing was the most popular form of recreation. We have therefore taken a step toward the restoration of dancing to the amusement of the people. There have been four balls held at the Palace. The lady members were invited to bring their brothers and friends, and dancing to the band of the Scots Greys was carried on from seven to eleven. It was an experiment attended with some anxiety; but the girls themselves knew that future dances depended on the success of these, and that there were outside bigots and fanatics ready enough to cry out upon the wickedness of the trustees in allowing the dance and the dreadful things it would lead to. The result was that no court ball could have been conducted with greater decorum. Court balls, however, are said to be dull things; no West End ball, however spirited, could have been more delightful to everybody concerned. There was no supper, but there was a refreshment room, where things could be procured at a most reasonable rate. And the question now is not "Shall a dance be held?" but "When shall we have another? and how shall the lads be taught to dance better?" because, as always happens, it was found that the young men were far behind the girls in dancing.

I have to add that no intoxicants are permitted to be sold in the Palace. At first, some of the trustees were against this rule, because they would have the members themselves insist upon temperance. But their views are now changed. In a great place where thousands of young people congregate every evening it is well that no temptation should be thrown in their way. Outside, there are public houses in plenty; within the Palace one can take any kind of meal, but strong drink one cannot have.

There is growing up in the place among the members a strong and wholesome corporate life. Friendships are made which will be life long; the lads are finding out each other as young men do at Oxford or Cambridge. Already they like better to be boxing

and cudgel playing in the gymnasium, or running with the harriers, than walking up and down the street with a girl; already they are beginning to understand that social life which they have never before had the chance of enjoying. The clubs are doing this, mainly; the *Journal* tries to help. Already the People's Palace Choir is singing for the people; soon there will be a palace orchestra playing for them. We look for the development of artistic genius and the exhibition of East End painters. Next winter there will be, I hope, many dances. New clubs and associations are continually being formed, and only yesterday I heard that some of them were asking when we are going to start a dramatic school.

Above all and before all, it is endeavored to make the members understand that everything that is done in and for the place must be supported and carried through by the people for the people. Their own choir and band will sing and play at their own concerts; they will organize their own dances; they will carry on their own clubs; they will act their own plays; they will send forth their own artists, trained within the palace walls in every kind of art; they will send out skilled workmen ready to support the good old name of the good old country against all comers.

WALTER BESANT.

OUR SEA-COAST DEFENSES.

Why do we need coast defenses?

To protect our wealthy seaport cities from bombardment in times of war, and from forced money contributions levied under threat of bombardment; to protect our military and naval establishments located on the seaboard, our torpedo stations and navy yards; to provide harbors of refuge for our merchantmen, and even for our navy; to prevent the enemy from establishing himself in our waters, by seizing and holding conveniently situated harbors as bases of operations, supply, and, to a certain extent, repair stations; to insure to ourselves strategic points from which our navy can act offensively; to provide a defensive line behind which, in a prolonged war, we shall be enabled to increase our navy or even create a new one; to prevent the enemy from seizing or raiding our commercial centres on the seaboard, thereby paralyzing or seriously interfering with our transportation system, depressing securities and values, and causing distress and suffering to a large portion of our population; and, finally, by placing ourselves in a proper state of defense, to diminish the chances of war and insure ourselves and our posterity against its evils.

Protection of property is perhaps a more tangible need than any of the others mentioned. In the cities bordering the harbors of Portland, Me., Portsmouth, Boston, Newport, New London, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, St. Augustine, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, Or. (mouth of Columbia River) and the important ports on the Great Lakes; there is approximately six thousand million dollars worth of destructible property; that is, property which might be destroyed by the fire of a hostile fleet.

Should such a fleet occupy New York Bay and bombard the surrounding cities, it would endanger and might destroy by demolition, by bursting bombs and nitro-gelatine shells, and by the

fires resulting therefrom, property valued at one thousand five hundred millions in New York City, one hundred millions in Jersey City and six hundred millions in Brooklyn. Nor would the effects of such bombardment be limited to the destruction of property. The privations, suffering and loss of life to which the populace would be subjected would be appalling, for even should the enemy grant a reasonable time for the removal of non-combatants, neither threats, nor persuasion, nor even force could secure the safety of more than a small per cent. of the population of those great cities.

The comparatively slight results attained in the way of destruction of life and property in the many bombardments recorded in history form no criterion for the future. Such bombardments have generally been directed against the defenses rather than the city itself. The guns formerly used were far less powerful than modern naval ordinance, and nitro-gelatine, dynamite, or some similar high explosive would now be used for bursting charges in place of powder. The bombardment of Alexandria was directed against the fortifications, yet the city suffered severely solely through lack of accuracy on the part of the gunners of the fleet. There would be no missing such a mark as New York City.

The only alternative to such a bombardment would be the payment of a ransom, which, in the case of New York, would probably be not less than one hundred million dollars.

A possible result of the presence of a hostile fleet in the bay, and one rarely contemplated, *is the cutting off the food supplies from New York City and Brooklyn.* With the bay and the lower Hudson in the possession of the enemy, all communications would be cut with the exception of the Harlem and New Haven railroads, and even these would be within easy range. Under the most favorable circumstances these two roads would not be adequate to the daily demands of two million people, and it is certain that great distress, if not actual starvation, would result from such a condition of affairs if long continued. During the railroad riots of 1877, and at various times during snow blockades in the West, the dependence of our great cities on the railroads for daily food supplies has been made manifest; but at no time have we felt the pressure as we would in case of war.

As an insurance against war, the value of strong defenses is evident. There is no surer way of avoiding war than by such a

thorough preparation as leaves no weak point exposed to an enemy's attack and no temptation to his cupidity.

Are we properly protected by our present fortifications?

Prior to 1860, we had one of the best systems of coast defense in the world. Our works were model types of masonry fortifications. Emerging from the great struggle of 1861–5 with a national debt of nearly three thousand million dollars, with our merchant marine annihilated, with one per cent. of our total population—the very flower of our manhood—left dead on the battle-fields of the South, with another half million of maimed and battle-scarred veterans, many of whom became pensioners on the government's bounty, with factories closed and business stagnant, with depreciated securities and with the South reduced to poverty and forced to begin life anew with an overturned social system of a century's growth; it is not surprising that our navy was left to decay and our fortifications to crumble away. Filled with pride at the record of those four years, we felt able to defy the world, and every energy was bent towards the revival of our languishing industries.

The period since 1865 has, however, been a momentous one in the development of military art and science. The breech-loading system of heavy ordnance has been definitely adopted by all nations, and guns have grown in strength and power up to the one hundred and twenty ton forged steel rifles of Krupp, which, with nearly half ton powder charges, throw a full ton of metal to distances beyond ten miles and penetrate two and a half feet of iron a thousand yards away. We see ships encased in over twenty inches of steel and armed with guns weighing one hundred tons and over. Improved designs of hulls, boilers and engines have increased the speed to over fifteen knots* per hour; and the mechanical development of the various types of movable torpedoes has led to the construction of immense fleets of fast torpedo boats.

In the Shoeburyness experiments with the Woolwich eighty-ton muzzle loading gun, firing a one thousand seven hundred pound projectile, a penetration was obtained of twenty-five feet in granite and thirty-two feet in best Portland cement concrete. The one hundred and ten ton breech loader of 1884 has nearly double the muzzle energy of the Woolwich gun, and recent Eng-

* At the final trial (April 19, 1886) of the English belted cruiser "Orlando," a mean speed of 19⅞ knots (22⅞ miles) was attained.

lish ships are being armed with these weapons. Our masonry forts cannot withstand such an armament. In fact the granite splinters scattered by each penetrating projectile would be an additional source of danger to our cannoneers.

The navy cannot protect us, for we practically have no navy. In his annual report for 1885, Secretary Whitney says: "At the present moment it must be conceded that we have nothing which deserves to be called a navy. It is questionable whether we have a single naval vessel finished and afloat at the present time, that could be trusted to encounter the ships of any important power—a single vessel that has either the necessary armor for protection, speed for escape, or weapons for defense."

Since the above was written, several new cruisers have been added to our navy, but judging from the published reports, their efficiency is at least doubtful.

Even had we the finest navy in the world it would not protect us, as the points of attack are too numerous to be covered by one or even a dozen fleets. This was well illustrated by the maneuvers of the British fleet during the past summer. The naval operations which followed the Grand Naval Review of the Queen's Jubilee culminated in a division of the fleet and an attack on the British coast by the weaker fleet under Admiral Freemantle. Within twenty-four hours from the declaration of war, Falmouth was captured and the shipping destroyed. All attacks by torpedo boats were discovered and frustrated; the coast defense flotilla was captured or destroyed; the Channel squadron under Admiral Hewitt was successfully evaded, and the hostile fleet entered the Thames, destroying the shipping and shelling the London docks. For the first time in two hundred years the inhabitants of London heard the sound of hostile cannon.

These maneuvers created a great sensation in Great Britain. In commenting on the results achieved by Admiral Freemantle, a prominent English authority says: "The only safeguard appears to be a better system of coast defense. The days are past when "Britannia needs no bulwark!"

If the Imperial navy could not protect the coasts of the British Isles, how would it be with our five-thousand mile coast line?

Torpedoes will not protect us. They are only auxiliaries to the forts and can be removed and destroyed with comparative ease unless protected by the fire of strong land batteries. Moreover,

our visible supply is limited to a few incomplete mines in store at four of our chief ports.

Such is, in brief, our condition to-day. Our wealthy seacoast cities lie at the mercy of any hostile fleet.

What is the probable strength of the attack we may expect in case of war?

Of modern armored ships available for foreign service, England has about thirty-eight, France twenty-eight, Germany twenty-three, Russia ten, Italy eight, Turkey six, Austria nine, Holland eight, Denmark four, Spain five, Brazil five, Japan two, China two and Chili three. The list of unarmored ships far exceeds the above and includes many powerful cruisers.

The imagination can hardly conceive the power of these big guns. The flight of the rifle ball is a favorite simile for swiftness, yet the initial velocity of the Springfield rifle is only about one thousand three hundred and thirty feet per second, while the one hundred and ten ton gun with its nine hundred pound powder charge, throws nearly a ton of metal with a velocity of two thousand and twenty feet per second, half as fast again as the bullet.

There are fifteen ships afloat carrying guns having a range of ten miles or upwards, of which England has three, France six, Italy one, Germany three, and China two. There are twenty-nine ships building or fitting out that will also carry such armaments, of which England has nine, France twelve, Italy four, Russia three, and Denmark one. There are twenty-four ships afloat carrying guns ranging from nine to ten miles, of which England has one, France eight, Italy two, Germany twelve, and Brazil one. Of ships protected by armor having a thickness of twenty or more inches, England has one, France three, and Italy four. Of ships protected by armor having a maximum thickness of fifteen to twenty inches, England has twelve, France fourteen, Italy five, Russia four, Germany four, and Spain one. (These figures include ships now building.) The heaviest armor consists of twenty-four inches of wrought iron on the English ship "Inflexible," nineteen and five-eighths inches of compound armor (iron and steel) on the French ships "Terrible," "Requin" and "Indomptable," and 21.67 inches of steel on the Italian ships "Duilio" and "Dandolo." The Italian ships "Re Umberto" and "Silicia," now building, will be armored with twenty-nine and one-half inches of steel.

In case of war we may expect attacks from fleets of such vessels with their attendant unarmored cruisers, transports and torpedo boats.

Can a secure defense be made against such a powerful attack?

In the gun-armor contests of the past twenty-five years, the gun-makers have kept pace with the plate-makers, and there is not a single armored ship now afloat that cannot be pierced by the projectiles of modern ordnance. If our harbors are supplied with such ordnance, properly mounted behind secure cover, and equipped with modern appliances for maneuvering guns and handling ammunition; if the channels be well studded with automatic electric torpedoes; and the naval contingent of torpedo boats, gun boats, floating batteries, monitors and war ships be provided, we have a secure defense.

What will be the cost of defense?

For all important coast and lake* harbors the Fortification Board have estimated the cost of a complete system of defenses, including armored turrets and casements, barbette and mortar batteries, rifled guns, torpedoes, torpedo boats and floating batteries, at $126,377,800,† distributed as follows:

New York	$23,948,500	Savannah	$2,243,000
San Francisco	27,868,150	Galveston	950,500
Boston	10,910,250	Portland, Oregon	2,919,000
The Lake ports	4,136,800	Pensacola	948,000
Hampton Roads	7,492,000	Wilmington, N. C	1,942,000
New Orleans	11,710,500	San Diego	504,000
Philadelphia	3,838,250	Portsmouth, N. H	965,350
Washington	1,323,500	Cumberland Sound	636,000
Baltimore	2,184,000	Kennebec River	298,000
Portland, Me	5,305,500	New Bedford	522,000
Narragansett Bay	4,253,000	Penobscot River	298,000
Key West	3,406,500	New Haven	472,000
Charleston	2,244,500		
Mobile	2,788,000	Total	$126,377,800
New London	2,320,500		

Is the probability of our becoming involved in a foreign war sufficiently great to warrant precautionary measures involving such immense outlays?

It is claimed that our geographical isolation and our non-aggressive foreign policy, so remove us from the vortex of European

* Many of these are so situated geographically as to make it impossible to protect them from bombardment by land fortifications. At none would such elaborate works be constructed as are required on the coast.

† In 1826, the Board of Engineers estimated sixteen and a half millions as the total cost of defending our entire coast from Mount Desert Island to the Louisiana frontier; now twenty-four millions are required for New York Harbor alone.

politics that there is no reason why a "just, equitable and upright government, such as ours," should not pursue indefinitely the paths of peace. Such ideas are fallacious. Wars frequently result from trivial causes. It is not necessary that we should be the aggressors. Grasping rulers or ambitious ministers may place us on the defensive, and strive as we may to avoid war, the insult may be too great to be condoned or the challenge too offensive to be declined.

Our geographical isolation is no longer a practical reality. The locomotive, the screw propeller and the submarine cable have annihilated space and time. Liverpool is now but six days from New York, and in war we measure distances by time, not miles.

It is true that there is no immediate prospect of war, but war can rarely be foretold. Our population comprises some millions of foreigners who have taken upon themselves the character of American citizens, with all the rights and privileges of such. These we are bound to protect in their acquired citizenship. When Martin Koszta, the Hungarian patriot and naturalized American, was seized and conveyed on board an Austrian man-of-war in the harbor of Smyrna, Captain Ingraham cleared his ship for action and demanded and secured Koszta's release at the muzzles of his guns. His action is significant of our policy in this respect. Complications have frequently arisen concerning our German citizens, and the ever turbulent Fenian element in our midst has in the past, and, doubtless, will in the future, strain our relations with England to near, and perhaps beyond, the "limit of elasticity." Who can foretell the ultimate result should some disciple of O'Donovan Rossa repeat Boyton's feat in New York harbor with a loaded torpedo?

The problem of the Canadian fisheries is still unsolved. The control of the Panama Canal, the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in these days of colonial thefts, the conservation of our vast moneyed interests in Mexico, the determination of the Alaskan boundary, in fact a thousand unforeseen incidents may at any moment involve us in diplomatic controversies which can only be settled by the sword. The progress of civilization may have shortened the duration but it has not diminished the frequency of wars. The day "when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks" may be coming, but its shadow is not yet visible.

Judge Hoar said two years ago, in the Senate Chamber: "Our condition is well known to foreign nations. The absolutely defenseless condition of all our coast is well known abroad. The late Minister of Foreign Affairs in France said to one of our own statesmen, not long since, 'How about your defenses? In the intelligence department of our War Office,' said he, 'we have a drawing of every military work of consequence on the whole American coast line, with comments on their strength. There is not a first-class fortification among them all. Do you know how long it takes to build a first-class modern gun?' said the French Minister. The American replied that he did not. Lacour said: 'It takes a whole year. Your cities would be shelled and sacked and laid under tribute while you are creating a navy; and how could you rebuild your fortifications with one thousand-pound shells falling about the ears of your workingmen? Be sure'—now mark this—'Be sure that the defenseless condition of your country is thoroughly well known and commented upon by every power in Europe that would gladly see you humbled, for, as I said, your prosperity is a dangerous menace to all the nations of the Old World except France.'"

Will the nations that would gladly see us humbled be uninfluenced by the sight of our unprotected coast, dotted with wealthy seaports? Can we expect that they will hesitate about taking part themselves in the humbling process, when a favorable opportunity is presented?

Shall liberal appropriations be made for our coast defenses?

As our present forts and guns are of obsolete types, and as no nation has yet felt able to dispense with coast defenses, the urgent necessity for such liberality is evident. Congress has failed to make any appropriation for the construction of fortifications since 1875, and the annual appropriations "for preservation and repairs" have not sufficed to preserve our unfinished works. The ordnance department has been similarly restricted, the bulk of the appropriations being for experimental purposes, and even then grudgingly appropriated.

The reports of the Getty Board, the Logan, Hawley and Randall committees, the Gun Foundry and Fortification boards, contain a mass of valuable information which should have convinced Congress of the necessity of action. While the reports of the Congressional committees have not always contained specific

recommendations, the Gun Foundry and Fortification boards presented well-matured plans for the gradual amelioration of our present deplorable condition. These are, in brief: the establishment of a gun factory for the navy at the Washington Navy Yard; another for the army at the Watervliet Arsenal, Troy, New York; an appropriation of one million dollars for each, and a further appropriation of fifteen million dollars for the purchase of forged and tempered steel parts for the fabrication of guns. The Fortification Board, after setting forth in detail the cost of the defenses at each of the twenty-seven ports considered, recommended the appropriation of the following sums: Eight million dollars for the purchase of gun metal from private manufacturers; one million dollars for the establishment of the Watervliet gun factory, and twelve million five hundred thousand dollars for beginning the defenses at the more important ports.

The bill recently introduced in the Senate by the chairman of the Committee on Coast Defenses (Senator Dolph) is based on the recommendations of the Fortification Board. It appropriates $126,000,000 to be made available in ten annual installments of $12,600,000 each. Let us see if there is any good reason why it should not become a law.

Granting the necessity of any expenditure at all, the proposed outlay is not disproportionate either to the value of the property to be protected or to our resources. Twelve millions a year is only two-tenths of one per cent. of the value of the property now exposed, and a nation of sixty million people, with an annual income of $371,000,000 and a treasury surplus of $175,000,000 can surely afford to pay ten or twelve millions annually for twelve years for such a necessary purpose.

The common arguments against this and similar bills may be briefly summarized as follows: (1) Political expediency. (2) We shall have no more foreign wars; no nation dare attack us. (3) Guns and forts can be improvised when war becomes imminent or is actually upon us. (4) There is no necessity for immediate action. We can wait the further development of guns and armor, and ultimately profit by the costly experiments of foreign powers.

Of those who would disregard the constitutional mandate "to provide for the common defense," who would sacrifice our gen-

eral welfare to the advancement of local interests, I have nothing to say. They are politicians—not statesmen.

That we shall have no more foreign wars is the dream of a visionary or the boast of American pride. We cannot expect exemption from natural laws. Our present condition invites attack.

It takes years to construct modern forts and guns, they cannot be improvised. The Fortification Board estimated that should their plan of most liberal appropriations be adopted by Congress, it would take twelve years to complete our defenses. Under pressure this period might be considerably reduced, at the sacrifice of efficiency and economy, but not to anything like the brief time we would probably have available before the actual commencement of hostilities. The very fact that we are so totally unprepared would tend to precipitate the declaration of war, should such a misfortune become imminent. It takes one year to build a modern large-calibred gun in a well organized factory. The Gun Foundry Board estimated that it will require three years to complete the tools, construct the shops, and establish the plant for the Watervliet factory, after the appropriation shall be made available. It would be at least two years more before a 16-inch rifle could be completed.

The fourth argument is the most specious, and therefore the most dangerous. For fifteen years the conservative English clung to their muzzle-loading wrought-iron rifles ; to-day the Woolwich "infant" and the famous eighty-ton gun are but types of a past era in the art of gun making. All prejudice has finally been swept aside, and now England is producing all-steel guns as Krupp did forty years ago. As heavy ordnance has increased in weight and power, we have seen the most powerful warships reduced to second and third rates, so far as their defensive armor is concerned, and impregnable armored forts of one period have become easily penetrable in the next decade. The ever-varying contest between big guns and defensive armor has attracted the attention and aroused the interest of the civilized world, and the plate tests at Shoeburyness, Spezzia, Buckau, Bucharest and elsewhere have repeatedly reversed popular opinion and upset the best conceived theories. Naturally one asks when will this contest cease ? Is there no final result to be attained, no limit that cannot be passed ?

Man's ingenuity is boundless and it is probable that the future will see armor of greater resistance and guns of greater power than

we now have. The weight of naval armor is, however, limited by the ship's flotation, while for land batteries, with the exception of revolving turrets, weight is a minor consideration. Heavy steel guns are very expensive, costing approximately one thousand dollars per ton, and those of the largest calibre will be very limited in numbers. The preponderance of fire on the side of the defense is obtained by multiplying the number of medium-calibred rifles. The "building up" or assembling the parts of a modern gun is an operation requiring great nicety of detail and mechanical skill only to be attained by familiarity with the work. Such skill is to be acquired in the construction of small and medium calibred guns, of which large numbers are needed. For the defense of the twenty-seven ports previously enumerated, we require forty-eight sixteen-inch, twelve fourteen-inch, two hundred and three twelve-inch, two hundred and thirty ten-inch, one hundred and two eight-inch, and four six-inch rifles, and seven hundred twelve-inch, and twenty-four ten-inch mortars. After the completion of the gun factory, it will take at least eight years, with liberal appropriations, to fabricate these guns and mortars. As, at the best, four years must elapse before we can produce any guns at all, it would seem wise to take the initial step without further delay.

Concerning our forts, the Chief of Engineers remarks, in his annual report for 1887: "From the difference of opinion which exists among certain non-military experts as to the character of armor to be used in land defenses, it has been argued that the whole subject of seacoast defense is in an unsettled and tentative condition, and that the policy of inaction now existing should still continue. But the facts will not warrant this conclusion, as more than nine-tenths of the armament recommended for our seacoasts is not to be mounted behind iron protections, but in rear of earthen covers surmounting and shielding the masonry magazines, bomb-proofs and store rooms. Particularly is this true of the rifled mortars, which must hereafter play an important part in the defense of our channels and fairways, and there is no reason why the erection of the batteries required for them should be delayed a single month. Neither is armor required for guns mounted on lifts or disappearing carriages; in a word, proper sums may judiciously be expended and much progress toward placing our coasts in a defensive condition may be made. indeed

must be made, before the question of armor demands consideration."

In the face of these facts, and in view of our present financial condition, it seems impossible that Congress should still neglect to make provision for our defenseless coasts.

EUGENE GRIFFIN.

LOOSE DENUNCIATION OF CORPORATIONS.

In an article on "Dangerous Trusts," in the May number of this magazine, the writer, Mr. W. M. Rapsher, seems to me to furnish a rather apt illustration of the prevailing tendency in public discussion, particularly in the discussion of questions bearing upon corporations,—to what I shall call lack of reserve. That is to say, in dealing with the crimes and oppressions of corporations, our writers and orators, whose shining blades so glitter in the forefront of battle, too often make the mistake of exhausting the resources of the mother tongue on the skirmish line.

Some part of the vocabulary should be held in reserve. There are other crimes.

As a rule, superlatives should be used with economy. The temptation to fire them by volleys at the offender immediately at bar is very great, but would it not be better to save some of them for the possibly greater criminal who may come next? That was an apt answer made by the Connecticut person to the angry man who denounced him as "the meanest man in the world:" "I guess," said he, inquiringly, "you don't know my brother Jim?" The story is familiar of the man whose profanity on ordinary occasions was so exhaustive that when the tail-board of his cart came out, and his potatoes all rolled down hill, he was unequal to the emergency, and had to hold his peace from sheer inability to do the subject justice.

In addition to this lack of reserve on the part of our writers and orators, there is a tendency to sweeping generalizations from isolated instances, and hasty judgments upon insufficient evidence, that seem to me not less objectionable. I have frequently observed that the two tendencies go naturally together: the less accurate their information is, the more broadly they generalize and the more freely they indulge in superlatives. Copiousness of language is made to compensate for dearth of facts. Mr. Rapsher, for instance, warming up to the contemplation of the "great

combinations here in our midst" which "continue to rule and rob us," proceeds to say:

"Let us just for a moment look at things as they really are. Practically, all the great necessities of life in this country, excepting only the air—and that would be monopolized if it had solidity like the earth—are now controlled by soulless and mercenary combinations. Are these things inevitable? Are they the legitimate products of our civilization? If they are, we had better begin anew. But they are not the outgrowth of progress. They are rather fungous growths—horrible excrescences. They are the fruits of bad legislation, and bad judicial construction of already bad laws. Laws enacted by professional politicians have erected monopolies that have already absorbed more than one-half of the wealth of the country and like vampires are sucking the lifeblood of the people."

But *does* Mr. Rapsher "look at things as they really are?" *Are* "all the great necessities of life controlled by soulless and mercenary combinations?" What! All? And *are* these combinations "fungous growths—horrible excrescences?" Why fungous, and if fungous why dangerous? *Are* they "the fruits of bad legislation and bad judicial construction of already bad laws?" Is this the language of exactness or of exaggeration? Our legislative systems may be imperfect—most human institutions are—and the same is true, though perhaps in less degree, of our judicial system; but if we "look at things as they really are," shall we find them both so very "bad?" I suppose the actual potential force in our law-making resides in the few legislators of experience who, being elected and re-elected to legislatures and Congress, render continuous public service. And these, I presume, are the "professional politicians" referred to, who erect monopolies that "like vampires are sucking the lifeblood of the people." Is it then desirable that the function of legislation be intrusted to men without experience?

I make no doubt that Mr. Rapsher is entirely sincere in his belief that "professional politicians" are corrupt, that they make bad laws, and erect monopolies to suck the lifeblood of the people, and that they are helped in their work by bad judges. And very likely he thinks that if these things are "inevitable" and "the legitimate product of our civilization" "we had better begin anew." But this is so hard a saying that I would rather not accept it as his mature judgment until he reads it over slowly and reflects upon it.

The late Dr. Horace Bushnell once said of an acquaintance who had the gift of fluency: "He is a little talkative but per-

fectly honest; he believes what he says because he hasn't caught up with it."

Any article treating the subject of corporations in the large, free way of Mr. Rapsher would be incomplete without some reference to the Pacific railroads, which have done such service as awful examples for the past twenty years. The article under consideration is not without it. And it hardly need be said that the Pacific roads are mentioned as "gigantic monopolies" and "dangerous excrescences," while their managers figure as "colossal conspirators." These and synonymous terms are the common currency of Pacific Railroad discussion. The public has become so accustomed to it that the language of moderation in treating the subject would be received with surprise. Indeed, the gentlemen who own and manage the Pacific railroads—if I may call them gentlemen without being jeered at and hissed down—are so used to the buffetings of declamatory orators, and the lurid rhetoric of impassioned writers, that anything like calmness or moderation in current public discourse concerning themselves would doubtless impress them as somehow a disturbance of the natural order.

Now, I make no complaint against universal human nature. So long as high words call a crowd on a street corner, so long will the language of denunciation and vituperation when addressed to questions of public interest catch and hold audiences. The great majority of mankind delight in noise—in bugle and drum, and hot talk and hurrah—without caring very much what it is all about so long as they feel the thrill of it. While this lasts—and I suppose it will survive for several generations at least—there will always be plenty of orators and writers "making it warm" for their fellow-men; some saving the country, and some selling soap. I find no fault with these either. It is their calling. They are probably not bad men at heart. It would no doubt surprise them to find that any one of the men whom they are foaming at the mouth about, objected to being denounced as a corruptor of public morals, a conspirator, swindler and robber.

I was reading not long ago in a Chicago newspaper a report of a lecture in that city by Professor Swing, in which it was said that he "incidentally paid his respects to Congress" in this wise: "We have a singular phenomenon in this country now, and it is a phenomenon because it is so singular. We have a government owning

a great railroad, 2,000 miles long, and it hasn't the moral courage to take hold of its property." This is the sort of thing that thrills audiences, and it is Professor Swing's business to thrill. He must not permit truth to trip his periods, or facts to dam his fluency. The main thing is to please the audience. The report continues: "The congregation was visibly pleased with this hit, and just as visibly wanted more of it." Whoever had interrupted this mutual ecstasy with the statement that there was really no "phenomenon" about it, because the government does not own the great railroad and could not take hold of the property though it had all the "moral courage" of Don Quixote himself, would have stood a good chance for the thwacking which the Knight of the Woful Figure sometimes administered to the disbelievers in "enchantment." And would have deserved it too. Why disenchant orator and audience so delightfully enchanted with each other?

The orator proceeded: "That property is now in the hands of men who never spent a cent for it, and they ask us to wait a hundred years for the return of what we own. Think of it! a thief deliberately asks 100 years' time in which to return stolen goods."

The reporter whose annotations describe in a graphic manner the thrill of the audience and its reaction on the orator, at this point says: "The audience, which had long been under the influence of the orator, was at first inclined to applaud,"—applaud what? the original theft, or the request for 100 years' time to return the proceeds?—"but it halted quickly and there was a sensation of silence, to which the Professor added much when he continued: 'But I am most surprised to see men in Congress stand up and argue for days that these thieves be given the time they demand. The abuse of public money is not an error, but a crime.'"

The orator is right in his conclusion. "The abuse of public money is not an error, but a crime." It is not especially new or startling, but it is a sententious saying and lends a graceful turn to the period. None of the assertions with which the orator leads up to it are true, but that is not a "singular phenomenon" or "a phenomenon because it is so singular." His method is the common practice of orators and writers who know what their audiences and readers want in the treatment of this subject, and who aim to please. There is nothing phenomenal about it.

And if Professor Swing should ever catch up with what he has been saying, or be pressed for an answer as to whether he actually

believed that the government owned this two thousand miles of railroad, or that it had not the moral courage to take hold of its property, or that the property was in the hands of men who never spent a cent for it, or that thieves were asking for one hundred year's time in which to return the stolen goods, or that men in Congress were standing up and arguing for thieves, he would probably admit that he was only following a prevailing custom, that as a matter of fact he had made no inquiries as to the truth of the charges to which he gave such fluent and eloquent vent, and knew practically nothing about the subject. But he could hardly have spoken more unreservedly concerning Pontius Pilate.

So Mr. Rapsher, convinced by the diligent reading of newspapers that the projectors of the Pacific roads were thieves, that Congress was corrupted by a railway ring, that the recent investigation had exposed a vast system of robberies, and that the government and the people were under the heel of these great monopolies, moralizes thereon with breezy freedom. These roads, he says, "were built by private parties with money obtained from the sale of government bonds and lands. The men who obtained control of this work not only paid to themselves extravagant prices for doing it, but they robbed the treasury of thirty-three millions of dollars over and above their own estimate of the cost of the roads." This is concise, but inaccurate. It conveys a wrong impression.

A more exact statement would be that the government, finding that it was paying between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000 for transportation between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, offered to lend its six per cent. bonds to the amount of $60,000,000, the annual interest on which would be $3,600,000, to private parties who would build a railroad to do the business, stipulating that one-half the transportation charges should be applied to the payment of the interest, five per cent. of the net earnings of the road should go towards extinguishing the principal, and that the loan should be repaid at the end of thirty years, that payment of interest on the bonds except as above specified was by the terms of the charter postponed till the maturity of the debt, not as a favor to the companies, but because the government was certain to save the interest charges in its own transportation accounts—the correctness of this forecast being subsequently shown by the fact that the actual saving in this particular to January 1, 1886, was over $139,000,000, and that the transaction being a specific loan upon

well-defined security, and precise terms of payment, all of which have been complied with according to the highest adjudication, there could not have been any robbery of the treasury, however extravagant may have been the prices paid themselves by the contractors out of the sums realized from the government loan.

That is the whole story, briefly stated. I am aware that it is utterly dull; that it contains nothing to thrill the reader with the pleasurable warmth imparted by the glowing periods of Mr. Rapsher, or the tingling denunciations of Professor Swing. Its only merit is that it is true and verifiable from the record.

Mr. Rapsher is apprehensive lest these gigantic corporations, which he says, with an easy command of language, "are despotic in spirit, tyrannical in method, openly hostile to liberty and free institutions, and threatening menaces to the pursuit of happiness and to equality and equal opportunities under the law," may eventually defy "the vast powers of the General Government," they being already "beyond and above the control of municipal ordinances or State laws." If he will take the pains to examine the recent legislation of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and several other States, as well as the acts of Congress on this subject, he will be re-assured on this point. So far from controlling Congress or the legislatures, the railroads have come to be considered by these bodies their legitimate quarry.

Mr. Rapsher's fears on this head remind me of the man who was told by the clergyman that he ought not to let his sons go out hunting on Sunday, but should bring them up in the fear of the Lord. "Fear of the Lord is just what ails 'em," answered the fond father, "there aint one of 'em dares go out Sunday without a double-barreled gun." Most of our legislators have been so trained up in the fear of railroad corporations that they don't dare approach one without a double-barreled gun.

Mr. Rapsher expresses his conviction that if the government had built the Pacific roads and operated them, though "there might have been some stealing, and the managers might have gained some political influence," they "could not have gained such influence over Congress as that exercised by the railway ring and disclosed by the Credit Mobilier investigation, or that all of them together could have committed such robberies as have been exposed by the recent report of the Pacific Railway Commission." It may be true that the government could have built

and operated the roads more honestly than those who have managed them, though with "some stealing;" but if Mr. Rapsher had read either of the reports to which he refers he would have learned, first, that the only influence the "railway ring" exposed by the Credit Mobilier investigation exercised over Congress was to provoke that body to hostile legislation, which it has continued to this day; and second, that the Pacific Railway Commission, in its 6,000 printed pages, discloses nothing that answers the description of "robbery," unless, indeed, the Proudhon maxim be accepted, that "all property is robbery."

It must be admitted, of course, that a great deal of powerful invective and stirring eloquence will be lost if the examination of such voluminous authorities be insisted on as an essential qualification for intelligent treatment of the subject. It is easier to catch both information and inspiration from the "scare heads" in a newspaper. Still, I venture to suggest that as this rather loose, though eloquent, denunciation of corporations, and especially of the Pacific roads, has gone on uninterruptedly for several years, there should be a rest of a few moments while somebody who has been twirling a nimble pen in the press or getting red in the face on the platform sends out for a fact or two, with which to season his discourse. It will take time, but it will be worth it.

ISAAC H. BROMLEY.

NEW FACTS ABOUT MRS. SURRATT.

CORRESPONDENCE OF JUDGE HOLT AND HON. JAMES SPEED.

THROUGH the courtesy of Judge J. Holt, I have been favored with the following correspondence, which throws fresh light upon a dark page in the History of the Civil War. The execution of Mrs. Surratt has provoked and still continues to provoke great diversity of opinion, and these documents, now first given to the public, are important, not only as contributions to the History of the Times, but involve the interesting question of the rights and duties of a cabinet officer in declining to make known certain facts coming to his knowledge in an unofficial manner.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

WASHINGTON, *April* 18, 1883.

HON. JAMES SPEED:

DEAR SIR: In compliance with the promise made in our last conversation, I now enclose you two pamphlets, published by me in 1873, in vindication of myself from the charge of having, when presenting the record of Mrs. Surratt's trial to President Johnson, withheld from him a petition signed by five members of the Court, recommending, in consideration of her age and sex, a commutation of her death sentence to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary, in consequence of which he was led to approve the proceedings and sentence without any knowledge whatever of the existence of this petition. You were a member of his Cabinet, and I have the strongest reasons for believing that this atrocious accusation is known to you to have been false in its every intendment. It originated with President Johnson, and for years was industriously circulated by his unscrupulous abettors, though he himself did not dare make *open* proclamation of it until he felt assured through your letter of 30th March,

1873, that no damaging disclosures were to be apprehended from yourself. It will be gratifying to me if you can spare the time to carefully examine the proofs arrayed in my defense in these pamphlets. They will make it apparent to you that nothing but your own testimony is needed to render my vindication so complete as to silence the most malignant of my traducers. This testimony I asked of you in 1873, and now solicit it again, but not wholly as a personal matter. The question whether a President of the United States—as a craven refuge from accountability for official action—did seek to blacken the reputation of a subordinate officer holding a confidential interview with him, is in no just sense a private question; it is essentially a public one, which concerns the whole country, and one to which the country may well expect you to speak, seeing that you were a member of that President's Cabinet, at the time of this disgraceful transaction. Your unwillingness, thus to speak to it in 1873, seemed to have arisen from an exaggerated estimate of a rule which once prevailed in regard to the inviolability of cabinet counsels and secrets. But whatever may have been, in the remote past, the recognized force of this rule, the frequent and conspicuous disregard of it, during the last two decades, by statesmen of the highest probity and rank, leaves the impression that the rule itself has lived its day and is now practically dead and inoperative. Waiving, however, this view, it is clear to me, that were the rule accepted as now binding, in its utmost rigor, it could have no application to this case. I cannot be misled in supposing that the relations between the President and his Cabinet are relations of honor, and that, therefore, they cannot be held to oblige any member of his Cabinet to protect, by his concealment—and thus become a moral accomplice in it—any criminal or wrongful act into which the President may be drawn, by a guilty ambition or by any other unworthy passion or purpose. In a word, the rule never has been, and never should be so construed as to become a shelter for perfidy or crime. I trust you will concur in this opinion and will yet believe with me, as a corollary from it, that no custom or usage can possibly impose upon you as a *duty* an obligation to stand guard over and shield, by your silence, from exposure, a base falsehood, concocted and propagated by a treacherous Executive, in the hope of escaping from the responsibility of his own official conduct, and to this end destroying the reputation of an officer of the government per-

forming a public service in his presence—a service, certainly not sought by that officer, but exacted from him by the requirements of the position he held. And yet, an interpretation of the rule mentioned, which would now close your lips, must assign you precisely this rôle and no other, and must, at the same time, offer to you for immolation the good name of an innocent man, who never wronged you, but who has been throughout your steadfast friend. Which then will you sacrifice—the falsehood or the friend? Pardon the freedom with which I address you. The issue of this discussion is so vastly important for me—and I venture to think that it is not wholly unimportant for yourself—that plainness of speech seems due to us both.

Can I be mistaken in the ground I occupy? Your associates in the Cabinet—Messrs. Seward and Stanton—condemning the rule by which I have been so long victimized, declared the truth fully to Judge Bingham,* as he has so forcibly set forth in his letter—to which you are referred. I repeat, they declared it not only freely, but unhesitatingly, utterly heedless of the brand which it might burn into the Presidential forehead.

Allow me to add, that we are now, each of us, far advanced in years, so that whatever is to be done for my relief should be done quickly. While, however, it is sadly apparent that I can remain here but a little while longer, I have not been able to bring myself to the belief, that you will suffer the closing hours of my life to be darkened by a consciousness that this cloud, or even a shred of it, is still hanging over me—a cloud which can be dissipated at once and forever, by a single word spoken by yourself in defense of the truth and in rebuke of a calumny, the merciless cruelty of which none can better understand than yourself. I make this final appeal to your honor as a man to do me the simple justice which under the same circumstances I would render to you at once promptly and joyfully.

Very sincerely yours,

J. Holt.

*This praise was certainly due to Mr. Seward, but not, in strictness, to Mr. Stanton, since on making the communication to Judge Bingham, he endeavored, and successfully, to prevent him from giving it publicity. The fear of Andrew Johnson's resentment, added to a determination on his part to leave my reputation—then under fire from his silence—to its fate, sufficiently explains his otherwise inexplicable conduct.

LAW OFFICE OF JAMES SPEED.

Office of Thomas and John Speed,
Attorneys at Law, 511 West Green Street.
LOUISVILLE, Ky., *April* 25, 1883.

GENERAL JOE HOLT, Washington, D. C.:

MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter Saturday last. Soon after the receipt I lost my spectacles, which are peculiar, and did not find them till this morning. I will read the papers at my earliest leisure, being now much absorbed in two cases, and after reading them will write to you. I will preserve them carefully.

Most truly your friend,
JAMES SPEED.

WASHINGTON, *June* 21, 1883.

GEN. JAMES SPEED:

MY DEAR SIR: It isjust two months to-day—as evidenced by your receipt transmitted to me by the postal authorities—since my letter of the 18th of April reached your hands, and yet I am still without reply. In view of our past relations and of the spirit and purpose of my communication, I could not have supposed this result possible. It would be needless to express, as I feel it, the bitterness of the disappointment which this treatment of my appeal to you has occasioned me. Suffice it to say, that if I know my own heart, under no conceivable circumstances could I be induced to manifest such profound indifference to any declared wish of yours, affecting either your reputation or any other of your cherished interests. As you have doubtless arrived at a conclusion on the question submitted for your consideration, I have to request that, at your earliest convenience, you will be so good as to re-enclose to me in a registered envelope the pamphlets which accompanied my letter, and which were sent by your desire for your examination.

Sincerely yours,
J. HOLT.

LOUISVILLE, *June* 21,* 1883.

HON. JOE HOLT, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR: I found your letter of the 21st on my table Monday morning, and read it with concern and surprise. You say, considering our past relations, that you know of no conceivable

* This date, through an oversight, is evidently incorrect. The *Postmark* is 27th June, which is no doubt the true date of the letter.

circumstance that would induce you to manifest such profound indifference to my wishes or interest as I have done to yours. To this sharp rebuke I have only to state facts. (Here follows a reference to the circumstances which, he alleges, had prevented him from writing, but being personal and private in their character, they are omitted.)

This sorrow came upon me, too, when busily engaged in preparing two as important cases as I ever had, in each of which I am chiefly relied upon. One of them is now on trial, and I will be exclusively occupied on it for many days to come. Since I saw you I have often thought of you and my promise, but under the circumstances felt that I could neither do you or myself justice. I can only repeat my promise to take up the matter as soon as I can. What I may do or say I cannot tell; I will do all that my sense of right and honor will permit.

I am, sir, as ever, your sincere friend,

JAMES SPEED.

WASHINGTON, *October* 22, 1883.

HON. JAMES SPEED:

DEAR SIR: It is just *six* months from to-day, since my letter of the 22d April last reached your hands, and yet I am still without any reply to it whatever. This prolonged silence on your part declares, as emphatically as words could do, that it is not your purpose to give me the information which I asked of you in terms which, though rendered earnest by the importance of the subject to me, were entirely respectful.

I have now only to request that, at your earliest convenience, you will be so good as to return to me, in a registered envelope, the two pamphlets, sent to you at your suggestion, for examination. I have no other copies, and am the more anxious to possess myself of them again, because I shall probably have occasion to use them before a great while.

Very respectfully yours,

J. HOLT.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., *October* 25, 1883.

HON. JOSEPH HOLT, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 22d reached me yesterday A. M., and I would have answered it yesterday, but the son who writes for me was necessarily absent all day.

Herewith you will find the paper you desire.

I assure you, my dear sir, that nothing outside of my own family troubles has ever given me as much concern and anxiety as the matter about which you desire me to speak. After very mature and deliberate consideration, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot say more than I have said. My friend, the Rev. E. P. Humphrey, called upon me upon the subject at the instance of Bishop Kavinaugh. He informed me that he (Bishop K.) thought that I had seen in President Johnson's hands a written recommendation from you to the President to commute the sentence of Mrs. Surratt to imprisonment for life. How Bishop K. got such a notion I cannot divine. Certain it is, that I never saw such a document either in the President's hands or at any other place.*

Deeply regretting that I cannot comply with your wishes,

I am, most truly your friend,

JAMES SPEED.

WASHINGTON, *December* 19, 1883.

HON. JAMES SPEED:

DEAR SIR: After the lapse of six months I received your reply to my communication to you of the 18th of April last. You state, "After very mature and deliberate consideration, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot say more than I have said," referring thus to your letter to me of the 30th March, 1873, in which, speaking of the record of the trial of the assassins of the President, you used this language:

"After the finding of the Military Commission that tried the assassins of Mr. Lincoln, and before their execution, I saw the record of the case in the President's office, and attached to it was a paper, signed by some of the members of the Commission, recommending that the sentence against Mrs. Surratt be commuted to imprisonment for life; and, according to my memory, the recommendation was made because of her sex."

* The good Bishop had entirely misconceived the matter. I never presented or claimed to have presented any petition of clemency in the case of Mrs. Surratt, *on my own account*. The petition I did present was that signed by five members of the Military Commission which tried the assassins of the President, and *this* General Speed saw attached to the record of trial in the President's office, and knows well that it was considered by him.

"I do not feel at liberty to speak of what was said at Cabinet meetings. In this, I know, I differ from other gentlemen, but feel constrained to follow my own sense of propriety."

I could but infer from the closing words that the information sought at your hands, and now again desired by me, had come to you as a member of the President's Cabinet, and that treating it as confidential you did not feel warranted in disclosing it, and it was upon this understanding of your position that I discussed the question in my letter to you of the 18th of April. Since then, however, I have learned that, although you gained the information while a member of the Cabinet, it was not strictly in your capacity as such, but that at the moment I laid before the President the record of the trial, with the recommendation for clemency on behalf of Mrs. Surratt, you chanced to be so situated as to be assured by the evidence of your own senses that such petition or recommendation was by me then presented to the President, and was the subject of conversation between him and myself. In the absence of any declaration by you on the subject, I cannot, of course, assert with certainty, whether your knowledge of my action reached you in this manner or not; nor do I deem it important to inquire. It is the fact that you have the information, and not the mode of its acquisition, which constitutes the basis of my claim upon you. That you have complete knowledge that I submitted to the President the recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt referred to, has not been controverted by you in any way, nor have you insisted that you hold this knowledge under any actual pledge not to reveal it. On the contrary, in the course of our conversation last spring, you suggested that you should write me a letter, giving me the information desired, but not to be used until after my death. Wishing, naturally enough, that the light of my vindication should fall upon the pathway of my life, and not be reserved for my grave, I did not encourage this view, but said—and I think truly—that a letter thus strangely withheld from the public would not, when it appeared, be credited.

I cannot but deplore that you found nothing in my elaborately prepared letter of the 18th April worthy of answer or comment. You make no allusion to any of the considerations pressed upon your attention. You offer no reason for the resolution heretofore taken and now so inflexibly adhered to. It seems to me that it was due to the extraordinary ground you occupy that you should

have frankly explained yourself, in order that I might be enabled to judge intelligently of the influence under which you are acting. A resolution which persists in being dumb, which cannot be importuned to explanation or speech, which will neither reason nor be reasoned with, is not one suggestive of conscious strength, but rather of conscious weakness and indefensibility.

You say that the matter about which I have asked you to speak, has given you "much concern and anxiety." I am glad to hear this. Your heart would be obdurate indeed, if you did not feel "concern and anxiety" at finding yourself so placed, as to be obliged, in your own judgment, to become, in the interests of treachery and calumny, an instrument for blasting the reputation of a man who never wronged you, and whom you know to be innocent. How your well trained intellect could have been so far deluded—for I cannot believe that you have felt any unfriendliness towards me—as to allow you to accept such a rôle, passes my comprehension. Your enactment of this rôle, in despite of all entreaty to be just, strikes me as a sad departure from the whole tenor of your past life. The tenor of that life, so devoted to the advocacy of the right, and so scornful of the meanness of oppression of all kinds, justified me in anticipating from you a declaration both of resentment, and of shame, at the attempt of a President—of whose Cabinet you had been a member—to destroy by perfidy a subordinate officer who had been obliged to hold a confidential interview with him, and when to this is added the further fact, that it has been proposed and expected to consummate this monstrous wickedness through your connivance, I should not have been surprised at any, even the most vehement, utterance of your indignation.

Your forbearance towards Andrew Johnson, of whose dishonorable conduct you have been so well advised, is a great mystery to me. With the stench of his baseness in your nostrils you have been all tenderness for him, while for me, his contemplated victim, you have been and are as implacable as fate. You seem, even at some hazard to your own character, resolved to shield his from the brand which should rest upon it. When in your letter of March 30, you alleged that you had seen in the President's office the record of the trial of the assassins, with the recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt attached to it, Andrew Johnson answered, under his own signature and with emphasis, that you were "mistaken." Now

this word, had it been applied to an opinion expressed by you, or to information you had received from others, might have conveyed no offense; but when applied, as it was, to what you claimed to have seen with your own eyes, and which you could not possibly have confounded with anything else, it necessarily impeached, not merely the accuracy of your statement, but *its integrity* as well. Yet you have suffered the question of veracity, thus raised, to pass into history, unchallenged and unresponded to. I marvel at this and conjecture in vain the reason of so tame a submission to such insolent mendacity.

Your silence, under this defiant action of Andrew Johnson, was a grievous blunder. Certainly he had at least no known claim upon you, which could have required of you the enormous self-sacrifice of preferring the safety of his reputation to that of your own.

My relations to the information you possess are such as to give me an interest, and I may well add a property in it, which, I say it with respect, cannot be honorably ignored. It is of no value to you, but it is the armor of my character and life, and it borders upon a crime to despoil me of it. You hold it simply as a sacred trust for whom it most concerns, and you can no more rightfully deprive me of it than you could rightfully deprive me of any other treasure of mine which might by accident fall into your hands. Suppose you should happen to overhear villains plotting a murder or a burglary, could you, in your conscience, withhold information thus acquired from their intended victim or from the officers of public justice? The case before you is a stronger one than that. True, the plot, the hideous deformity of which your testimony would lay bare, was not against life or dwelling, but it was against, what every well ordered head and heart must regard as yet more precious, the character of an innocent man and grossly traduced public officer. You do greatly err, if you think such an offender can be sheltered by you from exposure and condemnation without becoming yourself soiled by such contact with him, and without tasting, sooner or later, the fruit of the tree you have planted. In despite of all human vigilance and human devices, the poisoned chalice still, under the guidance of God, often returns to plague the inventor. I wish you a better fortune than this—even the fortune of being yet willing to do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

There are duties which we owe to each other, not only as friends, or citizens of the same country, but as members of the same human family. It is one of these duties, which seems wholly disregarded, when by your inexorable silence you give such aid and comfort to my calumniator as to become—whatever may be your wishes—in effect, morally his accomplice. In this I cannot realize that you respond either to the demands or the inspirations of your past noble career. As you must of course believe that there is some sentiment of honor, some principle of morality or justice which will excuse the treatment received from you in this matter, I deeply regret that you have not thought proper to name it.

I am not only a firm but a joyful believer in the ultimate triumph of the truth and in the retribution which awaits those who—throwing down the gauntlet to God—so wickedly war upon it. When Mr. Stanton, under the influence of the relations existing between them, made known to Judge Bingham, in answer to his inquiry, that the recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt was before the President and considered by him, he enjoined upon the Judge *silence* in reference to the communication, and when the Judge for the purpose of refuting the calumnies then being circulated by Johnson's emissaries, wished to give publicity to the communication, Mr. Stanton advised him not to do so, but "to rely on the final judgment of the people"—thus *committing my reputation to the arbitrament of a tribunal from which the proofs of my innocence were to be carefully excluded.* It was a deliberate and merciless sacrifice of me, so far as he could accomplish it. While he lived, this enforced silence was scrupulously observed, and he doubtless felt assured that this cloud—the darkening folds of which he had thus helped to stretch over me—would continue and would blacken my name to the end of my days. It was not, however, in the allotments of Providence, that his life should be lengthened out to perpetuate so pitiless an outrage. Hence, in due time, a power, mightier than even the "great War Secretary," appeared upon the scene, and so, after the Secretary had, amid the world's funeral pomp, gone down into his sepulchre, the truth came up out of the grave to which he had consigned it, and being thus resurrected and openly announced by Judge Bingham, I was saved from the ruin with which I had been threatened and to which your silence might otherwise

have devoted me. But you may say that no such calamity for me has been intended; still it must not be forgotten that the law—whose wisdom we have both been taught to believe in—maintains, and justly, that all men—and especially men of your rare intelligence—must be held to intend the natural consequences of their actions. On this necessarily implied intent, rests their responsibility. In view of the spirit of the course pursued by you towards me, as manifested by your evident determination to guard my traducer from deserved disgrace, heedless of all possible consequences to myself, I cannot but give hearty and continued thanks, that my reputation—though at one time so much imperiled—has never been wholly at your mercy.

When Andrew Johnson read your letter of the 30th of March, he interpreted and accepted it as a guaranty that you would reveal nothing to his prejudice in connection with his accusation against myself, and he lived thereafter, strengthened and gladdened by the sense of security with which your words had inspired him, and now that he has died and "gone to his own place," if the spirits of the departed are permitted to have cognizance of the affairs of the world they have left, he is doubtless, in this very hour, rejoicing with exceeding great joy, that his guilty secret is still so faithfully kept for him by his ex-Attorney-General.

The supreme importance for me, of the appeal made to you, will, I trust, satisfactorily explain the directness of my language, which, though an earnest, has been intended to be a perfectly respectful expression of my painful sense of the wrong which I am suffering.

Very sincerely yours,

J. HOLT.

LOUISVILLE, *December* 26, 1883.

DEAR SIR: I had hoped that my letter of October 25, 1883, would be regarded by you as a finality, and put an end to all correspondence between us upon the subject thereof.

If it is an evidence of conscious weakness for me to determine for myself what I, as a gentleman, should or should not do, I freely acknowledge myself amenable to the charge. If it be an evidence of conscious weakness for me not to enter into a fruitless debate with you as to the propriety of my conduct, I also confess myself guilty.

When Andrew Johnson was alive I wrote to you that I would speak if he would give his consent, which letter you published.* Mr. Johnson failed or refused to give his consent. Now he being dead, it would be wrong for me to speak.

Very respectfully,

JAMES SPEED.

* This presents an extraordinary lapse of memory on the part of General Speed. Upon referring to the letter, of which he speaks—and which was published, in its entirety, in a pamphlet that he had in his possession at the time of writing—it will be seen that he made no allusion whatever to any willingness to speak provided Andrew Johnson would give his consent. Had he done so, I should at once have made an open appeal to Johnson to declare his consent; but he did nothing of the kind. Neither in this nor in any other letter did he make any such proposal, directly or indirectly, or give the slightest intimation in that direction. If, however, the rôle of suppressing the truth, which he had voluntarily assumed, had been at all irksome to him, or if he had felt the least inclination to shield my reputation from a loathsome calumny, he would himself have taken the initiative and demanded of Johnson a release from the imaginary obligation to silence, which he insists had closed his lips. In view of the fact that he utterly failed to do this and sought no relief of any kind from this obligation, there will be scarcely two opinions as to the real animus which controlled him then and has controlled him since.

THE ISSUES OF THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

To any one who is keeping pace with the political history of his country, it is not a matter of serious difficulty to well define the issues of the coming campaign. It is a mistake to assert that there are no distinctive principles upon which the parties separate, and that the contest will merely be one for the offices of the country, and for the control of spoils and government patronage. Of course with some people no campaign is ever anything else. They look upon a party merely as an instrument invented to distribute party rewards and public plunder among those who are entitled to it. And, when you scale the situation down, you will find that a number of those who take an active, earnest interest in the success of a particular party, are not entirely influenced by feelings of patriotism, or love of party principles. This is the truth, and it may as well be asserted; and it is quite natural that it should be so, both from an ethical and practical standpoint. It were well if it were otherwise a little more than what it is. It would inspire a little greater public confidence in the zeal and enthusiasm that fires up the nation's spokesmen whenever political contests are being waged, and one could listen with greater sympathy and approval to the warnings that ring from every hustings if he could only feel that the orator was either not a placeman, or had not the anticipation of becoming one, or had not some political favor to ask at the hands of the only party, in his opinion, at all qualified to administer the reins of government.

It will not be gainsaid that a political party is to some extent a machine, and that the chances are in favor of its continuing to remain one for some time to come. We may revolt against its being one; we may unloosen some of the works that constitute it such; but machine it is, and will continue to be, as long as organization, partisanship, and leadership are recognized as necessary factors in political contests. It were much better, it must be conceded, if all this could be done away with, and that the success of a party

should be alone dependent upon the free expression of the people's sentiment, untrammeled by artificial influences of this sort; but this is not the case, and the best remedy that can be applied is to treat the situation as it exists, and free it as much as possible from the evils that surround it; follow leadership, if it be honest; maintain organization upon a decent popular basis, cut it loose from corrupt surroundings, and promote and foster a spirit of independent thought and action within the party lines. The time has not yet arrived when any man or set of men can claim to be better or stronger than either of the great parties that now divide the popular feeling of the country.

We have made these remarks because we do not believe that the success of either party would make any substantial difference, as far as the material welfare of the nation is concerned, and because our stability as a government, and our prosperity as a people, are not dependent upon party success at the present time. The question is, not whether we shall be plunged into disaster and ruin if one party or the other succeeds; but which one of the two great parties, under existing circumstances, is better fitted to confer upon us an honest, an efficient, and an economical administration of public affairs. Let us regard the situation from this point of view, and see if we can frame the actual issues, not the feigned and pretended ones, upon which the people will be called upon to pass judgment at the coming election. The principal ground upon which the parties branch off, is upon the broad field of taxation, and of the proper manner in which the public revenues shall be administered.

At the present writing, the bill for the reduction of the revenue is under discussion in the House of Representatives; but whatever may be its outcome, it is absolutely certain that this issue is one upon which there can be no plan of compromise agreed upon between the parties. This subject has been almost exhausted under the protracted debate that has been devoted to it; but it is nevertheless necessary to state the principles that underlie it, and which will continue to be discussed until an adjustment satisfactory to the people is arrived at.

First—It is admitted on all sides that the increase of revenues over expenditures calls for remedial legislation of some sort, and that it will not do, under any circumstances, to permit the continually increasing surplus to flow into the treasury without

making some disposition of it, or making an effort to prevent its accumulation.

Second—The Democratic party is irrevocably pledged to the proposition that the surplus must be reduced by a reduction of taxation, and that the larger part of the reduction must be made by reducing custom house duties. The Republican party is not a unit upon this question. Judging from the addresses of its leaders in the House of Representatives, each one of them appears to have a little platform of his own, and each one of them appears to be in direct conflict with the acknowledged leader of the whole of them, who has stood up in Congress term after term as the apostle of protection, and, until lately, the spokesman of the Republican party upon that issue.

Third—The Democratic party, whatever may be the result of the present controversy in Congress, will go before the people upon the distinct issue that the present tariff must be reduced, and that the plan of reduction must be directed in the first place towards the lowering of duties, or the placing upon the free list of certain raw materials that enter into the production of our manufactures, and that in return therefor, what is known and designated as the compensating duty must be proportionately reduced upon the manufactured product, and that no reduction shall be made which shall in justice permit the manufacturer to reduce the standard of American wages. In other words, the manufacturer shall retain incidental protection largely more than sufficient to cover the difference in wages between the lowest-priced labor of other countries and the highest-priced labor here, employed upon the article and product that he is manufacturing.

Fourth—The Democratic party will stand upon the ground that wherever the manufacturer receives his raw materials free, or at a reduced cost, that he can safely stand a reduction of duty upon his manufactures, and that the industrial schedules shall not be changed so as to affect the wages of his employés.

Fifth—Taking this ground, the Democratic party will claim that the present tariff duties upon a large number of articles in the schedules are entirely too high; that they foster and promote monopoly at the expense of the laborer and the consumer, and that the people of this country have a right to demand a reduction upon the necessities of life, and a right to demand that they shall not be taxed beyond the requirements of government, economic-

ally administered. These are in brief some of the broad cardinal distinctions upon the subject of taxation which will divide the parties, which will be again discussed before the people, and to which they will again be asked to give an impartial and intelligent hearing.

In this brief *résumé*, as much as we would like to, it would be impossible to go into the question any deeper. One of the greatest debates that has ever taken place in the House of Representatives has just been concluded upon this subject, and the views of the leaders upon both sides clearly and ably express the convictions of their respective parties upon this all-important question. The next issue that will be presented will be in reference to the status of the respective parties upon the civil service law, the manner in which it has been and should be enforced, and whether its continuance and enlargement, and the extension of its provisions, would or would not promote the welfare of the people and the ends of good government.

This is a wide field, and involves questions of paramount importance which cannot be evaded or ignored. Whatever may be said in connection with the utterances of the Democratic platform upon this subject, there can be but one opinion about the proclamation upon which the President planted himself in his letter of acceptance in 1884, and that is that his views are expressed in terms that left no doubt in the public mind as to his position and decided convictions upon this matter. The Democratic party cannot take a backward step in this direction, unless it does so in open defiance of the assurances and promises of its recognized leader and exponent. Individuals may differ as to the expediency or necessity of the law; but the Democratic party as a party has taken a position upon it that is irrevocable, and has guaranteed to the people an honest, an efficient, and a faithful performance of its promises. Has the President carried out his promises in this regard? We think he has, and we believe the country thinks so, too. Coming into power at the head of a party which for nearly a quarter of a century had been excluded from the offices of the country, the difficulties that surrounded him in his efforts to put into operation a civil-service policy based upon fitness for office and not upon party service, were almost insurmountable. A weaker man would have yielded to the pressure that was brought to bear against him; but he mapped out

his line of action, and the present condition of the civil service of the country is the evidence upon which the integrity of his conduct will be tried. It is not just to select a flaw here and there, and not give him the benefit of the whole system in vogue under his administration, and the general results that he has accomplished. Are they an improvement upon the service under former administrations? Is there a higher grade of efficiency in the various departments? Has he called to his help at the heads of the departments honest, competent, patriotic advisers, and have they in turn performed their official duties, not for the benefit of a party, but for the best interests of the whole country? There can be but one answer to this from any one who comes in contact with the different branches of the government service, or who has observed their working under the present administration. It is a wonder and a surprise that this comparison between the present and the past has not been more clearly insisted upon and prominently brought forward by the friends of the Democratic party.

Why not then take in the whole situation and go before the people and make the inquiry fearlessly, which has been the better administration for the people, which has been managed upon a higher plane, which has been more honestly and honorably conducted; that of President Cleveland or that of any of his predecessors since the close of the civil war? The Republican party does not occupy a fair or a sincere stand upon the civil-service law. Their idea of a civil-service law honestly administered is a law that will keep Republicans in office and Democrats out of office, and the party as a party it is pretty safe to assert is favor of the law and of a rigid observance of its terms, because they believe it will have that effect to some extent at least. We do not mean to say for a moment that there are not a large number of the members of the Republican party who are not honestly and earnestly impressed with the value and efficacy of the law, and who honestly believe in the thorough execution of it because they think it truly subserves the best interests of the people. The Republican party comprises some of the ablest men of independent thought and action in the country, of whom we may take a man like Carl Schurz as a prominent example and illustration, and who believes in the system because he is convinced and satisfied that it is conducive to good government, and that it would be a great shame in the strictly

business departments of the public service to supplant it with a system which does not make merit the sole test for appointments for office. What we do assert is that the managers and the politicians of the Republican party, of whom Mr. Blaine, for instance, is an illustrious example, are not in favor of a civil-service law for the same reasons and upon the same grounds that men of the calibre and character and independence of Mr. Schurz are, but they simply stand under it because it stands by them in keeping their party friends in office and preventing their removal. They are not the kind of men to taunt Mr. Cleveland with any violation of the letter of the law, because their fidelity to it is simply one of policy and selfishness; and if they were to get into power, it requires no prophetic vision to predict that they would ride rough-shod over it wherever there was a loop-hole of escape, and wherever they could reward a faithful follower by so doing.

There are numerous other issues between the parties which the limited space of this article will not permit us to refer to; prominent among them will be the remarkable record of the present administration, in securing for the homestead settler millions of acres of our public lands, and releasing them from the control of powerful corporations who had usurped them and claimed their ownership in violation of law, and in defiance of the express conditions under which the grant to them was made.

Another issue looming up in bold relief will be the fight that the Democratic party has made in Congress and will continue to make against the plundering alliances known as "Trusts," that are limiting production and raising prices to the consumer. The Republican has been the friendly ally of the capitalists who control these combinations, and it has only been lately that the President of the Republican League has issued a circular calling upon this body of gentlemen to contribute to the success of the Republican cause, saying that they "needed money, and that they needed it badly." These "Trusts" are not founded for humane or philanthropic purposes; their sole object being to keep prices at a given standard and to suppress competition. We know how well they have succeeded, and how short a time it takes for them to realize enormous profits upon their investments. So much can be said upon this subject and its importance as a party issue in the coming cam-

paign that we can only refer to it generally now. It is true that several of the leaders of the Republican party in the House of Representatives have declared their opposition to these dangerous schemes of centralized capital ; but when they were brought down to details. and asked to define against what particular trusts they were willing to direct their hostility, they seemed one and all to concentrate upon the " Sugar Trust," evidently upon the ground and for the reason that by reducing the duty upon raw sugar, there will be no further necessity of taking any other duties off, as these duties would equal the whole of the tariff reduction in the present bill before Congress.

These are a few of the questions that will shortly be submitted to the people. There are other issues, known as feigned issues, that will be continued to be forced to the front by the Republican party in order to divert and detract public attention from the genuine issues that are involved. Under the lead of a demagogue like Foraker and a bitter partisan like Ingalls, we may expect to have the dead issues of the war resurrected, and the South arraigned for numerous misdeeds of which it is guiltless, and charged with a want of patriotism which it possesses in common and in an equal degree with every other section of our country. All conflicts of opinion upon political questions that were evoked by the war have been buried, and the man who attempts to bring them to life is an enemy to the people, and will inevitably be swept down in the tide of public opinion that will rise above partisan clamor and submerge the noisy patriots who are now preparing to institute another campaign of this character. There may be economic questions that divide different sections and commonwealths of this land, but in a feeling of loyalty and love for our institutions, each one joins willing hands and hearts with the other.

ISIDOR RAYNER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

QUEER WORDS.

In Mr. Day's remarks in last month's REVIEW he treats "brottus" as a word peculiar to the city of Savannah, Georgia. In the island of Jamaica the negroes use almost the same word in exactly the same sense. If a negro buys half a dozen bananas he commonly demands one more "*for brata*," —*i. e.* (to use the old English phrase), "*to boot.*" The "a" in *brata* has the full, broad Italian sound, as in "malo" or "baccio." I think we need hardly go so far as the African dialects to find an origin for this word. *Piccaninny*, a common West Indian negro word, is evidently from the Portuguese *Pequeninho—little one*, and *fetish* is traced to *feiticheira*, the Portuguese for "hocus-pocus." It seems probable that *brata* is a corruption of the Portuguese (and Spanish) *barato—cheap.* The Portuguese, having been the first European people to open intercourse with the negro races, may reasonably be supposed to have left these traces of their influence on the first essays of the negroes to speak the various languages of the whites.

EWAN MACPHERSON.

II.

PERSONNEL OF THE STAGE.

It is an accepted scientific truth that motion, not rest, is the normal condition of all matter throughout the universe. This truth seems to carry with it, as a necessary corollary, the additional fact that all motion is progressive. This law, and all that is dependent upon it, governs the world of ethics also. There is, whether in matter or morals, no recession; what appears such is illusive merely, as in the case at certain times of the apparent motions of some of the heavenly bodies. The world we live upon—the men and women we live among—are progressing toward a higher and nobler plane. We are growing better, notwithstanding the discouraging views of pessimism. A clever phrase-maker has spoken of "the fierce white light that beats upon the throne," but such illumination is not comparable to the penetrating interest and searching curiosity with which the public eye regards the actor; and it is a peculiarity of this interest and curiosity that it delights more in magnifying the faults and blemishes of unwise or unfortunate individuals than in noting the merits and virtues of the mass of the profession.

The old English statute which placed upon actors the stigma of vagabondage found an echo in the enactments of many a council-board and in the warnings

of many pulpits in Puritan New England. But gradually, as preachers and lawmakers became wiser, the stigma of vagabondage has been left so far behind in our onward movement, as to seem bigoted and cruel, and as degrading to the men who perpetrated that outrage upon an honest and honorable vocation, as was the infliction of torture and death by courts and inquisition, upon those who were so far in advance of the ignorance of their times as to incur the enmity of intolerance, whether in the field of science, as Galileo, or in religion, as Spinoza and the martyrs. Standing, as we do, in the bright and strengthening light of broader and more catholic views, we may now regard such enactments and the spirit of the times that made them possible, as landmarks that show, as we look back over the dark valley that man has traversed, how much further and higher we have progressed.

With the awakening of more charitable judgment, this once branded class have also advanced with us, until they now challenge our respect for their uprightness of character and our admiration for the brilliancy with which they reflect some of the highest and noblest qualities of humanity. As a class, their lives are as clean (perhaps cleaner), as honorable (perhaps more honorable), as worthy of all commendation and emulation, as any other. It is a fact that they figure less often as offenders against the laws than any other class of like numbers. It is their pride and boast that none of their calling have ever been convicted of a felony. And their numbers are greater, perhaps, than most of my readers may imagine. It is estimated that there are in the United States about five thousand persons pursuing the vocation of actors of plays—one-third of the number being women. The average dramatic company comprises this proportion of the sexes—two-thirds men, one-third women. This calculation does not include the large number of quasi-actors belonging to the minstrel and variety branches of the great "show" business; nor does it include circus people; nor the large army of theatrical employés of various kinds not seen by the public upon the stage, outnumbering the actual acting people. It comprises only actors proper, who represent the dramatis personæ of plays.

As in all classes and all vocations, there are "black sheep" to be found among our friends of the stage; but, as a whole, the personnel of the dramatic profession among us to-day is highly creditable to the influences of their art, and protests loudly and eloquently against the idea that such influence is detrimental to purity and elevation of character, correct principles and blameless lives. But I go further: I claim that its influence is unqualifiedly beneficial and ennobling.

E. M. Day.

III.

MODERN GLASS HOUSES.

In law a man's own hearthstone is assumed to be his citadel. In all the rights and equities of the natural man, the privacy of his personal and family life stands foremost. Yet there is no right more continually and recklessly violated, more deliberately assailed, and less adequately protected. It is at the mercy of a great power, which is tireless in its inquisition and without scruple in its use of instruments. The public press as a tyrannic force for good and evil, both in social and political matters, is without peer. Journalism is organized curiosity. Its business in part is to drag secret and unknown things into the glare of sunlight. It assumes the right to decide whether such enlightenment is for the public benefit. Yet there are few cases known where irresponsible power, working under the pretence of the public good, hesitates to subserve personal gain or ambition. The very possession of great power is a fatal temptation to its

use. The newspaper usurps the function of judge, jury and executioner, and often adds to these the offices of the police detective and prosecuting attorney. Can it not be said, then, that men and women now-a-days live in glass houses? And this, too, at the expense not only of being bombarded with stones, but of suffering the insidious assault of the spy, the eavesdropper and the euphemistically named news-gatherer. The glass through which he peers is anything but a transparent medium. It becomes a lens that distorts and perverts the things behind it.

The best men in journalism are not proof against the taint of its bad tendencies. Neither are its worst men unblessed with the occasional exercise of its nobler functions. The system is the criminal, and moulds its members. All that can be generalized is that honorable journalists, on the whole, try to practice the better side of the profession, and that the unprincipled avail themselves to the full of its dangerous powers. If it were not that, great as is the oppression entailed by the tyranny of journalism, it carries with it so many benefits, the burden would be unbearable.

Every great political canvass demonstrates the evils to which savage and unscrupulous partisanship exposes the man who is a victim of party nomination. No charge is considered too vile to hurl against him. His whole life is turned inside out. Peccadilloes and blunders are magnified into the gravest sins. Substance of accusation lacking, indictments are spun out of the most attenuated material. No serpent's fang is more venomous than that of the human cobra, whose den is in the newspaper office. One needs but to recur to the last Presidential campaign. The vindictive filth, so freely bandied on both sides, if put permanently on record in book form, would find itself under the ban of Anthony Comstock. The mask of anonymity under which the newspaper machinery works is like the "Lion's Mouth" in mediæval Venice, a shield behind which the pigmy's hand out of the dark can stab the giant. The nominal responsibility under the law of libel an unscrupulous newspaper chief laughs at. The average futility of a suit against a powerful journal makes it a safe hazard, not to be weighed against value as a popular advertisement. A gentleman quoted to the writer a remark of the late Roscoe Conkling: "The thief breaks into your house, steals your watch and goes to Sing Sing. The newspaper man breaks into the casket which contains your most precious treasure, your reputation, and he passes unscathed before the law."

Aside from the more violent phases of newspaper assault on the individual, the interference with private rights is often an impertinence. The reporter does not limit his attentions to the politician who invites an interview; to the household which glories in seeing its social life blazoned in print. The cynicism born of daily use makes him distrust the existence of reticence, dignity, and self-respect. The reporter who earns the highest salary is the pachyderm—shameless to rebuff, callous even to the toe of the boot. Everything that is becomes grist to augment his total on the weekly pay-roll. Nothing is sacred to him, if he thinks it would give a fillip to public curiosity. This feature of journalism works more widespread annoyance than the other, though its qualitative evil is less gross. I hardly think that any high-minded journalist will brand these charges with overstatement. Indeed, the eminent men in the profession deplore the facts, which give them substance. But the evils belong to the system. The public have been educated up (?) to the pungent, personal, racy paragraph. And as a journalist you must please the biggest public, if you would make the balance sheet blaze with dividends in six figures. So men and women must try to exist patiently in their glass houses, trusting to a coming time when the noble functions of journalism will survive their alliance with so much that is petty, irritating, and offensive.

JOHN DUDLEY.

IV.

PRACTICE *vs.* THEORY *in re* "HENRY GEORGEISM."

MR. GEORGE KENNAN in his "Siberian" article just published in the current number of the *Century*, incidentally emphasizes certain facts which have significance relative to the Henry George land theory. Mr. George regards government possession of land as the specific cure for social and industrial evils. He proposes to accomplish this by taxing land to the full rental value as the most convenient method of attaining the ideal. The end, however, is the extinction of private ownership, as all nominal title to land would in the end be destroyed after the substance of its value had ceased to exist. The difficulty of appraising the exact or even the proximate working of a theory in practice, is much lessened if we have analogous facts to use as weights in the scales. Let us then revert to Mr. Kennan's observations of the land system in Western Siberia.

This vast district is described as being in many aspects a veritable Garden of Eden. A splendid climate, equal to that of the most favored parts of the United States or Europe, plains of great fertility, grand water-ways, and all the general conditions are on the side of agriculture and the prosperity of the tillers of the soil. Most of the peasants and farmers are either voluntary settlers or the descendants of convicts who have regained civil rights.

In this magnificent region there is a complete absence of fences, farm houses, or any buildings, outside of the villages. Cattle are inclosed in the common village pasture instead of in fenced fields outside. The Siberian peasant will not build a farm-house because he does not own the land. Mr. Kennan writes:

> "With a few exceptions all of the land in Siberia belongs to the crown. The village communes enjoy the usufruct of it, but they have no legal title, and cannot dispose of it nor reduce any part of it to individual ownership. All they have the power to do is to divide it up among their members by periodical allotments, and to give to each head of a family a sort of tenancy at will Every time there is a new allotment the several tracts of arable land held by the crown may change tenants. So that if an individual should build a house or a barn upon the tract of which he was the temporary occupant, he might, and probably would, be forced, sooner or later, to abandon it. The result of this system of land tenure and this organization of society is to segregate the whole population in villages, and to leave all of the intervening land unsettled."

Even the villages are shabby and cheerless, and signs of enterprise, comfort and taste are conspicuous by their absence. Such is the picture drawn by Mr. Kennan. Substracting from the sum total the operation of the other agencies involved in Russian mal-administration, enough is left to illustrate the results of the government ownership of land and the death of individual right in real property. Mr. George would claim that this is an unfair way of stating the probable outcome of his theory as put in operation. But it is difficult to parry the sequence of the ultimate extinction of title with the loss of the substantial value of ownership, and a systematic paternalism on the part of government. It goes without saying that the results of such a land system would vary in minor details, according to the social and political conditions of different peoples. But in all there would be this common factor, the shrinkage of individual ambition and energy, in the improvement of property to its minimum.

The Siberian analogy from Mr. Kennan's *Century* article, then, while it does not carry an exactly fitting logic for other countries and governments, is suggestive, and in some degree illuminating. The extraordinary prosperity of the United States does not find its main source in its cities, its manufacturers, and its commerce, great affluents as these are. We must rather seek it in the vigor and energy of its usual life and occupation. The other things follow as concomitants.

G. T. FERRIS.

V.

ON A SCIENTIFIC SPECIFIC FOR INTEMPERANCE.

IN the light of the recent results of pathological research, there is determined to be a modification of the sweeping and oft-heard statement that the excessive use of alcohol beverages conduces to procure injury to the health. In point of fact the statement is not true of all alcoholic liquors. If they are charged with fusel oil, their use tends to cause disease of the cerebral convolutions, which disease may eventuate in insanity, or may be but one of the symptoms of some affection of the special senses. If, however, the beverages are free of the obnoxious oil, there is not produced any such effect. In other words, alcoholic liquors made impure by fusel oil (amylic alcohol) poison the brain, and induce "amylism;" but such liquors, containing pure ethylic alcohol to exclusion of that which is amylic, merely e xcite the cerebral functions, inducing the condition known as "eythlism."

This is proved both directly and indirectly. If two puppies are fed, the one on the whisky of the saloons, and the other on the purest product of distillation, the autopsy of the former will show a diseased brain, while the brain of the latter will be found to be normal. Again, a century ago men drank larger quantities of rum than they can now, and found no harm, all because the old-fashioned liquor had none of the modern deleterious character.

In view of these facts, and of the human inclination toward indulgence in alcoholic drinks, it remains for social science to notably contribute to the cause of temperance by making provision against amylism by means of the media of the condition of ethylism. The time demands, not the prohibition of the manufacture, sale, and use of all alcoholic liquors, but the substitution of the ethylic for the amylic acohol, of exhilarant for toxic action, of liquors that will not inebriate for those that produce alcoholic drunkenness.

The ills of intemperance can be entirely avoided by abstinence from liquors vile with fusel oil, and by the use,—either moderate or excessive,—of those that are free from it. If men will drink alcoholic beverages, let them be those which are pure, and, by reason of their purity, will not be a factor in the ruin of body and soul. Let the cupidity of the manufacturer and dealer be checked by a law which shall make it a crime to produce, sell or use the poisonous liquors; and let encouragement be given to those who shall undertake to provide pure ethylic alcoholic beverages, harmless to the brain, medicinal in value, deficient in toxicity. Such prohibition, married with such encouragement, will appoint the only scientific specific for the evil of intemperance.

WILLARD H. MORSE, M. D.

VI.

THAT CHINESE WALL.

THE American free-trader is a paid or "honorary" political district messenger, who delivers the messages and does the errands of the English Cobden Club. When the Cobden Club takes snuff the American free-trader is forced to use his bandanna. He has a hard job, at times, poor fellow, to reconcile the obvious self-evident interest of England and of other foreign powers to invade our markets without hindrance or toll with the equally obvious self-evident fact that such an invasion would operate to the detriment of American manufacturers, American workmen, American homes, and every development of American welfare. It would compel the American citizen to defray all the expenses of maintaining the American governments—Municipal, State and Federal—*all* indispensible to the maintenance of the American market—and yet give the untaxed foreigner the same advantage as the heavily taxed American therein.

In further return for the advantages of access to the American market, the American citizen, in times of national danger, can be forced, when he does not volunteer, to enter the army and do battle for the maintenance of the national existence—if need be to be stabbed, cut, thrust or killed in its defense. Even when he is not thus forced to risk his life for America, the American producer, by the circumstances of his life, is necessarily forced to invest *all* his earnings—to the ultimate dollar—in the ways best calculated to increase American national prosperity—in cultivating lands, in building houses, in employing labor, in supporting schools, churches, and libraries; in a word, in investing all his profits in the country that enabled him to realize them. The foreign producer, on the other hand, although in time of war he would be taxed to pay for the hostile armies and fleets that would threaten our coasts, although he might even be forced to enter these hostile armies and fleets, although in time of peace he spends every shilling of his profits in a foreign land, and in competitive efforts to destroy our industries—this alien freebooter, according to the theories of our Cobden Club Messenger Corps, should be allowed to enjoy, *without* cost, all the advantages enjoyed, at infinite cost, by the patriotic American citizen! There is only one good thing about American free trade, and that is its name—and that is either stolen or half finished—for it is not free trade that they advocate, but foreign freebooters' trade—the demand of our rivals and enemies to reap where they have not sown, to exploit the Republic that they cannot overturn, to welcome commercial unlicensed *Alabamas* to our ports, while taxing American vessels to maintain these ports!

Even the sanction of religion is sought to be thrown over this insensate folly. Christianity teaches us to welcome the repentant prodigal by killing the fatted calf, but it certainly does not order us to give him all the veal! The sons who have never sinned surely are entitled to sit at the head of the table.

When their selfish theories are refuted, either by logic or facts, the Cobden Club Messenger Corps invariably run to their wall—the "Chinese wall." "Oh! you want to build a Chinese wall around the country," they say. No; we protectionists only desire to keep out burglars and sneak thieves from our homes! All civilization is based on a "Chinese wall." Every Christian gentleman, as soon as he can afford it, secures a small portion of the planet and builds "a Chinese wall" around it. He calls it his home! While he is quite willing to recognize all the obligations of his faith, he rigorously and not selfishly excludes from this home every one but his own family and friends. He not only does not admit the equal right of the rest of mankind to an equal occupancy of the territory thus enclosed, but he is ready, and is authorized by civilization, to repel to the death any attempt on the part of others to enter it. This is protection—*not* free trade. Nor does his adherence to the beneficent policy of protection and with the building of a "Chinese wall" around his lot. By his conduct he repudiates the brutal creed of free trade—that we ought to "buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." Under this rule, he would turn out into the street his wife and daughters because by substituting hirelings he could secure such domestic services as his wife and daughters render at a cheaper money rate. Yet Bridget, clad in cotton and calico, is *not* substituted for the daughter clad in silk and fine linens. There are higher duties than to achieve cheapness. American protectionists recognize the fact that their first, chief and supreme duty is to take care of their own countrymen against all rivals; that cheap goods do not represent the best results of statesmanship; that it would be buying the whistle too dear to purchase cheap foreign fabrics at the expense of transforming an intelligent and important class of citizens into ragged and dependent "hands," or "hinds," or wandering and discontented tramps.

Did it ever occur to the Cobden messenger boys who deride the "Chinese wall policy" that China has accomplished a feat that no other civilization ever achieved —that she has maintained her national unity for over 35 centuries at least, and has seen all the classical civilization rise, fall, and disappear? Wong Chin Foo, may be, could turn this sneer at the citizens of a nation whose wisest men failed to form a union that could last for one hundred years. For, as one of your contributors has well remarked, *this* Union is not the Union of the Fathers, but the Union of the Boys in Blue. The amendments, while they nominally corrected and certainly improved the old Constitution, in point of fact established a new Union.

JOHN BALL, JR.

VII.

PERENNIAL EATING HOUSES.

ONE of the most perplexing minor questions of personal conduct that confront dwellers in great cities is in regard to sidewalk charity. Every well-dressed man or woman is perpetually asked for a few cents to aid a hungry or thirsty fellow mortal, and all the world knows that alms so bestowed are, as a rule, misapplied. The organized bureaus of charity have done much to correct abuses in this direction, but they do not as yet meet all the difficulties in the case. One may give a ticket to an applicant, but unless he accompanies it with a car fare the hungry man or woman may have to walk miles before reaching the bureau, and cannot, even then, count upon immediate relief. In this city there are several establishments which issue meal tickets, but they are widely scattered, and the tickets issued by one are not received at the others. Most of them, moreover, are closed at a comparatively early hour in the evening, and the needy are rather more likely to ask for aid under cover of darkness than during business hours. It affords small satisfaction to a soft-hearted soul when he turns away an apparently hungry beggar with a ticket that is not available until after seven o'clock the next morning. Almost every one, probably, solves the problem in the easiest way, and gives money when the case really seems urgent.

Now, it seems to me that there is a comparatively simple way of meeting the necessities of the case, and of establishing at the same time a class of eating-houses that will be in most cases self-supporting or even profitable. Some one of them will be within easy walking distance of any part of the city, and all of them will be available at any and all hours, not only for the needy but for unprotected women, and for strangers who know not where to go. In every large city the police stations are located each in its own district, and they are rarely more than a mile apart. They are open all day and all night. They are already provided with sleeping quarters for the homeless, and they are usually in a region which would be pretty sure to afford sooner or later a class of regular customers. The policemen themselves would probably contribute largely to the support of a plain, cleanly restaurant established close at hand, where good food could be obtained at the lowest possible rate. The proximity of the police station is an important feature of this plan, for it assumes immunity from disorder or violence, and the eating-houses might safely be intrusted to women, so easily might aid be summoned in case of need. Naturally the meal-ticket system would be adopted for the charitable part of the work. The tickets would be available at any and all of the stations, and if a percentage of them were worn out, thrown away, or never used, so much the better for the profit and loss account. It is quite possible that some such plan as this has been suggested before, but I am not aware that the important feature of all-night service has been considered in its special relations to the police precincts. Of course the adjustment of tours of duty for

the attendants would be arranged somewhat after the order of "watches" on shipboard, and experience would soon indicate the hours at which calls would be made, and their average number in any given locality. Under judicious administration, it would seem that such a system could be made self-supporting almost at once, and perhaps lodging rooms and other needed ameliorations of city life might follow in due course. As an evidence of what can be done in an out-of-the-way locality, I may specify the New York Fruit and Flower Mission, which has a large restaurant just across the way from Bellevue Hospital, at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. It is such a model of cleanliness and good order, although frequented by all sorts of rough characters, that the hospital attendants, doctors, nurses and the rest find it a most acceptable resort, while the prices are so moderate, and the bill of fare so excellent, that even an habitué of Delmonico's might be temporarily reformed if he could be induced to pay the place a visit.

THOMAS CARY PITKIN.

VIII.

"LEARNING TO WRITE ENGLISH."

THE school-master is willing to learn. No class of people interests and disappoints him more than the self-constituted advisers, who, from the outside, delight in telling him how and how not to teach.

If school-masters should set about advising railroad magnates, bankers and second-hand dealers how to manage their business, and should undertake to instruct lawyers, doctors and literary people how to follow their professions, we might be able to afford some interesting reading, make ourselves ridiculous and call forth unlimited indignation. We would probably hear something about the traditional "shoe-maker sticking to his last," and be reminded in forcible terms to confine our genius to our own affairs. Being docile, and having a little of that rare commodity called sense of propriety, and endowed with an appreciation of the ludicrous, we do not retaliate.

The critics of public school methods of instruction usually have a small but useful idea to promulgate; a little logic and much flourish of rhetorical trumpets. To give striking effects to their invectives they indulge in lurid statements that originate in a misconception of the facts, immature judgment or in a disordered, imagination. To accept these criticisms as true to the facts would brand the teachers of this country as imbeciles, as densely stupid and persistently ignorant of the demands of their calling.

In the May REVIEW is a caustic article under the title standing at the head of this communication. Doubtless it is conclusive to the writer. The other side is entitled a hearing. The contributor asserts that a "thing, the simplest in the world, which is entirely neglected in our public schools," is spelling at dictation. The educational value of writing to dictation, so clearly and logically stated by the author, is recognized by teachers everywhere. Every educational paper for ten years has been full of devices, exercises and directions for dictation spelling; every respectable course of study, every work on the science of pedagogy, every school report emphasizes the importance of this line of work.

When your contributor asserts "It is the reading-book, not the spelling-book, that should be used to learn to spell," he reiterates an error once popular but long since exploded. A few years ago a crusade against the spelling-book swept over this country. For some time teachers, superintendents and boards of education worried along without it. All sorts of expedients were employed. Partisan friends of the movement watched eagerly for the results that they had predicted.

Disappointment and disaster attended this experiment and spasm of reform. Spelling, and all the school work of which it is the basis, deteriorated alarmingly. To-day the spelling-book in some form is back in the schools ; nor will it be banished again while the present race of teachers lasts. Careful experimentation, close observation and enlightened experience have established the spelling-book as an educational necessity.

The same article calls the spelling of word lists a "stupid practice." The plan is less popular and prevalent than formerly. But I am easily skeptical after all, whether dictation and sentence work are accomplishing far better results than the old fashioned oral and written spelling of lists of words. To say the least it is modest and wise in us to be conservative in our assertions that any particular method is *the* method in spelling, or, indeed, in any branch of educational work. Nowadays the pupil catches the drift of the meanings of words from the way in which they are used in the sentence or context, and is prone to be satisfied with that. In the olden times new and abstract words created curiosity as to their meaning and use, which was satisfied only by the teacher or dictionary. Take the word *phthisis* quoted by our critic as an illustration, the peculiar orthography was sufficient to make a pupil anxious to know what it meant, whether an animal, a disease, or something to eat or wear. In the sentence, he died of phthisis, after a long and painful illness, the child knows at once that it is a malady likely to prove fatal, and gives the word no further thought. If, however, our pupil failed to learn at the times just what the word meant, his attention was arrested the instant he heard or saw it used; he recognized an old offender; perhaps he got a "head mark" or was "spelled down" by that word. "Parallel" went round our class when I was a small boy. The spelling and the meaning of that word were forever fixed in my mind. So *austere*, *cimeter*, *cemetery*, *chamomile*, and scores of words that decimated our ranks or "spelled the whole school down," come to me as I pen these lines.

"There is no surer way of making a simpleton of a boy than by drilling him for a 'spelling match,'" says our friend. Not an inconsiderable amount of spelling was learned in that way. It also taught the boy to think while on his feet ; to be calm and collected in his ideas in a crisis ; to be quick to decide and act, for he took the word almost before "next" was called ; rivalry stirred the ambition of more than one sluggish soul ; victory awakened the sense of achievement in many a mind unconscious of its powers. To place every letter in "*metempsychosis*" quickly and accurately was a drill in attention to details that has given many a man a grasp upon complicated and perplexing affairs. The memory may be "the poorest of faculties," but too few ever reach that plane of intellectuality where they can rely upon a prompt and unerring memory.

Webster's spelling-book is called the "stupidest and most meaningless book in existence." It is full of dictation and reading exercises; is that the reason? I have heard many people acknowledge gratefully their obligations to the old "elementary spelling-book," not alone for its aid in spelling, but for its proverbs and sentiments which influenced their lives. No single-handed critic can ever pile such epithets deep enough upon the "old blue-back" to detract one iota from the reverent regard with which it is held.

F. B. GAULT.

IX.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS AND TELEGRAPHS.

THERE is no sentiment so widely spread and so deeply rooted among the workingmen of America, whether organized or unorganized, as the sentiment against monopolies. It is so intense that it may be regarded as an ineradicable prejudice

or instinct. No recognized representative of any great corporate interest has any chance of election to any official position of high trust and honor, if he must depend on the popular vote to reach it. Why this widespead spirit of antagonism to corporations? Because, as a rule, corporations have not regarded the privileges accorded to them by legislation as public trusts, nor themselves as public servants, but have exercised the power of taxation without representation conferred upon them by charter in the most selfish and despotic spirit regardless of the public interest. What is the remedy? Clearly that no special privileges shall hereafter be granted to individuals; that all laws shall be general laws; that "private bills" shall be utterly abolished, and that wherever any business by its very nature demands a monopoly—as railroads, and telegraphs—then that that business shall either be exclusively performed or effectively curtailed by the State. There is no socialism in this demand—now made by nearly all the labor organizations in this country, and it is noteworthy that the cry of "centralization" raised against it comes exclusively from the servants or beneficiaries of corporations, or from the Rip Van Winkles of the Chair, whose political philosophy is founded on those facts of the last century and of a practically extinct civilization.

Every civilized nation in the world except the United States owns its telegraph system, and everywhere the telegraph system is conducted better and at less cost to the public than in the United States. Here we are absolutely helpless against the impositions of a small group of monopolists, for there is no effective competition possible in telegraphing. It should be an adjunct to the post office, which, as experience has shown, is done more cheaply, and with greater perfection of business methods, than *any* private business in the country. Why should millions be annually needlessly drawn from the people to enrich individuals when the telegraph could be managed at cost and more efficiently by the Government? If this suggestion is "socialistic," then the governments of all Europe are socialistic to this extent.

Government or postal saving banks have also been established by England, Belgium, France, Italy, Holland, and in India, Canada and the Argentine Republic, and they have been productive of infinite good to the working classes in promoting savings. A similar system has been advocated by the Senior Senator of New York, and a bill introduced into Congress to established it. Let it pass.

HENRY MELROSE.

X.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

It seems hitherto to have escaped the attention of philosophers who like to speculate upon social phenomena and the thousand and one manifestations of social evolution, their effects and causes, drawing all manner of strange and curious deductions from what they see or imagine—it seems to have escaped these gentry that in the very popular and widespread use of aerated waters we have an illustration of popular feeling, and an instructive sign of the times. People like these bubbling waters because their effervescence lends a certain life and freshness to what might otherwise be insipid and ordinary; and this liking is only a manifestation of the same spirit, which finds life itself flat, stale, and unprofitable, if it be not agitated and eventful, even though the agitation and eventfulness are wholly due to artificial causes.

The tastes and habits of people speak more truly of their characters than whole libraries of volumes of speculative philosophy, and when we find a new trade brought into existence by a popular demand, and not due to any new discovery in the sciences and arts, we may at once be sure that the characteristics of

such a people have in some way changed from the characteristics of their ancestors. Our grandparents knew of aerated waters, and some of them visited at and imbibed from those natural aerated fountains which bubble up from the earth in all parts of the world; and chemistry had also reproduced these springs. But in spite of this knowledge aerated water was not a popular drink. Our ancestors were too steady and sober-minded to like this artificial titilation of the palate. The manufacture of the soda-water fountain and the aerated siphon was left to our less contented and novelty-loving age—left, until the desire for something exciting, something new, became a national characteristic—left to a generation which objects to water, and to life itself, unless impregnated with artificial flavor, and artificially pumped full of something that causes it to seethe and bubble.

GEOFFREY CHAMPLIN.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PERHAPS it is expecting too much to look for a thorough and exhaustive biography of Mr. Beecher within little more than a year after his death. He was so remarkable a man from almost every point of view, that twelve months of continuous work even by an experienced literary toiler, with the materials mostly ready to his hand, would scarce suffice to do full justice to the subject. The volume recently issued by Websters,* though of respectable dimensions and filled with interesting details, yet bears marks of condensation as to matter and has e in composition which will disappoint many, but which nevertheless could hardly have been avoided under the circumstances. Still another criticism *in limine* is that such a biography as the public have a right to expect could not in the nature of the case be written by members of Mr. Beecher's family. Doubtless his wife, his son, and his son-in-law had such exceptional opportunities of observing the father and the husband as would make their contributions to a standard work most acceptable, but their estimate and verdict in many points must necessarily be partial, their ideas of what should and should not be published, their judgments as to Mr. Beecher's public and private actions and contact with men and affairs, can scarcely be regarded as judicial. A study of Mr. Beecher's life, character, and works is a task worthy of the most thorough treatment by minds not only capable of understanding the man but also absolutely unbiased by personal and family feelings. Perhaps it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find a biographer of Mr. Beecher. If he had died soon after the termination of the great war, or immediately after the celebration of the Plymouth "silver wedding," the selection would have been comparatively easy.

The above remarks seem called for in explanation of several features about this book, which have subjected it to a great deal of adverse criticism in certain quarters. It must be remembered that this is avowedly a "family history" of Beecher. It is a tribute of reverence and affection by his own kith and kin, and in part, a continuation of an autobiography which he had begun to write, and on which a contract had been made with the publishers a short time before his death. For reasons which seem to us perfectly rational the family of Mr. Beecher wished the public to know the story of his life as he and they might tell it. Such a book on such a man could not be otherwise than partial, but might not be less interesting and even valuable, from this standpoint. Taking up the volume with this understanding of its purport, it is only just to state that it is rich in its collection of facts, and bears evidence of singular industry and devotion on the part of its compilers. Should the real "Life and Works of Beecher" ever be written, a large

* "Biography of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher." By Wm. C. Beecher and Rev. Samuel Scoville, assisted by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

part of this book might be quoted verbatim, and the remainder would deserve careful perusal by the writer of a more pretentious biography.

The first six chapters deal with Mr. Beecher's ancestry and early life and surroundings, and a great deal is told in his own words. Much is not new, but it is very charming reading and very naturally told. We can well picture young Henry at school learning grammar. "Now, Henry, *a* is the definite article, and must be used with a singular noun. You can say *a man* but you can't say *a men*, can you?" "Yes, I can; father always says '*amen*' at the end of his prayers." The Calvinistic training to which he was subjected in early life and its influence upon him are depicted with candor. He says: "I never had the remotest idea of God except that he was a sovereign who sat with a sceptre in his hand, and had his eye on me, and said, 'I see you and I am after you!'" But the home influences of his youth were far from gloomy, notwithstanding their strong Puritanism.

The period from his entrance to college life until his call to Brooklyn is disposed of in four chapters. Two chapters are given to his early experiences in his new pastoral field, and then follow ten chapters concerning his more distinctively public career as the champion of the slave, supplemented by a chapter on the "silver wedding." Three chapters are devoted to the great scandal, and whatever may be said about the policy of introducing so unsavory a topic into these family memoirs, it seems to us that the compilers of this history had no choice. In their view it was from first to last a great conspiracy, in which truth came out victorious, though at terrible cost. To blot out events of such momentous interest in Mr. Beecher's life is impossible, and to attempt to ignore them would therefore be foolish. Perhaps less might have been written without detriment to the history, but some allowance must surely be made for the warmth and zeal of an advocacy sustained by such tender, and powerful sentiments and convictions.

The rest of the book—chapters 27 to 32—concerns itself with the later personal history of Mr. Beecher, with sketches and estimates of the man from various point of view. His home life in the city and country are well described, and the closing chapter gives an account of his last journey to England, and of his sickness and death.

We wish that greater care had been taken in the matter of the illustrations. The portrait in the frontispiece is very fine, but many of the other pictures are rather mean affairs. On the whole, the book is one of singular interest, and will, we think, grow in public favor.

II.

BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE PERKINS MARSH.

THE first volume of the life and letters of George Perkins Marsh,* edited by his wife, appears in a handsome and substantial dress. The contents are slightly disappointing, partly because the most important period in the life of this distinguished scholar and diplomat, namely, his residence as United States Minister in Italy, is barely mentioned in the close of the volume, and its consideration reserved for the second volume. The record of the life of a literary man, unless closely connected with leading historical events or brilliantly irradiated by the light of genius, is unfrequently of sufficient interest to warrant extension beyond a single volume. And, although Mr. Marsh holds a high and worthy position among the men of his time, and has made valuable contributions to the etymology and history of our language, it may be questioned whether this work of nearly five

*"Life and Letters of George Perkins Marsh." Compiled by Caroline Crane Marsh. In two volumes. Vol. I. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

hundred pages ought not to contain all that this literature-ridden age will find time to read.

In George Perkins Marsh sturdy New England parentage and education combined to produce an upright, intelligent, substantial man. In the Senate Chamber at Washington Mr. Marsh ably represented his State during Mr. Polk's presidency, and at once allied himself with men of integrity and influence, and was the recognized supporter of all philanthropic and patriotic measures. The period of his Washington life was enriched by private linguistic study and research, and by the acquaintance of men of affairs from other countries. Following this came the appointment as Minister to Turkey, residence in Constantinople, and extended travels in Europe and the East. The only literary work of importance, noted in this volume, is the series of lectures on the English language, which, delivered at the Old Union Theological Seminary on University Place, and afterwards revised for publication, have a value too well known to render comment necessary.

An extended appendix contains some valuable matter, including a scholarly address on Human Knowledge, delivered to the Massachusetts Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in 1847, and a speech on the Mexican War, in the House of Representatives, the year following.

III.

MAXIMINA.

In a certain sense, "Maximina" * is intensely realistic. The plot is simple; the incidents few and easily foreseen. The chief interest lies in the development of the characters, and these are admirably sketched, and quite the same as those with which one's fancy peoples the land of the Alhambra. The stately dons, and fascinating signorinas, and the sly, merciless villain, all appear in correct Spanish garb. The foremost figure, however, sweet Maximina herself, is not the voluptuous lace-crowned beauty, sitting in her *galerie* of roses and wickedly flirting from behind her fan. Maximina is a shy, delicate, modest maiden, whose attributes are rather those of the North and West. She has abundance of reserve force, however, and a degree of conscientiousness quite foreign to the feminine Spaniard of the ordinary romance. Possibly the similarity of name suggests the strong and womanly heroine of "Ramona." Maximina is a feminine Ramona, if such a term may be employed concerning a creation which is not at all masculine. The temptations of Maximina were in a different direction from those of Mrs. Hunt's heroine. The exigencies which made of Ramona a strong and judicious counsellor are wanting in the history of Maximina; but had they arisen, we have confidence in her ability to meet them with praiseworthy discretion. The charm of Maximina's character is quite beyond description or analysis, so delicately human, and so humanly angelic is its delineation. The husband is no worse, perhaps rather better, than most of his class. We never feel quite assured of his constancy until the perplexities of poverty have silenced the evil and nurtured the good that is in him. He contrasts most agreeably with Maximina, and each furnishes an effective background for the other. While the introduction of the villainous Don Alfonso adds to the incident of the book, it certainly detracts from its purity. The coarseness and indelicacy which accompany the recital of the escapades of this clever knave, combined with certain other details which were much better omitted, greatly mar the perfection of this otherwise charming story of Spanish life and character.

* "Maximina." By Don Armando Palacio Valdès. Translated from the Spanish by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

IV.

THE SPELL OF ASHTAROTH.

Of the numerous stories founded on biblical themes, a few only have met with popular favor. "The Spell of Ashtaroth" * will undoubtedly be classed among the few. It consists of a series of brilliant pictures which are thrown upon the canvas with such bold, strong outlines and rich oriental coloring that they appeal to the deepest emotions of the spectator. The semi-tropical country in which the scenes are laid furnishes an admirable background, perhaps, indeed the only one which could fittingly interpret these broad effects.

Adriel, the son of Achan, the Israelite who appropriated and concealed forbidden spoil at the taking of Jericho, attempts to flee with a beautiful maiden of Jericho, whose life he has spared. He is discovered, and with his father's household is condemned to be stoned to death. The three pictures which really constitute the story are the falling of the walls of Jericho; the casting of the lot whereby the offense of the house of Achan is discovered, and the execution of the sentence of death. As a sustained narrative of persons or places, the book cannot be regarded as successful, since all else is subsidiary to these central themes. The colors are laid on with a lavish hand, and the impressions are not easily banished. It may be objected that a somewhat partisan view of the Divine justice is taken by the author. The sole Canaanitish survivor is a beautiful young girl, a devotee of Ashtaroth, it is true, but delineated in all the fascination of youth and beauty, and in pleasing contrast to the rude severity of the conquering Hebrew. The stern facts about the worshipers of the goddess offering human sacrifices, blood thirsty and fiendish in their cruel and impure rites, and naught but foul blots on the face of the earth, are entirely overlooked. However, the author is not dealing with the principles of religious ethics, and he has made a success in the line which he attempted, that of writing a powerful, dramatic, oriental novel.

V.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If that may be called a successful book of travel which awakens in the hearts of its readers eager longings to follow in the footsteps of the voyagers, then may Mrs. Sheldon's recital of the adventures of three Yankee girls in Zulu Land† be classed among the successes of the season. The charm of an agreeable traveling companion largely depends on his adaptability to all possible and impossible circumstances. The three sisters who make the trip to South Africa for the health of one, possess this delightful characteristic in an unusual degree, and travel for five years in and about South Africa, living in odd little inns, riding in coaches and ox wagons with royal contentment, and secure in full measure the object of their journey, with abundance of good times besides. Ostrich and sheep farms, gold and diamond fields are visited, and all sorts of incidents connected with sight-seeing in a strange and tropical country, as well as the methods of carrying on the various industries are vividly and amusingly described. The reader is never weighed down by the consciousness of unpleasant circumstances, which were, of necessity, more or less numerous. Life, or at least the life of travelers in this region, appears to be full of good cheer. The style is bright and captivating throughout.

* "The Spell of Ashtaroth" By Duffield Osborne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† "Yankee Girls in Zulu Land." By Louise Vescelius-Sheldon. Illustrated by G. E. Graves, after sketches from life by E. J. Austen. New York: Worthington Co.

The illustrations, after sketches from real life, are rarely good, and, what is still rarer, have lost nothing in the process of reproduction. The entire outfit of the volume is as attractive to the eye as the contents are to the lovers of travel and adventure.

"Befo' de War" is another delving into a field that is being very thoroughly worked at present, and this time it results in a volume of poems,* the first six of which are from the pen of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, and the remaining score or more the work of Mr. A. C. Gordon. In subject and style there is little variety. There is generally an old negro, devoted to the memory of an old master and "missis" who lived in the roseate days "befo' de war," and he has some story to tell of the glories of that far-away time. It is impossible not to conclude that the poetry of this period has already been sung in prose in much better fashion, and also that a large proportion of the rhyming words in these little verses owe their selection to sound alone. Yet without being especially poetical or novel, the volume is pleasant reading.

Julian Hawthorne seems to delight in sketching out-of-the-way subjects and characters. In this collection of stories† we find a good deal to interest, and not a little to criticise and question. The stories themselves are readable, but scarcely can be called amusing, and are almost without point or purpose. One reads on in the hope of finding something worth reading, and, without being altogether disappointed, closes the book at last with a feeling akin to vexation at having wasted so much time. The clergyman who throws aside his manhood, and becomes a profligate and gamester from the very moment he steps into a fortune, has no existence in reality. The moral descent is altogether too sudden. It takes time to develop so well-finished and consummate a fool as the reverend David Poindexter out of the material of his former self; and moreover, his supposed conversion to piety when his wealth had flown is quite inconsistent with the trickery and deception he practiced to regain possession of a portion of his wasted riches. "Ken's Mystery" is a mere wild dream, and might have been evolved from the fumes of a good hot whiskey punch. The same might be said of "My Friend Paton," if it had any romance in it, which it has not. The other stories have some point about them, and are interesting as psychological studies. That a man should be swayed by a pure but seemingly hopeless passion, and then, when Providence puts him in the way of happiness, should fly from the opening paradise, is so unusual a phenomenon that the explanation of it cannot be uninteresting, and Mr. Hawthorne certainly makes out a case for his hero. On the other hand, that a man of forty, who holds captive the heart of a lovely maiden of half his years, should magnanimously yield her up to "a former attachment," without a struggle, on the ground of disparity of age, and should send his blessing and fifty thousand dollars to the wedding, is quite a respectable peg on which to hang a series of philosophic meditations suitable to middle-aged and wealthy bachelors, but from which they will hardly derive any substantial comfort.

GRIEF, love and immortality are the themes which Mr. Stuart Sterne most frequently chooses in his latest collection of poems.‡ If sometimes sentimental, he

* "Befo' de War." Echoes in negro dialect. By A. C. Gordon and Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†"David Poindexter's Disappearance," and Other Tales. By Julian Hawthorne. D. Appleton & Co.

‡ "Beyond the Shadow, and Other Poems." By Stuart Sterne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

is oftener the interpreter of rare and beautiful thoughts. The expression is not always of equal merit with the ideas which it seeks to convey, but the true poet nature speaks plainly in the pages, and there is many a gem between the small covers.

From Bybury to Beacon Street* is a desultory discussion of various social and domestic problems in the form of a story. The scene is laid in a dull country village, where some bright people make plans for profitable social recreations in the winter season, and the story goes on its way through thirty-two chapters, evolving very little that is new or entertaining. The multiplicity of uninteresting characters who write interminable letters to each other on trite themes weary the reader, and it is only occasionally that he comes upon a bright saying which recalls to his mind the fact that Mrs. Diaz *has* written some bright books.

A plain, neat edition of Miss Jane Andrews' well-known story,† illustrative of the universal brotherhood of mankind, has just been issued in the series of "Classics for Home and School," and in this modest and inexpensive form it will add to its already wide circle of friends. A memorial of the authoress, prepared by her friend, Louisa Parsons Hopkins, prefaces the story and will be eagerly read by many who have not known of Miss Andrews except as a writer.

Another republication in the same series is Mrs. Horace Mann's Flower People,‡ which first saw the light, if we mistake not, some twenty-five years ago. But the principles of botany which are so happily illustrated in the lives of the crocus, violet, anemone and their sister flower families, are the same now as then, and the little story will find a place in the hearts of all flower-loving children.

In Mr. Blaisdell's scheme for the study of English and American literature,§ biographical details are very wisely made subordinate to the actual products of the author's brain. The massing together of dates and events, usually unimportant in the life of a distinguished writer, yields no harvest to the student beyond the possible strengthening of the memory. The methods which Mr. Blaisdell has briefly outlined in a previous work are here elaborated, and commend themselves as being excellent working models. Selections from the best English and American authors are given, with full directions as to treatment in the class-room, and the systematic and thorough study of the text. The author shows inexcusable lack of taste or judgment in choosing the threadbare selections of well-known writers, and passing by the less familiar but seldom used portions of Scott, Tennyson, Holmes and Hawthorne.

* "Bybury to Beacon Street" By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. D. Lothrop Company.

†"The Seven Little Sisters who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air." With an introduction by Louisa Hopkins Parsons, Supervisor in the Boston Public Schools. Lee & Shepard.

‡"The Flower People." By Mrs. Horace Mann. Lee & Shepard.

§"First Steps with American and British Authors" By Albert F. Blaisdell, A. M. Lee & Shepard.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co.

Ignorant Essays. Richard Dowling.

A Nymph of the West. A Novel. Howard Seely.

A Débutante in New York Society; Her illusions and what became of them. Rachel Buchanan.

The Steel Hammer. A Novel. Louis Ulbach.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Manual of Christian Evidences. Prof. G. P. Fisher, D.D., LL. D.

The Residuary Legatee, or The Posthumous Jest of the late John Austin. F. J. Stimson.

Scribner & Welford.

The Ethic of Freethought. A Selection of Essays and Lectures. Karl Pearson, M. A.

J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Vol. VII. The Merchant of Venice. H. H. Furness, LL. D., etc.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Summer Legends. Rudolph Baumbach. Translated by Helen B. Dole.

Macmillan & Co.

For God and Gold. Julian Corbett.

Lee & Shepard.

Noble Deeds of Our Fathers. Revised and adapted from Henry C. Watson.

Charles P. Somerby.

Rome or Reason. A Memoir of Christian and Extra-Christian Experience. N. R. Waters.

Jewish Ministers' Association.

The Jewish Home Prayer Book.

Dodd, Mead & Co.

This Son of Vulcan. Walter Besant and James Rice.

With Harp and Crown. A Novel. Walter Besant and James Rice.

The Monks of Thelema. A Novel. Walter Besant and James Rice.

By Celia's Arbour. A Tale of Portsmouth Town. Walter Besant and James Rice.

Cupples & Hurd.

Stray Leaves from Newport. Esther Grace Wheeler.

A. D. T. Randolph & Co.

Stubble or Wheat. S. Bayard Dod.

C. H. Ker & Co., Chicago.

The Evolution of Immortality. C. T. Stockwell.

The Faith that Makes Faithful. W. C. Gannett and J. L. Jones.

Shew us the Father.

Belford, Clarke & Co.

Rents in our Robes. Mrs. Frank Leslie.

George Redway, London.

A Wayfarer's Wallet. Henry G. Hewlett.

R. M. Mitchell, Chicago.

The Safe Side. A Theistic Refutation of the Divinity of Christ. R. M. Mitchell.

The Truthseeker Co., New York.

The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism. Felix L. Oswald.

Cassell & Co.

The Brown Stone Bay. W. H. Bishop.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Abraham Lincoln. A Biography for Young People. Noah Brooks.

Hints from a Lawyer, or Legal Advice to Men and Women. Edgar A. Spencer, of the New York Bar.

The Heart of the Creeds. Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought. Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

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PROHIBITORY LAW AND PERSONAL LIBERTY.

WHETHER it is right or wrong, *per se*, to buy or sell intoxicating liquors, is a question which loses its interest to me in the face of the acknowledged and appalling evils with which the liquor traffic confronts us. It is not easy to exaggerate these evils, even if this were possible. There is no single channel through which such depths of misery flow over the human race as through this. No ravages of disease, no devastation of nature, no kinds of vice or crime work so much woe as this. Such a statement no intelligent person will be likely to doubt, and no honest one to deny. The liquor traffic is responsible for four-fifths of our poverty, seven-eighths of our crime, and for a proportion of our disease, and vice, and wrong—to say nothing of taxation, which makes every other evil almost insignificant.

Now, it is undoubtedly true that all these evils have a moral source. They root themselves in the choices of a free will. They would all disappear if the moral purpose of every man's life were set upon virtue. And it is equally true that a virtuous purpose must be free. No man is made virtuous by compulsion. His virtue is not put upon him or placed within him, save as he himself originates it in his own choice. I have no dispute, therefore, with one who tells me that law is not sufficient for virtue. I know very well that good laws do not make goodness. Evil remains in the human heart and in society under the best laws.

But it is a prodigious mistake, therefore, to argue against all constraint of human conduct except by moral means. One ignores the actual facts of human nature who denies the necessity of physical coercion among men. If the infant Hercules could strangle the serpent in his cradle, unnumbered other infants, with a genuine life, would be strangled by the monster unless he were kept from creeping upon them by a power stronger than he. While we would do everything we can to bring men to control their appetites by their own self-mastery, let us not ignore the need, or renounce the privilege, or throw away the power we have of helping them, by all means, to this self-control. In the present condition of the world we may not adjust our laws to the resources of the actual heroes, and forget the requirements of the possible ones.

Most persons, however, admit that men, as they are, cannot be governed without force, and that the liquor traffic needs to be regulated by law. The Western Liquor Dealers and Manufacturers' Protective Association not long ago expressed itself as decidedly convinced of such a need. The question, therefore, relating to the liquor traffic, is not between law and no law, but between one kind of law and another. And, practically, the progress of discussion has narrowed us down to the question, whether we should license the traffic, or prohibit it.

Now, I compare all possible good which may come from the traffic with its actual evils, and the preponderance of the evil is so enormous that any conceivable gain is obliterated by the overwhelming loss. I therefore disregard the gain,—questionable at the best,—and, addressing myself to the enormity of the loss, I would do my utmost to remove it by the destruction of its source. Instead of attempting to restrict, I would prohibit absolutely the traffic, believing that we may thus immediately and greatly lessen the evils, which we hope thus ultimately and wholly to destroy. My reason for such a position—as in this paper I must be brief—may be succinctly stated.

1. A restriction which permits the trade and simply limits the traders to those who are licensed to sell, sets no limit upon the buyer. His opportunity is not diminished. He can get his liquor, if he wishes it, just as copiously as before. One saloon will supply the craving of five hundred—or five thousand, for that matter—as well as many. The evils, therefore, of the traffic are not

necessarily reduced by reducing the numbers of those who engage in it. The abolition of places where liquor is sold, rather than their reduction, is what we need, and ought to seek.

2. License, high or low, takes away what ought to be, and, in a healthy community, would be, an important moral restriction, from the seller. It removes from him the condemnation of the community, and justifies him. It makes his act legal. His moral sense, easily blinded by the gigantic profits of his trade, is thus paralyzed. He becomes thus, what we find him to be, obdurate, rapacious, an evil man and seducer, who waxes worse and worse. I do not wish to condemn him, or any man, but I do not know of any trade so demoralizing to the trader—any class of sales which does the seller so much moral mischief—as that in intoxicating drinks. And to this damage the community contributes by licensing him in his trade.

3. To license the liquor traffic on the view that the enormity of its evils can be thus regulated,—impossible, as experience has thus far shown this to be,—to sanction the opening of its floodgates of woe on the pretense that to keep them shut is to infringe upon the liberty which a wise government should ever guard, is not only, as it seems to me, the enslavement of the multitude for the freedom of the few,—an attempt whose result is likely to be the bondage of all,—but it makes the community itself a party to wrong doing. This cannot be done without lowering its own moral tone.

4. The revenue from license falls heaviest where the burden ought to be the least. The cost of the license, while it may add to the price of the liquor sold, does not, so far as I can learn, diminish the amount of the liquor bought and consumed. Practically, the cost of liquor within the limits which any license is likely to put, seems to have little to do with the consumption. An intemperate man is not likely to drink more because it is cheap, nor less because it is dear. The difference between three cents a glass and four makes no appreciable difference with him. But the family of the drunkard! Alas! alas! the great revenues for high license, the enormous taxes on intoxicating drinks are wrung from the wretchedness of worse than widowed wives and worse than orphaned children.

The presence of the prohibitory party in our national politics is in itself a moral education. I hold that the end it seeks is wise

statesmanship and sound ethics, and while I do not anticipate an immediate victory from the use of this weapon, nor an ultimate victory, if we do not employ other weapons also; while I do not believe that Prohibition alone will stop the sale of strong drink any more than it will stop the continuance of gambling, or of theft, or of any other crime, I would make it clear by statute that it is a crime, believing, with Mr. Gladstone, that "it is the duty of Government to make it as hard as possible for a man to go wrong, and as easy as possible for him to go right."

JULIUS H. SEELYE.

IT is evident that the flowing tide is at last with the temperance reform. The solution of the very great and complex problem involved in this reform is next in order; it stands next on the calendar of time. Austin Phelps has said no great social evil has begun to amend ever until it has reached the point of suppuration. The liquor evil has assuredly reached this point, and there is well grounded reason for the belief that the day of amendment is at hand.

Two methods of cure are presented: One, restriction by license, or taxation, made higher and higher; the other, prohibition.

There was a time, back in the twilight of civilization, in almost every country, when stealing was common and little thought of; that theft, in one way or another, was licensed. In France and in Germany still it is thought wise to attempt to control the bawdy-house by license; and, even in parts of this country, the same is true of gambling. The great question in that early age was shall the law be put against stealing; shall theft be made an outlaw at all times and at all places, or shall the privilege of stealing be purchaseable by the few? Then, as now, doubtless, it was argued that "license is restriction"; it is "partial prohibition." But, finally, when theft was made an outlaw—completely, unequivocally so—a mighty step upward was taken. The time will come when to legalize a saloon will be thought as hurtful to social order, as is deemed to-day the legalization of a bawdy-house or a faro-bank; and then an open saloon on a public thoroughfare will be as rare a sight as will be a house of ill-fame or a gambling hell.

Right here rests the strongest argument for Prohibition: with the masses the most potent educator is the law. With them that which the law permits is right and that which the law forbids is wrong. The law is the great schoolmaster for the masses. We may spin never so fine theories touching license, this will remain true in all of its tremendous educational effect over the minds of the multitude, *The selling, buying and drinking of liquor as a beverage is not wrong, for it is permitted by law.* That was a monstrous wrong done by the New York Legislature two years ago, the enactment of the Ives law, whereby pool-selling was made legal. After the passage of that law, said a prominent pool seller, "I now feel like a gentleman; my business is legal." A saloon-keeper points to his neatly framed "Permit," signed by well-known, respectable citizens, and says, "I am in a legal business and can claim for my protection all that the flag of my country represents." The Nevada Liquor Dealers' Association several years ago passed this resolution:

"*Resolved*, That so long as our business is licensed by the United States, State and County, we consider it perfectly legitimate and honorable, and do not think that we deserve the censure which is constantly being heaped upon us."

In Paris the educational effect of the law on the side of prostitution is horrible beyond thought. According to Von Oettingen's "Moral Statistik" (3d ed. 1882), fifty per cent. nearly of the fifty thousand children born annually in that city are born out of wedlock. A gentleman who, as commissioner, had charge for years of the business of licensing bawdy houses in Paris, tells a story of an old lady whose license he had often renewed. She wrote to him thanking him for his uniform kindness to her, and ended her letter by saying that she was now four-score years and over, and would soon depart for her home beyond the skies, but that her business would be conducted by her granddaughters, and she bespoke for them the same considerate care from his hands that he had shown her, and that she from heaven would bless him. This I quote from a newspaper clipping, and see no reason to doubt its correctness. There was not, seemingly, the slightest suspicion in the mind of that woman that her business was not a proper one. And why should we have expected, pray, to have found such a suspicion? She had complied with the law, and she felt that the law had its mighty arms of protection about her. To the vast majority the law is the one visible, concrete form of right and wrong.

It is a frightful blunder to place the educative power of the law on the side of a wrong. Let the thunder of the legal code be like that of Sinai, "Thou shalt not." Back yonder, in that distant twilight, Moses might have said, "O Lord, the people are not ready for these prohibitory laws. Public sentiment is not educated sufficiently. They will lie and steal and worship idols. Let us go at the reform gradually. Give them license laws, low license for worshiping a calf; high license for worshiping a full grown cow." No; "thou shalt not" has thundered down the ages, educating all the time up toward its level. It is said that when the Roman emperors fought with the gladiators, leaden swords were used. A license law is a very clumsy sword wielded against the wrong by "the powers that be." It is the duty of government to make the path upward plain as possible and easy as possible, and the way to wrong dark and difficult.

"But," it is objected, "you cannot enforce a prohibitory law." Grant, for argument's sake, that the law cannot be enforced, perfectly enforced. It is still advantageous, exceedingly so, to put the educative power of the law against the evil. An unenforced righteous law is infinitely better than an enforced law that gives half sanction to the wrong. It is never wise to legalize a fragment of a wrong in order to suppress the remainder. In the end the experiment will be found always disastrous.

"But you confound things that are sinful with things that are simply dangerous. We *prohibit* a sin; we *regulate* things that are dangerous. A bawdy-house is wicked; a saloon is dangerous." Again, for argument's sake, grant this distinction. It is not true that we never *prohibit* things that are dangerous. We *prohibit* the building of frame houses inside the fire limits. Why? Not because the building of such a house is sinful, but because it is dangerous. In localities we prohibit absolutely slaughter houses, bone factories, powder mills, etc., solely because these things are dangerous. Prove the saloon to be always a menace to the public welfare, and you have ground sufficient for prohibition. And is it not such a menace? Permit me to quote what I have published elsewhere:

The liquor traffic is a stupendous injury to society and to our Government, and is a portentous and continuous menace to both; responsible, according to Chief Justice Noah Davis,* for eighty per cent. of all crime; according to Premier

* *Homiletic Review*, January, 1885, p. 25.

Gladstone, for the infliction of more harm on man "than the three great historic scourges, war, famine and pestilence, combined;" according to the late eminent physician, Dr. Willard Parker,† for 35 per cent. of lunacy, 45 per cent. of idiocy, 75 to 90 per cent. of pauperism, and 10 per cent. of deaths; according to the New York *Tribune*, "this traffic lies at the centre of all political and social mischief, it paralyzes energies in every direction, it neutralizes educational agencies, it silences the voice of religion, it baffles penal reform, it obstructs political reform;" according to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, so intimately connected is the traffic with crime in England—and the same is certainly true in almost equal degree in America—"If we could make England sober we would shut up nine-tenths of her prisons;" and according to the London *Times*, it is an evil of such vast and growing magnitude "that it may crush and ruin us all."

If a government was ever justified in prohibiting a thing that was dangerous, our government would be justified certainly in prohibiting the liquor traffic. Since this traffic is such a monster evil, what wisdom is there in keeping the tremendous educating power of the law on its side? Whatever else is done or left undone in reference to this traffic, let the business be made an outlaw.

I. K. FUNK.

"PROHIBITION," written with a big "P," is now a term used almost universally in this country to signify the enactment and enforcement of laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in every form to be used as a beverage—the prevention of this commercial transaction by law. There is now an enlarged, the only adequate, and soon to be the universal sense of the term, which includes the manufacture and all other stages, such as transportation, importation from other countries, and any other circumstances which, as well as the sale, are a part of the process which precedes the consumption of such liquors as a beverage.

This form of "Prohibition," when enforced, will prohibit.

When the individual makes his own law and prohibits the consumption of intoxicating liquors to himself he is said to abstain. Prohibition, then, is an external force, and is a denial of personal liberty in the consumption of intoxicating beverages to individuals by the state.

Is it "wise" to do this?

What is wisdom? "The right use or exercise of knowledge; the choice of laudable ends and of the best means to accomplish

† Preface to Richardson's "Ten Lectures on Alcohol," p. 10.

them; the exercise of sound judgment either in avoiding evils or attempting good." Prohibition as a public policy may be considered *first* as to its own nature: whether it be a wise policy under any circumstances; whether, granting its end to be desirable, such an infringment upon the rights of individuals can be justified as a means to secure that end. In this sense it is opposed to the policy of absolute liberty to individuals in the use of alcoholic liquors as beverages.

The true answer to this question must depend upon the fact whether or not such use is an evil, and, if so, how great an evil to society. If its moderate use be such an evil as to seriously threaten the general good, no individual has a right to use it. He has no more right to injure society by injuring himself than by injuring another, and every evil to society which the law of society can reach, society by such law may prohibit.

Here, then, is the main question. I assume that any internal administration which is not medicinal is, "for the purposes of this case," to be taken to be "used as a beverage." It does not follow that the use is not medicinal because no physician prescribes it. But I do assume that science has proven alcohol to be a poison as indisputably as strychnine, and that its administration in any quantity to a perfectly healthy human being in condition not requiring medicine, is poisonous, deleterious to the health of the individual, and consequently being hurtful to that member of society who thus administers it to himself, and, by force of example, to others. Thus, society suffers an evil which society may prohibit, and if the evil be of sufficient magnitude to justify resort to law (for the law avoids those trifles which cost less than the oiling of its own machinery), then society should prohibit and destroy that evil.

On the other hand, the opponents of "Prohibition" declare that the reasonable use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage is not poisonous, that only its excessive use is injurious to the individual, and hence only excessive use is hurtful to society; that there is a use which lies between the medicinal and the excessive, which is not poisonous; and most opponents to Prohibition go further, and say that the individual has complete freedom of use to any degree of merely personal hurt, and that society may not interfere further than to restrain and to punish acts of aggressive injury to others.

This is as yet a region of conflicting opinion upon facts as well as theory, and the law in any community which is republican in its form of government, will and should depend upon the facts as each community respectively acting as a jury upon the evidence before it shall find them.

From the best examination of the subject which I can make, I am satisfied that the use of alcohol to any extent as a beverage is poisonous, hurtful to the body and mind, almost sure to result in the destruction of the consumer, and full of evil example to others; that the question whether the use be greatly harmful is not to be decided by noting the effect of the first, or it may be the thousandth glass, nor whether here or there may be found a cast-iron stomach and a brain with fibres of steel which can withstand the corrosive action of alcohol for a century; but that the general tendency and final effect of the use as a beverage and the influence of example upon others are the criterion by which the action of society in the election between legal policies is to be decided. And maintaining this view, it is my opinion that the consumption of alcoholic drinks is wrong, because hurtful, both to the individual and to society, and that the law should prohibit not alone the creation and sale of the commodity for use as a mere beverage, but its consumption as such by the individual. It cannot be wrong to make and sell that which it is right to buy and consume. The relation between individuals and the communities which they constitute is not that of hostile bands of marauders separated only by geographical lines across which they continually make reprisals upon each other. The social condition is a plexus of harmonious relations, and no member has a right to do that which, injuring directly himself only, injures the whole body. The old fable of the "Belly and the members" is an authority in point. Certainly the evil of intemperance cannot exist if there be no occasional or so-called moderate drinker. What greater evil is there in society than intemperance? Is theft or arson, or even occasional murder, comparable to it? Therefore I believe that Prohibition should include even the *use* of liquor as a beverage. There is no such thing possible as moderation in the use of poison when not administered medicinally.

These and other considerations satisfy me that prohibition in theory is absolutely right, and whatever is right I believe to be wise.

Second. But there are degrees in wisdom—wise, wiser, wisest. The question at the beginning has been answered, but I suppose in the public mind the real problem is "What is the *wisest* policy to be pursued in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks?" Assuming that the free individual use is to be restricted by society, how shall it be done?

I still say by absolute Prohibition, because I believe Prohibition to be the wisest method of all, and in fact the only one which can result in the removal of the evil. This is not saying that other policies are foolish. There may be different policies which are wise and other methods wiser still, none of which are the wisest. I only claim that absolute Prohibition is the wisest of all. Prohibition is restraint. Whatever interposes obstacles to the free use is restraint, and therefore beneficial as far as it goes. Hence license laws which permit the sale under conditions of more or less stringency are, so far as they are restrictive, beneficial; therefore they have more or less of wisdom in them, because there is more or less of Prohibition in their practical effect. They are better than nothing. But I must say that I think a small coal of fire about as dangerous in a powder magazine as a large one, and in the long run, and sometimes in the short run, a license law blows up society as badly as free rum.

The theory is that the small coal will go out before the powder ignites; but it doesn't seem to work that way. Perhaps the better simile would be the use of almost water enough to put out the fire, but still leaving the edifice to burn under difficulties. The trouble is that the water gives out and the fire does not. After a while the firemen go home, the reservoir is exhausted, the enemy returns in the form of a new flood of fire, and society becomes again an earthly hell. The dose is too small for the disease. A license law never can stop intemperance, however well enforced. Prohibition can. Agitate, and thus educate, until you create the public opinion with which to enforce it.

In considering this subject, I think we may be instructed by asking ourselves the question, To what end should the efforts of "moral suasion" be directed in dealing with individuals?

Shall we teach total or partial abstinence? Is it not common knowledge that moderate drinking is the highway to the drunkard's grave? Think of a "Temperance Reform" based upon the theory of drinking just enough, but not too much. What an

admirable improvement upon the old pavement of "good intentions" such a boiling concrete as that would be for the hot city!

No, it is proved beyond all cavil that the only safe rule for the individual is total abstinence. Total abstinence is the law which every man, and especially every boy, should lay down unto himself. It is the only law which any considerate parent will desire for his child. Better moderate drinking than ebriety. So murder is worse than arson or theft. But all are bad. Of two evils choose the least. But why choose either, when you have at hand a policy of absolute wisdom? What good is there in a drunken stupor? If there be none, why then go silly over a single glass? It is all poison, and if total abstinence be the wisest policy or law for the individual, why is it not the wisest policy for society to lay down for the good of each and of all, under the sanctions of the law?

The question of enforcement which depends upon the public will, is, of course, important; for without enforcement any policy is void. But no law is ever fully enforced. If society were in that state of perfection, the law would no longer be needed.

That would be the millennium "When all crimes shall cease and ancient frauds shall fail." But the better the law in any state of society the more good will be obtained from it, and from a prohibitory law half enforced more than from the most stringent license law enforced to perfection. Besides, Prohibition always holds up before the public mind the loftiest ideal of absolute right in the law. Thus the statute book, like the Bible, becomes an educator, although it may be violated. I am no believer in low, bad laws because there is vice and degradation among men. Lift up the ideals. It is injurious to society to ignore and violate the laws of Nature and of God. The golden rule is none too good law for the savage. God's own laws being perfect are most violated, yet none of them have been repealed on that account. They are not enforced as well as the Maine liquor law, yet the ten commandments are as inflexible as the stone text of the original, and their author issues no license even to those who pay fees into the Treasury of the Temple itself. It will only confirm existing drunken habits and enable the devil to retain his own, for us to adopt his legislation because we are not able fully to enforce any other.

The law of God is always a Prohibitory law. In so far as man's law is not God's law, it is the devil's law.

The law should be perfect even if its execution partially fails. Perfect law will accomplish more than the imperfect law, while there will always be within its scope the complete remedy for all evil, and the consummate standard for aspiration and high endeavor.

HENRY W. BLAIR.

I AM invited, within the limit of fifteen hundred words, to answer the question :

"Is Prohibition a wise policy ?"

Why is all the civilized world moving in some way against the liquor traffic ? The answer is simple : because it is inconsistent with the general good. As it flourishes, every legitimate industry languishes and dies. It disinclines to honest and continuous work all who come under its influence, and finally unfits them for it. There is no interest, public or private, which it does not antagonize. There is no home in the country that does not suffer in some way, directly or indirectly, from its touch, which blasts everything coming within its grasp. It wastes the wages of labor, which ought to go to the homes of the workers; it breaks down the health and shortens the lives of the people, which is a great social misery and a great public disaster. It diminishes and wastes to an extent beyond all power of computation the power of the Nation, physical, moral, financial. It inflicts upon Nation and people more and greater evils than come from all other causes of evil combined. At the same time no good whatever comes from it to the community. The inevitable tendency of the saloon, whatever its name, location, magnitude, or adornments may be, is to drive out from among the people every good thing, and to substitute for it everything bad, and so bad that nothing else in the world is or can be so bad.

All over the English speaking world the people are actively seeking some remedy for this tremendous mischief, and many are the schemes suggested to that end by educated, able and well-meaning men. Let us establish it by law as an honest and useful industry, and perpetuate it through all coming time, some of these people say. Since we cannot suppress it, let us regulate and

restrict it by "high-license," others say, and when public opinion will sustain such a measure we can prohibit and suppress it. To repress it in any way, say others, is to interfere with personal liberty, and to assume powers not delegated by the people to the government, but which they have reserved to themselves. Now, what is it wise to do about it?

Under no form of license has the liquor traffic ever been "restricted" nor its volume diminished, because under that policy the demand for liquor, whatever it might be, was fully supplied. Many intelligent people have a horror of what they call "free rum." What is the worst that can possibly come from that? This, and nothing more: That the demand for liquor will be fully supplied; and the same thing will happen under any system of license, however carefully the law may be drawn. No one who has any knowledge of this matter, either personal or from books, can be ignorant of the fact that the liquor traffic licensed is practically "free rum." There is no other country in the world where the policy of license has been more firmly established, or where the laws relating to it have been so carefully studied and elaborated as in England. At every session of Parliament there are bills brought in with a view to the changing in some way the law of license, under which the country has become one of the most drunken nations in the world, the condition of a large proportion of the working population there having become as the result of this policy almost unendurable.

Looking the ground all over carefully, we "fanatical" temperance men and women have come to the conclusion, unanimously and irrevocably, that under no circumstances nor for any consideration will we consent to any policy giving legal status to the saloon. So far as our voice and vote are concerned, it shall have no standing under the law, but shall be put under its ban. If we cannot have it forbidden and suppressed we will not consent that it shall have legal permission or protection. Whatever evil to society may come from it, let it be without sanction of the State.

It seems to follow from all this that we are quite ready to declare prohibition to be a wise policy; that it is the only wise policy; and that no other has even a suspicion of wisdom in it. I do not forget that many able men affirm that prohibition has been a failure everywhere and must always continue to be so, and that

it is a folly to persist in a policy which practically has come to nothing. People who talk in that way have no knowledge of the matter of which they speak, and this is the only question, I think, upon which such men would venture an opinion without first knowing something about it.

Prohibition has failed nowhere that it has ever been adopted; that is, everywhere it has diminished the volume of the liquor traffic, and from large areas of country it has driven out entirely drinking houses and tippling shops. These results of prohibition have been widely printed and published a thousand times all over the English speaking world, and it is not a credit to any intelligent man that he is ignorant of a matter which more deeply than any other touches the highest interests of nations and peoples. This being so, then how is it, objectors may inquire, that in Maine and in many other districts, where prohibition exists, the liquor traffic yet lingers on a scale larger or smaller, and more or less on the sly, especially in the cities and large towns ?

The answer is simple and ready. Liquor is sold in violation of law, not for the fun of it, but for the profit. There has never yet been constructed any prohibitory law with reference to this fact and to meet this point, to wit : To make it unprofitable and exceedingly uncomfortable to those who persist in violating it. The able men to whom I have alluded, who object to prohibition as impracticable, seem to assume that any law which simply forbids the liquor traffic is in fact "prohibitory," irrespective of the character and quality of its machinery. The steam engine, the ocean steamer, the steam printing press, are a great success, and this is due only to the fact that their machinery is constructed and its several parts carefully and skillfully arranged with reference to the work which they have to perform. Everybody not quite an innocent can easily see this. Very well, then, Why have not the Prohibitionists arranged their laws with reference to this want ? The innocents ask this question, and coming from them, it is a proper one and should be answered.

When the Maine Law was constructed it was supposed that public opinion might not approve such penalties as would fully meet the necessities of the case, and they were therefore made moderate to avoid that danger. All other prohibitory laws have been more or less modeled on that pattern. But all our experience in the enforcement of these laws has emphasized the

fact, that they are imperfect in having insufficient penalties, and in permitting such discretion to the courts that in many localities the law is practically nullified. Why then, the innocent may properly inquire, do we not have these imperfections corrected and these wants supplied?

The politics of the country, in nation, states, and cities, is now a mere scramble for office and its rewards, with no reference whatever to the public welfare. The liquor traffic is a tremendous power, from its magnitude, its wealth, its large vote, which is a unit, employed only in its own interest, and from its ability to corrupt voters with its money and party leaders by its ballots. From this it happens that now, so far as its interests are concerned, it controls absolutely the legislation of the nation and of the states and cities; so we find it difficult everywhere, and in Maine impossible, for the moment, to obtain such legislation as we require for the extermination of the fraction of the liquor traffic yet remaining. This traffic now notoriously controls the politics of the country. In the near future two great parties will be openly and squarely divided upon the question—Rum or No Rum? and the battle will be fought out at the ballot-box on that line. All other questions of public policy of whatever kind are insignificant when compared with this.

Protection to the labor of the country from foreign competition, so that our people may have larger wages, looks only to this point, that our homes may be peaceful, prosperous, thrifty, happy, from a larger expenditure upon the necessaries, comforts and refinements of life. The suppression of the liquor traffic, which politicians resist, would insure all this beyond the wildest dreams of the warmest imagination, since it would involve a saving to our firesides of more than fifteen hundred million dollars annually—a sum so vast as to be incomprehensible—now spent, lost, far worse than wasted in drink.

NEAL DOW.

IF, in this question, we mean by prohibition, prohibition in its most effective form, then is it most assuredly a wise policy. The restraining sentiment and law must cover a sufficient territory to give the conditions of independent action, and be so sustained by those who, as public officers, embody the power of the people as to bring that power fully, readily and constantly to bear in the

accomplishment of its purpose. We are glad to make an appeal to reason on the question. If sound reason does not support Prohibition as a national policy, the discovery of that fact would bring instant relief from wearing and unrewarded labor; if it does justify Prohibition, we shall appeal the more hopefully to our fellow citizens to support the measure.

If we consider the slightness of the pleasures that attend on strictly temperate use of intoxicating drinks, the temptations which accompany it, the ease with which this indulgence passes into excess, the obscurity of the transition, the many disturbances and diseases which more careful investigation is tracing to habits of drink which have hitherto been regarded as strictly moderate, we believe that entire abstinence is the safest, most convenient, most commanding and most pleasurable personal attitude. We lose almost nothing by it, and gain at once an impregnable position. Even though we hesitate at this point of personal safety and pleasure, if we regard the community as a whole, with its weakness of will, its excessive appetites, its greediness of excitement, its readiness in assuming a ground of factious and foolish independence, its slowness in seeing danger, its disastrous inheritance of vice both from physical and moral transmission, we cannot doubt that entire abstinence alone furnishes the conditions of universal safety. We have no ground for a temperate use of intoxicating drinks in the community, till the physical balance of the general constitution is restored by long disuse, and greatly strengthened by moral force. We are as a patient who has already fallen into the hands of the physician, and with whom the injunction of abstinence is peremptory.

If this conclusion is correct, if wine has often made, and is sure to make, my brother to offend, then, in obedience to the sympathetic desire to render aid where aid is needed, I cannot do otherwise than accept in my own action the common law of safety. Not to do this is to set up my own pleasures against the well-being of the community, is to isolate my life to its own injury and the injury of all. The well-being involved in this self-denial is so extended, so urgent, that hesitancy to accept its mandate stands out as as flagrant self-assertion.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the imperative motives to this self-denial. Philanthropy has been urging them for the last half century. They are wide and deep, yet crop out conspicuously on

the surface of things. The latest enumeration lies before me: "60,000 lives annually; hundreds of thousands of wretched homes; the darkened future of millions of children; 35 per cent., according to Dr. Willard Parker, of all idiots, 45 per cent. of the insane, 90 per cent., according to Judge Noah Davis, of all paupers, and 80 per cent. of crime."

It matters not whether these estimates are entirely correct. It matters not whether the money expended directly in the purchase of intoxicating drinks by this nation is a little less or a little more than $900,000,000 annually. These statements will bear large reduction, and the motives to action remain unaltered. The desire for human happiness, the labor for collective progress, the willingness to do and to suffer for righteousness, gather with overwhelming force in this one effort to defeat the avarice and appetite that are setting at naught the general welfare.

Nor are there any new purposes or strange methods called for in working out this social problem by the collective power of the state. The interests involved are those most pertinent to law. Thousands of households, tens of thousands of women and children—those who in their weakness most of all appeal to civil law for protection—call with the pressing entreaty of utter want for the shelter the state is failing to provide them. These helpless ones are left to the most bitter and irremediable wrongs that human nature suffers. And has the state no function, the community no duty, in giving the conditions of safety to those, from the nature of the case, so utterly dependent? Crime, pauperism, burdensome taxation, the waste of physical powers and the overthrow of moral ones, are all wrapped up in the meshes of this traffic in intoxicating drinks? Can we not cut asunder, if we will, this net of vice, and let the unobstructed beneficence of Nature have way? Narrow aims and comprehensive ones, small motives and large ones, alike urge society to protect itself, and to define for itself its own conditions of prosperity.

The fact that this problem involves the most profound moral issues ought not to embarrass us in invoking the aid of the law in doing those things for which law is instituted. It is said that moral power must lie back of and sustain this movement. Certainly; but prohibitory law is the most direct and pertinent expression of that moral power. Moral energy can no more exist without law than law without moral energy. The law does what

moral manhood proposes. Prohibitory law is to express—we are laboring for this very end—the deep, unalterable conviction of the majority of the nation. The sentiment opposed to it will lack almost wholly moral force. It will be made up of the passions of those deeply immersed in intemperance, of the sentiments of those engaged in this cruel traffic, of the feelings of those who seek their own pleasure with no careful submission of it to the claims of others, and of the convictions of that very small number who reason negligently on the duties to their fellow citizens involved in this problem. The law cannot come into being without overwhelming moral energy in its favor, neither can it continue in being without daily adding to the health and vigor of the public mind.

There is no new principle involved in the law, no unusual trespass on personal liberty. It is a gross caricature to say that Prohibition seeks to regulate what a man shall eat and drink, and to control actions which lie within the range of his personal wisdom and pleasure. It seeks no such thing. It seeks to protect the industrious against the waste of the dissipated; the innocent against the crimes of the guilty; the home against the merciless hands that destroy it; and generations unborn from the inheritance of weakness, poverty and vice which is ready to overwhelm them. If in attaining this urgent object of civil society, the pleasure-seeker is deprived of a portion of his liberty, we can only say that it is a regretable incident of not much moment in a great and progressive movement. If a man builds a house in a city, he must build, not according to his own fancy, but in a method consistent with the security of other houses. If he drives a horse in crowded streets, he must drive so as to consult the safety of those about him. In managing his own household, he must be held subject to the direction of the board of health. Not to pass and enforce prohibitory laws when they are called for would be to disregard the fundamental principle on which civil government rests—the priority of the interests of all over the interests of any one man. To regard prohibitory law as a wanton invasion of individual liberty is, if we estimate aright the losses—searching, comprehensive, and inevitable—of intemperance, and the gains of indulgence—trifling, willful, and personal—anarchical, as much so as any opinion well can be. If a man will not yield the waywardness of a dangerous appetite for the public weal, what will he concede? If

the public—the public that conscripts its citizens for purposes of war—cannot defend its safety, and provide for its progress at such a point as this, what, pray, can it do? It never lays a restriction on its citizens without some limitation of this so-called liberty, this illusion of an untempered spirit.

But the wisdom of this policy of prohibition must turn on one thing farther, the possibilty of success. We are to remember that we are not speaking of the possibilities of prohibition in a community, the majority of which are opposed to it, but of those possibilities when the majority heartily approve it. In discussing the wisdom of the policy, we have to consider, not the labor of securing the law, but the efficiency of the law when it is obtained. The difficulty of enforcing this form of law arises from two things: a strong appetite on the one side, and a favorable opportunity to make money on the other. We cannot exterminate the appetite except by slow degrees. We can almost at once remove the money motive to pander to it. The appetite does not furnish the means of gratification, except as it appeals to avarice. Let the state and general government unite in an effort to exterminate the traffic, and the traffic would yield rapidly to the pressure.

The manufacture, to meet the demand, must be on a large scale, and cannot hide its operations. Transactions of this kind that are concealed are relatively insignificant. Capital, timid, conservative, loving respectability, at every step dependent on law, will not in any large amounts engage in illicit production.

The inducements to such production, under the Treasury tax imposed for years by the general government, have been very great. But the moment the nation resolved to control the business, the effort was thoroughly successful. This is a conflict whose danger lies in timidity.

Once overcome fear, and open the attack, and the enemy is easily scattered. Nothing is more weak than debased appetite; nothing is more fearful of assault than outlawed capital.

It is said that these laws are incapable of enforcement in large cities. If large cities were not rapidly running to economic waste, social anarchy, and lawless corruption, we might attach more weight to this assertion. The growing evils of our cities are most directly associated with this traffic. If it is more difficult to suppress the trade in these communities, it is in the same

degree more needful. If the city is to be redeemed at all, if its anti-social and anti-republican tendencies are not to go on to complete themselves in overthrow, the most direct and ready step toward that redemption is the repression of the saloon.

Dry up the streams of intoxicants that flow into our cities, and appetite will no more create beer and whiskey than thirst furnishes water, or than hunger supplies food. The weakness in our way is almost wholly a moral one, and does not make against the wisdom of the policy of prohibition. That policy grounds itself in renewed moral strength, and for that very reason is a wise policy. It certainly is not wise to set up one social standard in the city and another in the country; to let vice and anarchy rule in squatter sovereignty wherever they can win a foot of territory. Let us stand by the nation in its legitimate purposes, in its conjoint strength. National life is the comprehensive condition of all life. Prohibition has already shown its nationalizing power by the enthusiasm with which it is gathering all sections and all classes into one patriotic effort.

JOHN BASCOM.

POLICY is defined by Webster as "that system of measures which the sovereign of a country adopts and pursues, as the best adapted to the interests of the nation."

Here, the sovereign is the people; for, as Lincoln said: "This is a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

Hence the question of prohibition addresses itself to the interests of the ruling power in our state and nation. Is it for the interests of the people that all public crimes shall be suppressed? To ask the question is to answer it; for every crime is opposed to the best interests of the people, and is a direct injury inflicted on them.

Civil liberty brings protection to the people, by prohibiting all acts and practices injurious to them. Prohibition of crime is civil liberty. License of crime is despotism in its worst form. When we permit any crime to rise and rule in this Republic, we enthrone a traitor for the sure and swift destruction of free government.

Prohibition is wise because it is the only form of legislation adapted to the suppression of crimes. That the manufacture,

sale, and supply of alcoholic poison, in its many beverage forms, is a moral crime, few will contend in the negative, whose minds are not clouded by personal participation in the evil, under the light of our advanced civilization. That it is a source of vast injury to the people, even its authors admit, and all its countless victims attest, by their own revelations of human depravity, wretchedness and woe, too terrible to paint or tell. Since the beginning of the present century the alcohol crime has taken the lives of more of more than four millions of our people; has destroyed more than forty thousand millions of dollars of the fruits of national industry; and has multiplied vice, crime, insanity, poverty, ignorance, disease, degradation and misery, in all forms and places, beyond all power of computation. Science fails in the awful inquest, and official statistics seem incredible. The records of courts and the reports of jails and prisons, with one voice, have, through all the investigations of this century, proclaimed it as the prolific parent of more than four-fifths of all the crimes that have cursed society; and the echoes of the world have repeated the same lesson. Can we impeach this universal testimony? Can we doubt this judgment of all experience and history in our own and other nations?

This being the nature of the evil, so proved and confessed as the most colossal, cruel and destructive of all crimes, the law applied must be adapted to that nature, or it will only serve to augment its malign power, by the impotence of the aggression. Every triumph of wrong adds to its force for evil. The legislator who would propose the forms of limited permission, license, taxation, local option, personal restriction, or other kind of regulation for the pronounced public crimes, or any of them, from murder down to petit larceny, would be met with universal derision. Why? Because public intelligence everywhere sees and teaches that there is but one form of law adapted to a crime, and that is total, unconditional prohibition.

If the offspring of the alcohol crime can only be suppressed by prohibition, how can the mighty parent crime be subdued by any other kind of legislation?

Prohibition is wise because it is morally right. If total abstinence as a moral and social principle is the right, and the only right ground of the temperance reform, as now universally affirmed by the friends of that reform, then total prohibition as

a legislative principle is not only right, but is a high and commanding duty. Total abstinence and prohibition, the one a voluntary and the other a coercive remedy for the evils of the alcohol traffic, are both founded on the broad reason and admitted fact, that those evils are the inherent and vital elements, as well as the inevitable results of that traffic; and hence, the only effective remedy is not reform, but annihilation, of the common and corrupt cause of them all.

Temperance societies are now all radical. They strike at the root of the manufacture, traffic and use of alcoholic beverages. The only associations which in this day pretend to advocate the principle of moderate drinking as a preventive of intemperance, are the leagues and conventions of liquor dealers. The experience of millions and the experiments of centuries testify to its terrible absurdity.

On the same plane of truth, legislation against all kinds of vice, immorality and crime must be radical, or it is not only useless, but it is false and fearfully mischievous. The alcohol traffic is either right or wrong. If right, it should be free, for in this land of freedom there should be no chains imposed on art, labor or commerce outside of prison walls. If it is an organic wrong, that wrongs the people, it should die, and all laws that pretend to regulate, to sanctify and to save it are treason against God and the nation. This is a high question of truth and right which can be solved by no compromise. Policy may divide a principle with the devil or a demagogue, but not with God, not with the conscience of an honest man.

Prohibition is wise, because it is the highest practice of wisdom for government, as well as men, to do right, and it is their lowest act of folly to do wrong.

By a law fundamental and functional to all civil government, every act of the people under its administration, not prohibited by it, is sanctioned, either by its express or implied license. Its silence gives license by permission. The eminent Ohio jurist, Judge Ranney, rendering the decision of the Supreme Court in *Railroad Co.* vs. *Keary* (3 O. S. Rep., 205), said: "*Whatever is not prohibited may be lawfully done.*"

Having the power to suppress the alcohol crime, government assumes the responsibility of its existence, and every voter, as an integral part of the government, bears his part of the guilty

burden. As Fox said in the British Parliament of the slave trade:

"Government must either abolish it, or plead guilty of all the wickedness which has been shown to attend it. It could not be regulated, because there could be no regulation of robbery and murder." Thus to license, regulate, tax, or in silence to permit the existence of the far greater alcohol crime, is to involve government and people in its perpetuation, as the aiders and abettors of its wrongs and authors of its miseries. When the law-making power refuses to prohibit a wrong business, it bestows on it the same silent license that it does on the honest industry of the farmer and mechanic. It clothes that wrong with its most powerful sanction and exalts it to an eminence with the most honored and esteemed of the arts, trades, and avocations. It is by force of the implied more than the express sanctions of government that the alcohol crime has built up its causeway of human guilt and wretchedness over the broad highway of religion and laws.

Prohibition is a wise policy because it is the only successful one ever pursued by civilized governments for the suppression of crimes. Whether in a military despotism or in a free republic, prohibition always prohibits the criminal customs of society when backed by rulers ready and willing to enforce it. None are more prompt than the criminals themselves to recognize the fact when they see that the government is in earnest against them.

Formerly dueling was a fashionable custom in many civilized countries, and it yet lingers in some of them, where the laws respecting it are weak and not respected by the rulers themselves. When this custom had become alarmingly prevalent in the Swedish army, the King resolved to put an end to it. Hearing that two of his officers were about to engage in a duel, he ordered that it should be fought in his presence. The parties at first felt greatly pleased at the compliment, but on arriving at the place they were surprised and dismayed to find not only the King with his principal officers there, but a gibbet standing. On inquiring the meaning of the latter, they were informed that it was to hang them both on when the duel was over, the victor by the neck and the vanquished by the heels. They were not slow in discovering that there had been a mutual misunderstanding between them, which was satisfactorily explained. They shook hands, and that was the end of dueling in the Swedish

army. The same evil was promptly suppressed in several of our States by laws which classed it with murder. In Ohio, the constitution forever disqualifies from office every person who fights a duel, sends, accepts, or knowingly carries a challenge for it; and the Legislature added the penalty of imprisonment up to ten years in the penitentiary for either of these acts.

So of lotteries, yet licensed, taxed and regulated in too many Christian states and nations. The Ohio constitution prohibits, and the law punishes with heavy fines and imprisonment all who prepare, publish, or in any way promote lotteries and schemes of chance.

Nobody doubts that prohibition prohibits dueling and lotteries in Ohio. Thus it will soon be with the alcohol crime. Like the enchanted bottle of the Arabian tale, when sealed up with the seal of Solomon and cast into the sea, its power is destroyed; but if recovered and unsealed, though under the most rigid guard, the pestilential mist will, in a moment, go out of it and tower as a malignant giant in the heavens. That fable of the Orient has in it the true philosophy of law against crime. That seal of Solomon the wise is the wise policy of Prohibition.

G. F. STEWART.

THE question submitted to me is this: "Is Prohibition a wise policy?" I assume that this refers to the enactments of laws by Congress and the legislatures of the several States prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, and shall so answer.

Behind that question, which is specific, lies the more general question, whether the State acts wisely in prohibiting, for any reason, the manufacture and sale of anything by which a citizen can make money. That question does not require long discussion. The *right* to do such a thing has always been assumed, and has lately been settled by the law courts of this country. The *wisdom* of the special prohibition has always been supposed to depend upon the nature of the article prohibited, and its effect on the general welfare. It might surprise some people to learn what a long catalogue of prohibited things stands on our statute books.

The sound principle that no citizen shall be deprived of life or liberty or property without due process of law, has long been

in the constitution of nearly every State in the Union, and was there when the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States was adopted, making that principle a part of the supreme organic law of the land. But never, in the language of the Supreme Court (October Term, 1887), "has it been regarded as incompatible with the principle, *equally vital* because essential to the peace and safety of society, that all property in this country is held under the implied obligation that the owner's use of it shall not be injurious to the community."

In the same case the court held that a State may even prohibit the sale of a dangerous commodity, though patented by the General Government. It illustrates this principle by a case. The State of Kentucky enacted a statute in 1874, imposing a penalty on any one offering for sale or selling any oils or fluids that would burn or ignite at 130 degrees Fahrenheit. One of the citizens having sold within the commonwealth a certain oil for which letters patent had been issued in 1867, but which did not come up to the standard of the statute, was indicted therefor. He disputed the State's authority to prevent or obstruct the exercise of the right which he claimed under the patent, but the courts upheld the State.

In the same opinion the Supreme Court cites another case decided after the adoption of the fourteenth amendment. The village of Hyde Park, Ill., in the same county with Chicago, under legislative authority passed an ordinance forbidding the transportation through the village of any offensive and unwholesome matter. A fertilizing company located its works in that particular part of the county. This was done at great expense and under the authority of its charter. In addition the charter of the village provided that it should not interfere with the transportation of animal matter from Chicago or from manufacturing it into a fertilizer. The enforcement of the village ordinance would destroy the business and seriously impair the value of the company's property. Nevertheless when the business became a nuisance the court maintained the authority of the village ordinance.

These cases show the lawfulness of prohibition, but still leave the question of the wisdom open. To settle that we are to consider the character of the thing prohibited and the probable effects of prohibition. By the rum traffic let us understand the making and selling of intoxicant beverages. In itself that, or any other

business, may be lawful to-day and criminal to-morrow. The State cannot part with its discretion "any more than with the power itself," says the Supreme Court. To-morrow it may declare any business criminal, and from the moment of the passage of the act that business becomes criminal. The aim of Prohibitionists is to render the manufacture and sale of intoxicant beverages criminal. There seems no other way of abating this nuisance.

Any mode of licensing or taxing keeps the business lawful. The keeper of the worst groggery in New York, who sells under license, is pursuing as *lawful* a business as the editor and publisher of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. In a court in this city I was present when a clergyman was confronted by a lawyer with the statement that his client was engaged in a business as lawful as the clergyman's. And the lawyer told the truth.

Now, is it *wise* to make the rum traffic criminal?

It will be granted that it is always wise to do that which will greatly advance the welfare of the community, or greatly relieve it of any nuisance, to help us in settling the question of prohibiting its continuance. Let us inquire what would be the effect if the rum traffic were abolished.

In the first place, there are *six hundred millions* of dollars at least gathered in by the liquor dealers in the United States for intoxicant beverages. Much of this goes out of the country, but probably the larger portion remains. If it all remained the country would be financially no poorer. There would be a readjustment of possession without diminution of bulk. We spend *five hundred millions* for breadstuffs. If the drink produced the good effects of the bread there would be nothing to say. But let us compare the two. If not a single drop of the beverage had been taken last year the whole community would be at least as well off; but if not a crumb of bread had been eaten probably the whole community would have perished. If any had survived they would scarcely have been able to discharge the ordinary duties of life.

That is the very mildest way of putting it; we all know how much stronger the case is. The result of the spending of those six hundred millions of dollars was the causing of the death of more people than all other causes combined. The country lost a host of men who might be working in mines and factories, who might be engaged in a thousand productive arts. Each dollar spent

in intoxicant beverages represents a dollar lost from the wealth of the country, in the sense that the dollar failed to be added to the general wealth. And every one knows that that is a very small part of the pecuniary loss. There were *seven hundred thousands* of drinking men who did not die, but who "lost" whole months of time by the inability and the diminution of ability wrought in them by the drink. If each lost six days only in the whole year, it would aggregate the loss of the labor of a thousand men for thirteen years. The question of the tariff is insignificant when compared with the question of the rum traffic, if this question be regarded only in a financial light.

This appears more clearly if we take into account the army of about 400,000 men who are engaged in the manufacture, transportation, and sale of intoxicants. These are grown, able bodied men. They are removed from all the profitable pursuits of human beings. They are engaged in a business which adds nothing to the bodily, intellectual, or spiritual, advancement of a single human being. The world would have been no worse, the country no poorer, if every man of them had been buried on the first of January of the preceding year. Is there any other business in which these hundred of thousands of men could have been engaged which would not have added, at least, one dollar to the general wealth of the country? But that great body of workers did not enhance the property of the country by the amount of one solitary dime! Their business was such that they could not.

It is a wicked business, even where it is lawful. This is shown by the fact that none but the lower class of men can engage in it. Search the grogshops of New York, and see if you will find a single respectable Israelite engaged as a saloonist. His religion would forbid. Is there a Protestant church in the city that would permit a grogseller to remain in its membership? Would public opinion outside the church tolerate such a communion? Is that a proper business to be allowed to exist, a business in which no Mohammedan, Jew, or Christian can engage in without violating the sanctions of his religion?

To say nothing of the *thirty-three millions of dollars* worth of grain destroyed as food—thus enhancing the cost of breadstuffs, and made into poison—thus multiplying the number of unproducing consumers; it is estimated that the rum traffic throws upon the community the expenditure of over *one hundred and*

ninety millions of dollars annually for the following items: medical attendance and medicines used in sickness caused by drink; loss to employers, by drunken workmen; support of the insane, the paupers and the criminals made by the traffic; the loss of the labor of the paupers, and the cost of judicial proceedings, all caused by drink.

If all this were brought about by unorganized traffic it would be the most frightful nuisance known to mankind since the world began; but in this country the liquor dealers organize to resist the laws, and to aid, abet and sustain one another therein. They go beyond that and attempt to control legislation, in which they generally succeed; and to control political conventions, in which they have always succeeded until the Prohibition party held a convention. Is anything better known than that we have in New York only such civil officers as the rum traffic allows? Has there been a nomination made by a Democratic or Republican convention in twenty-five years without consulting the liquor dealers? When a question exceeds in its financial importance all other questions before the people, all tariff, civil reforms and other questions, involving more interests of every kind to more citizens than all other political questions that have ever been agitated, and the most elaborate consideration is given to the smaller questions by two such great bodies as met in the conventions this year in St. Louis and Chicago, what does it mean? The conventions were afraid of the liquor dealers; that's the only possible explanation. In the latter convention good men, such as Mr. Albert Griffin, wanted an anti-saloon plank put in the platform. Tens of thousands of Republicans desired it; but it was known that if that plank were omitted, those good men would remain in the party, but the committee were given to understand distinctly that if anything of the kind were inserted, the liquor dealers would desert and carry off their followers; and the committee and the convention succumbed.

There exists, then, a business in this country which can be carried on only by men whose moral character is at least so low that they cannot be expected to obey the law; a business which injures the country more than the most stringent prohibition of imports, or the most unrestricted free trade could; a business which produces more distress, destroys more property, happiness, and life, than all other things known; a business which injures the country

every year more than our civil war did in four years; a business that produces four-fifths of all the robberies, thefts, murders, and other crimes in the land; a business which does the nation and the world more harm than war, famine, and pestilence combined; a business which stands against all material, intellectual and spiritual progress.

I am asked whether the policy of making that business criminal is wise? Most assuredly, yes. If that be not true, where is the wisdom of prohibiting anything?

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

THE DIVIDED HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.

"Let determined things to destiny hold unbewailed their way."

THERE is a continual effort in the mind of man to find the harmony that he knows must exist between all known facts. It is hard for the scientist to implicitly believe anything that he suspects to be inconsistent with a known fact. He feels that every fact is a key to many mysteries—that every fact is a detective, not only, but a perpetual witness. He knows that a fact has a countless number of sides, and that all these sides will match all other facts, and he also suspects that to understand one fact perfectly—like the fact of the attraction of gravitation—would involve a knowledge of the universe.

It requires not only candor, but courage, to accept a fact. When a new fact is found it is generally denied, resisted, and calumniated by the conservatives until denial becomes absurd, and then they accept it with the statement that they always supposed it was true.

The old is the ignorant enemy of the new. The old has pedigree and respectability; it is filled with the spirit of caste; it is associated with great events, and with great names; it is intrenched; it has an income—it represents property. Besides, it has parasites, and the parasites always defend themselves.

Long ago frightened wretches who had by tyranny or piracy amassed great fortunes, were induced in the moment of death to compromise with God and to let their money fall from their stiffening hands into the greedy palms of priests. In this way many theological seminaries were endowed, and in this way prejudices, mistakes, absurdities, known as religious truths, have been perpetuated. In this way the dead hypocrites have propagated and supported their kind.

Most religions—no matter how honestly they originated—have been established by brute force. Kings and nobles have used

them as a means to enslave, to degrade and rob. The priest, consciously and unconsciously, has been the betrayer of his followers.

Near Chicago there is an ox that betrays his fellows. Cattle —twenty or thirty at a time—are driven to the place of slaughter. This ox leads the way—the others follow. When the place is reached, this Bishop Dupanloup turns and goes back for other victims.

This is the worst side: There is a better.

Honest men, believing that they have found the whole truth—the real and only faith—filled with enthusiasm, give all for the purpose of propagating the "divine creed." They found colleges and universities, and in perfect pious, ignorant, sincerity provide that the creed, and nothing but the creed, must be taught, and that if any professor teaches anything contrary to that, he must be instantly dismissed—that is to say, the children must be beaten with the bones of the dead.

These good religious souls erect guide-boards with a provision to the effect that the guide-boards must remain, whether the roads are changed or not, and with the further provision that the professors who keep and repair the guide-boards must always insist that the roads have not been changed.

There is still another side.

Professors do not wish to lose their salaries. They love their families and have some regard for themselves. There is a compromise between their bread and their brain. On pay-day they believe—at other times they have their doubts. They settle with their own consciences by giving old words new meanings. They take refuge in allegory, hide behind parables, and barricade themselves with oriental imagery. They give to the most frightful passages a spiritual meaning—and while they teach the old creed to their followers, they speak a new philosophy to their equals.

There is still another side.

A vast number of clergymen and laymen are perfectly satisfied. They have no doubts. They believe as their fathers and mothers did. The "scheme of salvation" suits them because they are satisfied that they are embraced within its terms. They give themselves no trouble. They believe because they do not understand. They have no doubts because they do not think. They regard doubt as a thorn in the pillow of orthodox slumber. Their souls are asleep, and they hate only those who disturb their

dreams. These people keep their creeds for future use. They intend to have them ready at the moment of dissolution. They sustain about the same relation to daily life that the small boats carried by steamers do to ordinary navigation—they are for the moment of shipwreck. Creeds, like life-preservers, are to be used in disaster.

We must also remember that everything in nature—bad as well as good—has the instinct of self-preservation. All lies go armed, and all mistakes carry concealed weapons. Driven to the last corner, even non-resistance appeals to the dagger.

Vast interests—political, social, artistic, and individual—are interwoven with all creeds. Thousands of millions of dollars have been invested; many millions of people obtain their bread by the propagation and support of certain religious doctrines, and many millions have been educated for that purpose and for that alone. Nothing is more natural than that they should defend themselves,—that they should cling to a creed that gives them roof and raiment.

Only a few years ago Christianity was a complete system. It included and accounted for all phenomena; it was a philosophy satisfactory to the ignorant world; it had an astronomy and geology of its own; it answered all questions with the same readiness and the same inaccuracy; it had within its sacred volumes the history of the past, and the prophecies of all the future; it pretended to know all that was, is, or ever will be necessary for the well-being of the human race, here and hereafter.

When a religion has been founded, the founder admitted the truth of everything that was generally believed that did not interfere with his system. Imposture always has a definite end in view, and for the sake of the accomplishment of that end, it will admit the truth of anything and everything that does not endanger its success.

The writers of all sacred books—the inspired prophets—had no reason for disagreeing with the common people about the origin of things, the creation of the world, the rising and setting of the sun, and the uses of the stars, and consequently the sacred books of all ages have indorsed the belief general at the time. You will find in our sacred books the astronomy, the geology, the philosophy and the morality of the ancient barbarians. The religionist takes these general ideas as his foundation, and upon

them builds the supernatural structure. For many centuries the astronomy, geology, philosophy and morality of our bible were accepted. They were not questioned, for the reason that the world was too ignorant to question.

A few centuries ago the art of printing was invented. A new world was discovered. There was a complete revolution in commerce. The arts were born again. The world was filled with adventure; millions became self-reliant; old ideas were abandoned—old theories were put aside—and suddenly, the old leaders of thought were found to be ignorant, shallow and dishonest. The literature of the classic world was discovered and translated into modern languages. The world was circumnavigated; Copernicus discovered the true relation sustained by our earth to the solar system, and about the beginning of the seventeenth century many other wonderful discoveries were made. In 1609, a Hollander found that two lenses placed in a certain relation to each other magnified objects seen through them. This discovery was the foundation of astronomy. In a little while it came to the knowledge of Galileo; the result was a telescope, with which man has read the volume of the skies.

On the 8th day of May, 1618, Kepler discovered the greatest of his three laws. These were the first great blows struck for the enfranchisement of the human mind. A few began to suspect that the ancient Hebrews were not astronomers. From that moment the Church became the enemy of Science. In every possible way the inspired ignorance was defended—the lash, the sword, the chain, the fagot and the dungeon were the arguments used by the infuriated Church.

To such an extent was the Church prejudiced against the new philosophy, against the new facts, that priests refused to look through the telescope of Galileo.

At last it became evident to the intelligent world that the inspired writings, literally translated, did not contain the truth—the bible was in danger of being driven from the heavens.

The Church also had its geology. The time when the earth was created had been definitely fixed and was certainly known. This fact had not only been stated by inspired writers, but their statement had been indorsed by priests, by bishops, cardinals, popes and ecumenical councils; that was settled.

But a few men had learned the art of seeing. There were

some eyes not always closed in prayer. They looked at the things about them; they observed channels that had been worn in solid rock by streams; they saw the vast territories that had been deposited by rivers; their attention was called to the slow inroads upon continents by seas—to the deposits by volcanos—to the sedimentary rocks—to the vast reefs that had been built by the coral, and to the countless evidences of age, of the lapse of time—and finally it was demonstrated that this earth had been pursuing its course about the sun for millions and millions of ages.

The Church disputed every step, denied every fact, resorted to every device that cunning could suggest or ingenuity execute, but the conflict could not be maintained. The bible, so far as geology was concerned, was in danger of being driven from the earth.

Beaten in the open field, the Church began to equivocate, to evade, and to give new meanings to inspired words. Finally, falsehood having failed to harmonize the guesses of barbarians with the discoveries of genius, the leading churchmen suggested that the bible was not written to teach astronomy, was not written to teach geology, and that it was not a scientific book, but that it was written in the language of the people, and that as to unimportant things it contained the general beliefs of its time.

The ground was then taken that, while it was not inspired in its science, it was inspired in its morality, in its prophecy, in its account of the miraculous, in the scheme of salvation, and in all that it had to say on the subject of religion.

The moment it was suggested that the bible was not inspired in everything within its lids, the seeds of suspicion were sown. The priest became less arrogant. The Church was forced to explain. The pulpit had one language for the faithful and another for the philosophical, *i. e.*, it became dishonest with both.

The next question that arose was as to the origin of man.

The bible was being driven from the skies. The testimony of the stars was against the sacred volume. The Church had also been forced to admit that the world was not created at the time mentioned in the bible—so that the very stones of the earth rose and united with the stars in giving testimony against the sacred volume.

As to the creation of the world, the Church resorted to the artifice of saying that "days" in reality meant long periods of

time; so that no matter how old the earth was, the time could be spanned by six periods—in other words, that the years could not be too numerous to be divided by six.

But when it came to the creation of man, this evasion, or artifice, was impossible. The bible gives the date of the creation of man, because it gives the age at which the first man died, and then it gives the generations from Adam to the Flood, and from the Flood to the birth of Christ, and in many instances the actual age of the principal ancestor is given. So that, according to this account—according to the inspired figures—man has existed upon the earth only about six thousand years. There is no room left for any people beyond Adam.

If the bible is true, certainly Adam was the first man; consequently, we know, if the sacred volume be true, just how long man has lived and labored and suffered on this earth.

The Church cannot and dare not give up the account of the Creation of Adam from the dust of the earth, and of Eve from the rib of the man. The Church cannot give up the story of the Garden of Eden—the Serpent—the Fall and the Expulsion: these must be defended because they are vital. Without these absurdities, the system known as Christianity cannot exist. Without the Fall, the Atonement is a non sequitur. Facts bearing upon these questions were discovered and discussed by the greatest and most thoughtful of men. Lamarck, Humboldt, Haeckel, and above all, Darwin, not only asserted, but demonstrated, that man is not a special creation. If anything can be established by observation, by reason, then the fact has been established that man is related to all life below him—that he has been slowly produced through countless years—that the story of Eden is a childish myth—that the Fall of Man is an infinite absurdity.

If anything can be established by analogy and reason, man has existed upon the earth for many millions of ages. We know now, if we know anything, that people not only existed before Adam, but that they existed in a highly civilized state; that thousands of years before the Garden of Eden was planted men communicated to each other their ideas by language, and that artists clothed the marble with thoughts and passions.

This is a demonstration that the origin of man given in the Old Testament is untrue—that the account was written by the ignorance, the prejudice and the egotism of the olden time.

So, if anything outside of the senses can be known, we do know that civilization is a growth—that man did not commence a perfect being, and then degenerate, but that from small beginnings he has slowly risen to the intellectual height he now occupies.

The Church, however, has not been willing to accept these truths, because they contradict the sacred word. Some of the most ingenious of the clergy have been endeavoring for years to show that there is no conflict—that the account in Genesis is in perfect harmony with the theories of Charles Darwin, and these clergymen in some way manage to retain their creed and to accept a philosophy that utterly destroys it.

But in a few years the Christian world will be forced to admit that the bible is not inspired in its astronomy, in its geology, or in its anthropology—that is to say, that the inspired writers knew nothing of the sciences, knew nothing of the origin of the earth, nothing of the origin of man—in other words, nothing of any particular value to the human race.

It is, however, still insisted that the bible is inspired in its morality. Let us examine this question.

We must admit, if we know anything, if we feel anything, if conscience is more than a word, if there is such a thing as right and such a thing as wrong beneath the dome of heaven—we must admit that slavery is immoral. If we are honest, we must also admit that the Old Testament upholds slavery. It will be cheerfully admitted that Jehovah was opposed to the enslavement of one Hebrew by another. Christians may quote the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" as being opposed to human slavery, but after that commandment was given, Jehovah himself told his chosen people that they might "buy their bondmen and bondwomen of the heathen round about, and that they should be their bondmen and their bondwomen forever." So all that Jehovah meant by the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" was that one Hebrew should not steal from another Hebrew, but that all Hebrews might steal from the people of any other race or creed.

It is perfectly apparent that the ten commandments were made only for the Jews, not for the world, because the author of these commandments commanded the people to whom they were given to violate them nearly all as against the surrounding people.

A few years ago it did not occur to the Christian world that slavery was wrong. It was upheld by the Church. Ministers

bought and sold the very people for whom they declared that Christ had died. Clergymen of the English church owned stock in slave ships, and the man who denounced slavery was regarded as the enemy of morality, and thereupon was duly mobbed by the followers of Jesus Christ. Churches were built with the results of labor stolen from colored Christians. Babes were sold from mothers and a part of the money given to send missionaries from America to heathen lands with the tidings of great joy. Now, every intelligent man on the earth, every decent man, holds in abhorrence the institution of human slavery.

So with the institution of polygamy. If anything on the earth is immoral, that is. If there is anything calculated to destroy home, to do away with human love, to blot out the idea of family life, to cover the hearthstone with serpents, it is the institution of polygamy. The Jehovah of the Old Testament was a believer in that institution.

Can we now say that the bible is inspired in its morality? Consider for a moment the manner in which, under the direction of Jehovah, wars were waged. Remember the atrocities that were committed. Think of a war where everything was the food of the sword. Think for a moment of a deity capable of committing the crimes that are described and gloated over in the Old Testament. The civilized man has outgrown the sacred cruelties and absurdities.

There is still another side to this question.

A few centuries ago nothing was more natural than the unnatural. Miracles were as plentiful as actual events. In those blessed days, that which actually occurred was not regarded of sufficient importance to be recorded. A religion without miracles would have excited derision. A creed that did not fill the horizon—that did not account for everything—that could not answer every question, would have been regarded as worthless.

After the birth of Protestantism, it could not be admitted by the leaders of the Reformation that the Catholic Church still had the power of working miracles. If the Catholic Church was still in partnership with God, what excuse could have been made for the Reformation? The Protestants took the ground that the age of miracles had passed. This was to justify the new faith. But Protestants could not say that miracles had never been performed, because that would take the foundation not only from the Catho-

lics but from themselves; consequently, they were compelled to admit that miracles were performed in the Apostolic days, but to insist that, in their time, man must rely upon the facts in nature. Protestants were compelled to carry on two kinds of war: they had to contend with those who insisted that miracles had never been performed; and in that argument they were forced to insist upon the necessity for miracles, on the probability that they were performed, and upon the truthfulness of the Apostles. A moment afterward, they had to answer those who contended that miracles were performed at that time; then they brought forward against the Catholics the same arguments that their first opponents had brought against them.

This has made every Protestant brain "a house divided against itself." This planted in the Reformation the "irrepressible conflict."

But we have learned more and more about what we call Nature—about what we call facts. Slowly it dawned upon the mind that force is indestructible—that we cannot imagine force as existing apart from matter—that we cannot even think of matter existing apart from force—that we cannot by any possibility conceive of a cause without an effect, of an effect without a cause, of an effect that is not also a cause. We find no room between the links of cause and effect for a miracle. We now perceive that a miracle must be outside of Nature—that it can have no father, no mother—that is to say, that it is an impossibility.

The intellectual world has abandoned the miraculous. Most ministers are now ashamed to defend a miracle. Some try to explain miracles, and yet, if a miracle is explained, it ceases to exist. Few congregations could keep from smiling were the minister to seriously assert the truth of the Old Testament miracles.

Miracles must be given up. That field must be abandoned by the religious world. The evidence accumulates every day, in every possible direction in which the human mind can investigate, that the miraculous is simply the impossible.

Confidence in the eternal constancy of Nature increases day by day. The scientist has perfect confidence in the attraction of gravitation—in chemical affinities—in the great fact of evolution, and feels absolutely certain that the nature of things will remain forever the same.

We have at last ascertained that miracles can be perfectly understood; that there is nothing mysterious about them; that they are simply transparent falsehoods.

The real miracles are the facts in nature. No one can explain the attraction of gravitation. No one knows why soil and rain and light become the womb of life. No one knows why grass grows, why water runs, or why the magnetic needle points to the north. The facts in nature are the eternal and the only mysteries. There is nothing strange about the miracles of superstition. They are nothing but the mistakes of ignorance and fear, or falsehoods framed by those who wished to live on the labor of others.

In our time the champions of Christianity, for the most part, take the exact ground occupied by the deists. They dare not defend in the open field the mistakes, the cruelties, the immoralities and the absurdities of the bible. They shun the Garden of Eden as though the serpent was still there. They have nothing to say about the Fall of Man. They are silent as to the laws upholding slavery and polygamy. They are ashamed to defend the miraculous. They talk about these things to Sunday-schools and to the elderly members of their congregations; but when doing battle for the faith, they misstate the position of their opponents and then insist that there must be a God, and that the soul is immortal.

We may admit the existence of an infinite being; we may admit the immortality of the soul, and yet deny the inspiration of the scriptures and the divine origin of the Christian religion. These doctrines, or these dogmas, have nothing in common. The pagan world believed in God and taught the dogma of immortality. These ideas are far older than Christianity, and they have been almost universal.

Christianity asserts more than this. It is based upon the inspiration of the bible, on the Fall of Man, on the Atonement, on the dogma of the Trinity, on the divinity of Jesus Christ, on his resurrection from the dead, on his ascension into heaven.

Christianity teaches not simply the immortality of the soul—not simply the immortality of joy—but it teaches the immortality of pain, the eternity of sorrow. It insists that evil, that wickedness, that immorality and that every form of vice are and must be perpetuated forever. It believes in immortal convicts, in eternal imprisonment and in a world of unending pain. It has a serpent

for every breast and a curse for nearly every soul. This doctrine is called the dearest hope of the human heart, and he who attacks it is denounced as the most infamous of men.

Let us see what the Church, within a few years, has been compelled substantially to abandon,—that is to say what it is now almost ashamed to defend.

First, the astronomy of the sacred scriptures; *second,* the geology; *third,* the account given of the origin of man; *fourth,* the doctrine of original sin, the fall of the human race; *fifth,* the mathematical contradiction known as the Trinity; *sixth,* the atonement—because it was only on the ground that man is accountable for the sin of another, that he could be justified by reason of the righteousness of another; *seventh,* that the miraculous is either the misunderstood or the impossible; *eighth,* that the bible is not inspired in its morality, for the reason that slavery is not moral, that polygamy is not good, that wars of extermination are not merciful, and that nothing can be more immoral than to punish the innocent on account of the sins of the guilty; and *ninth,* the divinity of Christ.

All this must be given up by the really intelligent, by those not afraid to think, by those who have the courage of their convictions and the candor to express their thoughts. What then is left ?

Let me tell you. Everything in the bible that is true, is left ; it still remains and is still of value. It cannot be said too often that the truth needs no inspiration ; neither can it be said too often that inspiration cannot help falsehood. Every good and noble sentiment uttered in the bible is still good and noble. Every fact remains. All that is good in the Sermon on the Mount is retained. The Lord's Prayer is not affected. The grandeur of self denial, the nobility of forgiveness and the ineffable splendor of mercy are with us still. And besides there remains the great hope for all the human race.

What is lost? All the mistakes, all the falsehoods, all the absurdities, all the cruelties and all the curses contained in the Scriptures. We have almost lost the "hope" of eternal pain—the "consolation" of perdition ; and in time we shall lose the frightful shadow that has fallen upon so many hearts, that has darkened so many lives.

The great trouble for many years has been, and still is, that the clergy are not quite candid. They are disposed to defend the

old creed. They have been educated in the Universities of the Sacred Mistake—Universities that Bruno would call "the widows of true learning." They have been taught to measure with a false standard; they have weighed with inaccurate scales. In youth, they became convinced of the truth of the creed. This was impressed upon them by the solemnity of professors who spoke in tones of awe. The enthusiasm of life's morning was misdirected. They went out into the world knowing nothing of value. They preached a creed outgrown. Having been for so many years entirely certain of their position, they met doubt with a spirit of irritation—afterwards with hatred. They are hardly courageous enough to admit that they are wrong.

Once the pulpit was the leader—it spoke with authority. By its side was the sword of the State, with the hilt toward its hand. Now, it is apologized for—it carries a weight. It is now like a living man to whom has been chained a corpse. It cannot defend the old, and it has not accepted the new. In some strange way it imagines that morality cannot live except in partnership with the sanctified follies and falsehoods of the past.

The old creeds cannot be defended by argument. They are not within the circumference of reason—they are not embraced in any of the facts within the experience of man. All the subterfuges have been exposed; all the excuses have been shown to be shallow, and at last the Church must meet, and fairly meet, the objections of our time.

Solemnity is no longer an argument. Falsehood is no longer sacred. People are not willing to admit that mistakes are divine. Truth is more important than belief—far better than creeds, vastly more useful than superstitions. The Church must accept the truths of the present, must admit the demonstrations of science, or take its place in the mental museums with the fossils and monstrosities of the past.

The time for personalities has passed; these questions cannot be determined by ascertaining the character of the disputants; epithets are no longer regarded as arguments; the curse of the Church produces laughter; theological slander is no longer a weapon; argument must be answered with argument, and the Church must appeal to reason, and by that standard it must stand or fall. The theories and discoveries of Darwin cannot be answered by the resolutions of synods, or by quotations from the Old Testament.

The world has advanced. The bible has remained the same. We must go back to the book—it cannot come to us—or we must leave it forever. In order to remain orthodox we must forget the discoveries, the inventions, the intellectual efforts of many centuries; we must go back until our knowledge—or rather our ignorance—will harmonize with the barbaric creeds.

It is not pretended that all the creeds have not been naturally produced. It is admitted that under the same circumstances the same religions would again ensnare the human race. It is also admitted that under the same circumstances the same efforts would be made by the great and intellectual of every age to break the chains of superstition.

There is no necessity of attacking people—we should combat error. We should hate hypocrisy, but not the hypocrite—larceny, but not the thief—superstition, but not its victim. We should do all within our power to inform, to educate, and to benefit our fellow men.

There is no elevating power in hatred. There is no reformation in punishment. The soul grows greater and grander in the air of kindness, in the sunlight of intelligence.

We must rely upon the evidence of our senses, upon the conclusions of our reason.

For many centuries the Church has insisted that man is totally depraved, that he is naturally wicked, that all of his natural desires are contrary to the will of God. Only a few years ago it was solemnly asserted that our senses were originally honest, true and faithful, but having been debauched by original sin, were now cheats and liars; that they constantly deceived and misled the soul; that they were traps and snares; that no man could be safe who relied upon his senses, or upon his reason;—he must simply rely upon faith; in other words, that the only way for man to really see was to put out his eyes.

There has been a rapid improvement in the intellectual world. The improvement has been slow in the realm of religion, for the reason that religion was hedged about, defended and barricaded by fear, by prejudice and by law. It was considered sacred. It was illegal to call its truth in question. Whoever disputed the priest became a criminal; whoever demanded a reason, or an explanation, became a blasphemer, a scoffer, a moral leper.

The Church defended its mistakes by every means within its power.

But in spite of all this there has been advancement, and there are enough of the orthodox clergy left to make it possible for us to measure the distance that has been traveled by sensible people.

The world is beginning to see that a minister should be a teacher, and that "he should not endeavor to inculcate a particular systems of dogmas, but to prepare his hearers for exercising their own judgments."

As a last resource, the orthodox tell the thoughtful that they are not "spiritual"—that they are "of the earth, earthy"—that they cannot perceive that which is spiritual. They insist that "God is a spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit."

But let me ask, What is it to be spiritual? In order to be really spiritual, must a man sacrifice this world for the sake of another? Were the selfish hermits, who deserted their wives and children for the miserable purpose of saving their own little souls, spiritual? Were those who put their fellow men in dungeons, or burned them at the stake on account of a difference of opinion, all spiritual people? Did John Calvin give evidence of his spirituality by burning Servetus? Were they spiritual people who invented and used instruments of torture—who denied the liberty of thought and expression—who waged wars for the propagation of the faith? Were they spiritual people who insisted that Infinite Love could punish his poor, ignorant children forever? Is it necessary to believe in eternal torment to understand the meaning of the word spiritual? Is it necessary to hate those who disagree with you, and to calumniate those whose argument you cannot answer, in order to be spiritual? Must you hold a demonstrated fact in contempt; must you deny or avoid what you know to be true, in order to substantiate the fact that you are spiritual?

What is it to be spiritual? Is the man spiritual who searches for the truth—who lives in accordance with his highest ideal—who loves his wife and children—who discharges his obligations—who makes a happy fireside for the ones he loves—who succors the oppressed—who gives his honest opinions—who is guided by principle—who is merciful and just?

Is the man spiritual who loves the beautiful—who is thrilled by music, and touched to tears in the presence of the sublime, the heroic and the self-denying? Is the man spiritual who endeavors by thought and deed to ennoble the human race?

The defenders of the orthodox faith, by this time, should know that the foundations are insecure.

They should have the courage to defend, or the candor to abandon. If the bible is an inspired book, it ought to be true. Its defenders must admit that Jehovah knew the facts not only about the earth, but about the stars, and that the Creator of the universe knew all about geology and astronomy even four thousand years ago.

The champions of Christianity must show that the bible tells the truth about the Creation of Man, the Garden of Eden, the Temptation, the Fall and the Flood. They must take the ground that the sacred book is historically correct; that the events related really happened; that the miracles were actually performed; that the laws promulgated from Sinai were and are wise and just, and that nothing is upheld, commanded, indorsed, or in any way approved or sustained that is not absolutely right. In other words, if they insist that a being of infinite goodness and intelligence is the author of the bible, they must be ready to show that it is absolutely perfect. They must defend its astronomy, geology, history, miracle and morality.

If the bible is true, man is a special creation, and if man is a special creation, millions of facts must have conspired, millions of ages ago, to deceive the scientific world of to-day.

If the bible is true, slavery is right, and the world should go back to the barbarism of the lash and chain. If the bible is true, polygamy is the highest form of virtue. If the bible is true, Nature has a master, and the miraculous is independent of and superior to cause and effect. If the bible is true, most of the children of men are destined to suffer eternal pain. If the bible is true, the science known as astronomy is a collection of mistakes—the telescope is a false witness, and light is a luminous liar. If the bible is true, the science known as geology is false and every fossil is a petrified perjurer.

The defenders of orthodox creeds should have the courage to candidly answer at least two questions: *First*, Is the bible inspired? *Second*, Is the bible true? And when they answer these questions, they should remember that if the bible is true, it needs no inspiration, and that if not true, inspiration can do it no good.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

A MENACING IRRUPTION.

THE individual who is regular in his habits, who eats his meals at stated times, taking care not to partake of too much food at once, will live to a greater age and enjoy better health than the person who leads an irregular and intemperate life. The reason is plain. The system is nourished at the right time and with food sufficient to supply the demands of nature. As the nation is the individual in concrete, it follows that the same rule should apply and that no more than enough should be taken at a time. That which gives life to an individual is the food which enters and strengthens the system. That which sustains life in a nation is its population.

If an individual studies the laws of nature and will eat nutritious, wholesome food, such as will agree with him, he will find that he can enjoy life far better than the person whose menu is made up of ill-cooked, indigestible viands. This rule will also hold good when applied to the nation. Immigration is to the United States what certain kinds of food are to the human system. When its tide flows in regularly; is made up of enlightened, well disposed people; when too many are not landed at once on our shores, it cannot but prove beneficial and healthy. Those who come must do so of their own volition and not because of undue influence on the part of interested parties.

The flow of immigration which came prior to 1860 was of a far different character from that which has been tending in this direction since, and the conditions under which immigrants must begin life in the United States have been almost entirely revolutionized within the past decade. The immigrant of the sixties found it comparatively easy to earn a living, and he was not obliged to crowd his neighbor in order to make room for one more. To the immigration which came previous to 1860 we owe our greatness as a nation; it gave us brain, bone and muscle; it

made our rivers navigable, and when they could not carry our merchandise it made the canals and then the railroads; it gave us laborers, mechanics and statesmen; it was healthy and good. Could we say the same of the immigration of the present day there would be no fault to find and none but narrow-minded bigots would complain. It is still dangerous to say anything concerning the restriction of immigration for fear of being charged with Know-Nothingism. Whatever Know-Nothingism meant in former years, the man who advocates a restriction of immigration to-day is a patriot who loves his country better than the opinion of demagogues, or of those who will not speak the truth because it may temporarily affect their interests. I do not base my objections to unrestricted immigration on race hatred, prejudice or bigotry. In what I have to say I am actuated by a sincere desire to benefit humanity. Nine million seven hundred thousand immigrants have landed since 1860; more than the combined populations of New York and Pennsylvania and as much as the total population of Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Dakota, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Oregon, Rhode Island, Utah, Washington Territory, West Virginia and Wyoming.

The population which came previous to 1860 was civilized, that which comes to-day is, in a great proportion, semi-barbarous. Who doubts that statement has only to travel along the line of railroad nearest to him until he meets with a gang of laborers and attempts to converse with them. He has only to go into the mining regions of Pennsylvania, the mills of Ohio, the factories of New England, the lumber camps of Michigan, or Mulberry street, New York, to find a class of beings that are far from being civilized. One or two illustrations will suffice. Eight years ago I visited a mining camp and investigated the condition of the men who were imported, free of duty, to take the places of the American workmen who had demanded higher wages for labor done. Dining-room, smoking-room, sitting-room, kitchen and bedchamber all in one. Five rows of bunks, three deep, each one thirty inches in width and seventy-eight inches long. The first bunk, eighteen inches from the floor, the next supported by rough hemlock posts but two feet above it, and a third two feet above the second one. Each bunk filled with straw and covered with the coarsest kind of

coffee sack material for bed clothing. Two rows of hemlock boards, each one twenty feet in length by three feet in width, constituted the tables. The men came in from the mines while I was there, and before washing face or hand sat down to a meal of salt pork, meal and water. One hundred and five men lived in a building one hundred and sixty feet in length by thirty feet in width. Addressing one of them in the English tongue I received no answer. I waited until it was time to retire, and saw these men lie down without divesting themselves of a single article of clothing; some of them took off their shoes, but the greater portion of them did not.

These men took the places of American workmen who were receiving from two to two dollars and a half a day. The compensation allowed to them was but seventy-five cents a day and board. A careful estimate showed that five and one-eighth cents would provide a meal such as I saw spread on that table, thus making the outlay on each man but ninety and three-eighths cents a day. One year ago I visited the same place in company with the same escort, and found but one of the one hundred and five men who were there seven years before. Inquiry developed the fact that the others had at different intervals returned to their homes across the sea. I have witnessed hundreds of scenes like that in several States, and inquiry always elicited the same information regarding the movements of such men. They return to their homes when they have accumulated a few hundred dollars. They receive the lowest possible wages while in this country, and take nearly all of it home with them when going. The greater portion, by far, of what they spend in America is for strong drink. Two weeks ago I saw a number of men at work on a railroad. Attached to the waist-band of each man was a leather strap fastened to a large brass check similar to those used by railway companies when checking baggage. Every check bore a number, and the man who carried it, or to whom it was fastened, was known by the number on his check. On the pay-rolls of the company he was known by his number, and if he had the misfortune to lose his check, he at the same time lost his wages unless the foreman would identify him for a consideration. These men spoke a tongue unknown to me, and the same story was told of their habits as was told of the men of eight years ago. Shanties of the roughest boards made up the homes of these poor fellows, and fare of the coarsest and filthiest

kind was given, or supplied them by the contractor. Fancy the future of the American laborer, whose name is forgotten, and whose only means of identification rests with a brass check, which may be substituted for another while he sleeps.

Investigation has demonstrated that those who remain in this country, of that class of immigrants, do not learn to speak our language with any degree of accuracy; they never read of the affairs of our government in the language of the country, and seldom know how to read any other language.

The majority of that class of immigrants comes here under contract or after undue influence has been brought to bear on them by agents of American employers. Another class of aliens rush hither fleeing from oppression at home. Others come as our cashiers go to Canada, because of the offenses committed at home; with this difference, those who go to Canada bring American dollars with them, while those who commit crime in foreign lands bring nothing with them but depraved habits and vengeful hearts, and when those who can do so return to their own lands, they, too, take American dollars with them.

Every European country is infested with agents of American and English syndicates who offer tempting inducements to Europeans to emigrate to America. That this is true is beyond question. That these poor foreigners are welcomed by mercenary-hearted Americans, whose selfishness has killed their patriotism, is true. In verification of that assertion let me quote from the secret circular sent out by Henry Clews & Co. last year, and published in the papers a year ago. It reads:

"The tide of immigration this way, the arrivals yesterday at least ten thousand, which is the largest on record for any one day, should be considered as a favorable feature, especially as the new comers are largely from the continent, and bring funds with them for their immediate support. In the present disturbed condition of labor this large flow of immigration comes at an opportune time. What this country needs more than anything else is the same competition in the labor market as is found in all manufacturing and product markets. Competition alone will out-maneuver in the end all the generals who are leading the Knights of Labor. Competition alone will prove the only pacifier of labor dissatisfaction and uprising. All American citizens here who want peace and prosperity should unite in encouraging the European surplus population to flock to our shores to bring about the true remedy for the present labor evils, which is the only cloud now overhanging our present prosperous country."

In the same circular reference is made to the gloomy outlook for all Europe which has made investment in European securities

unprofitable, yet Henry Clews & Co. would transfer that surplus population which has unsettled Europe to American soil for the purpose, not of building up the country, but that it might become the willing instrument in the hands of money getters here. No thought of the country's welfare inspired that circular.

Let us consider what the surplus population of Europe means when transplanted to this country. Dissatisfied with their surroundings at home many come with vengeance in their hearts. Coming from lands where oppression reigns they regard liberty as license on this side and soon find their way into the police courts. Unacquainted with our laws they do not know how to obey them. Being a surplus on the other side, they cannot, as alleged by Henry Clews & Co., "bring funds with them." They come as paupers and as paupers they remain; they come to compete in the struggle for food with the American workman.

Place a few intelligent but unscrupulous men of their own race at the head of these men, and continue to turn the screws as they have been turned for the past few years in the field of competition, and the safety of the republic will be seriously threatened. Brought to America to occupy that sphere in life outlined in the circular of Henry Clews & Co., deceived and cheated by those of their own race who may understand the language and customs of this country, robbed by their employers, their ignorance taken advantage of on every hand, it must not be expected that they will entertain any feelings of love or respect for this country or her institutions. Having been used as the club with which employers struck down the independence of the American laborer, it must not be expected that the latter will cherish a very friendly feeling for either immigrant or employer. Every dead wall in the cities of Europe is placarded with highly colored handbills which set forth the advantages of emigration to America. When on landing in New York, when the illusion is dispelled and every future step is in an opposite direction from that which was expected, we must not hope that such as have been deceived will ever become good and useful citizens. The object in bringing them hither is not that they may become citizens, but slaves. Those who do not come up to the requirements of citizenship cannot be called freemen, and their influence on the labor market is so degrading and baneful, that they are every day reducing the condition of the American workman to a parallel with their own. Our

land laws are not based on equity, for under them it is possible for the man of wealth to possess millions of acres. Our railroads enjoy privileges which give their owners a power which the Emperor of Russia does not possess, and that power is being directed toward the complete overthrow of our republican form of government. Our factories, great and small, our mines and water privileges, are being cornered under the sway of the "Trust." Our legislatures are already of so purchaseable a character as to be regarded as the rightful property of the highest bidder. There are men in New York City who claim that they can tell within a thousand dollars of what it will cost to buy up sufficient of the Legislature of the State of New York to put through any scheme desired by the railroad or monopoly interests of that State. As a nation we must within the next ten years completely divest the railroads and other corporations of their autocratic power, or they will subject us to the sway of an oligarchy, which will rule, not by divine right or by reason of superior birth, but through the power which wealth confers upon its possessors. Humane, but short sighted, men assert that it is wrong to stem the tide of immigration; that this is the land of the oppressed, and we should so frame our laws as to deal equitably by all who seek a shelter within our borders. The day for such sentiment has gone by, and we must open our eyes to realities and face the danger which confronts us. This is not only the land of the oppressed, but the oppressor as well, and a nation born under such auspices as the American Republic should contain neither. It is conceded that to remedy existing evils, such as I have mentioned, we must enact wise legislation. How can that be done with the source, the fountain head of legislation, within the power of wealth and ignorance? Two illustrations will explain as well as a volume.

In a lumber town in Michigan at the last general election over four hundred votes were cast. Citizens who have a right to know tell me that there are not more than fifty legal voters in the town, the remainder is made up of that class of immigrants of which I write. The owner of the lumber mills acted as judge of election. Owning the mills which make the town, he also owns the people so far as their right to act independently is concerned. That man required the services of an unscrupulous, willing tool in the legislature, and obliged his employés, the majority of whom

were not residents of this country over one year, to go to the polls and vote for the man of his choice. The qualifications of citizenship were disregarded, not by the willful act of the ignorant workman, but by the intelligent unscrupulous employer, whose love of pocket overshadowed love of country. It was "vote as I dictate or you are discharged," and the poor wretches had no alternative but to obey. That one instance, and its parallel can be duplicated by the hundred, shows what can be done with ignorant men; and to hope for a reform of existing evils, to expect that our laws can be amended while the tide of raw, undisciplined, willing serfs is swelling in on us by the million, while they are being used as voting instruments which neutralize the best efforts of patriots, is little short of madness. Those who are serfs at home do not become freemen in a day when transplanted to other soil. How can a law which allows one man to rule a million acres be repealed when we import millions of slaves to vote as that man wills?

Seneca once asked: "How great would be our peril if our slaves began to number us?" How great will be the peril of the republic if the number of those who do not appreciate it ever reach a majority? With poverty staring the workman in the face, with competition driving the children out of the school room and into the workshop, with immigration pouring its unlettered hordes upon our coast, it is but fair to presume that ignorance will increase in spite of our best efforts. Where ignorance dominates slavery is the result; where ignorance exists race hatreds, prejudices and distinctions will create strife and internal warfare. Where ignorance prevails citizenship is a farce, and the ballot in the hands of those who know not how to use it becomes the most powerful aid to the money held by the few.

American employers do not, as a rule, care to employ independent American citizens. In Reading, Pa., there is an iron manufacturing company which employs several hundred men. Four years ago, that firm employed only citizens of the United States; previous to an election, these men were told by the owner of the mill that he expected that they would vote in accordance with his wishes; some of them complied, and others disregarded his mandate. To-day, only three men, outside of his clerks and foremen, are American citizens—the remainder have been imported; and while more men are required to do the work, they do not command the wages that their predecessors did, they are

more docile, and though they may never be able to understand the English tongue, if they become citizens they will know how to vote as the owner of that mill wishes.

On Saturday, July 7, over two thousand Americans sailed from New York to various parts of Europe. They go to spend the summer abroad. It is estimated that the cheapest three months tour that can be made in Europe will exceed five hundred dollars. Many of those who sailed on the 7th will spend ten times that amount while abroad; but it is safe to say that the two thousand tourists will average a thousand dollars each, which will in the aggregate reach the sum of two millions of dollars. On the week ending Saturday, July 7, the number of immigrants which landed at Castle Garden was 5,161. I doubt if they brought two millions of dollars with them for "their immediate support," and if they did, this country made nothing by the exchange. But it is estimated that the total sum which they brought with them did not exceed thirty thousand dollars, which leaves the balance of one million, nine hundred and seventy thousand dollars in favor of Europe. Those who went to Europe did not leave vacancies in the ranks of labor, and they took with them what had been earned for them by the American workman, and in their place we find 5,161 foreigners dumped in upon the American laborer's shoulders, demanding that he divide up what little of his earnings he has left, after paying the expenses of his employer to Europe.

So long as this tide of unrestricted immigration is permitted to sweep in they will take no steps to reform conditions at home. We must check it at once, or instead of Americanizing those who come they will Europeanize us.

It is suggested that we oblige the foreigner to reside twenty-one years in the United States before allowing him to become a citizen. Those who advocate such a course of treatment should remember that we do not require these people simply to work, they should bear a portion of the burdens of citizenship and should be taught what it means. To my mind the better plan would be to oblige every person who contemplates emigrating to this country to file a declaration of such intention with the American Consul next to his place of residence at least three years before date of emigration. Make it the duty of the representative of the United States Government abroad to ascertain what the char-

acter of the applicant is, what his qualifications for citizenship are, and what his intentions are. Allow only those who come bearing a certificate from the United States consul to land. Oblige the immigrant to declare his intentions to become an American citizen the day he lands, and instruct him that unless he qualifies by learning to read the Declaration of American Independence and the Constitution of the United States, so as to be able to interpret these documents in an intelligible manner, he will forfeit his right to remain longer than five years.

There are other considerations aside from the question of citizenship which demand that we take steps at once to check the influx of immigration. If "self preservation is the first law of nature," it is high time that we yield obedience to that law. We placed a barrier between the Chinaman and our coast, not because he did not behave himself, not because he was vicious or particularly bad, but because he interfered with the right of the American to earn his living, and for that same reason must we say to the people of all lands that they are not wanted here so long as the conditions are such as to inflict hardship on immigrant and citizen (native and naturalized) alike.

The Irish Land League taught the doctrine of Ireland for the Irish, and sought to prevent the people of Ireland from emigrating. The Knights of Labor, as an organization, is spreading throughout the world, and its principal feature is to teach its members and others that the land in which a man is born owes him something more than oppressive laws and unjust restrictions which prevent him from earning a living. In every country abroad that organization is to place a declaration of principles before the people, selecting some particular feature around which to rally. The members are to be taught to reform existing abuses at home, so that emigration for the purpose of bettering their lot will not be necessary; they are to be taught that the right to enjoy life in the land of his birth is inherent in man. Once these doctrines begin to spread abroad the people will begin to take more of an interest in home affairs. To assist foreigners to improve their condition at home, it is not necessary to reduce our own people to a condition bordering on serfdom by loading us down with a helpless surplus population which can at best be used only to the advantage of monopoly.

During the next few months we will hear a great deal concern-

ing the protection of American labor from the products of the pauper labor of Europe. Nine out of every ten will know but little about the subject unless he has worked for wages himself. Which of them will have the manhood and courage to demand that we be protected from the pauper and the criminals who have been dumped by the hundred thousand upon the already overburdened backs of the workingmen of this country?

Which man—which party—will have the courage to say: "From this day forward no person shall be allowed to land on American soil who has not filed an application with an American consul to be permitted to emigrate to the United States, at least three years prior to date of sailing. No person who cannot read and write shall be admitted, no paupers, imbeciles, or criminals shall be permitted to land, and all who do come must declare their intentions to become citizens the day they land, and shall study the principles, the constitution and laws of our country before being accepted as citizens."

Which party will take the same interest in the reduction of the surplus population as is taken in reducing the surplus in the treasury of the nation? Who will say we have imported enough for the present, let us stop until the surplus is exhausted? I believe it should be done.

T. V. POWDERLY.

ART AND THE ACTOR.

"To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to read and write comes by nature."

It seems always to have been a popular belief that acting is the one art, the one profession that requires no preliminary training, no preparatory study.

The painter must be taught to draw, to understand the value of colors, must learn the laws of perspective and of optics. The musician must study harmony and thorough-bass, and by patient practice acquire technical skill. The poet must know the rules of grammar and the laws of metre; but a man is asked to step upon the stage and be an actor from that moment, without any other preparation than a desire to be an actor.

Now, however, the time seems to have come when many see the absurdity of such a view, though even yet there is a strong prejudice against anything like a systematic course of dramatic training. A young would-be actor seeking advice is sure to be told by nine persons out of ten: "Get an engagement as soon as you can; the stage is the best school." In the old days of universal stock companies, in theatres where a different play was produced every week, undoubtedly it was a most excellent school. But the young actor of to-day who is ambitious to grow in his art finds it very slow work while under the necessity of traveling through the country playing one part, of twenty or thirty lines, for a whole season. Such a situation does not offer very brilliant opportunities for development of the great art of dramatic expression.

And even if the conditions were the same as in the days of our fathers, why would it be such a preposterous thing to give our young actors their elementary training in schools and colleges instead of on the stage before a long-suffering and patient public? Surely in institutions devoted to this purpose, under efficient

management, it could be accomplished more thoroughly and in much less time than through the slow and painful experiences of unguided effort. Genius, of course, will assert itself in any circumstances. It trains itself and knows its own needs better than any one else can know them; but even it, as a general thing, gains much by being directed in its infancy. And then most actors, like most other men and women, are not geniuses, and mere talent is not capable of reaching its highest development unaided.

Those who oppose the idea of dramatic training invariably argue, with an ignorance of facts which is remarkable, that none of the great actors of the past or present ever had any. They seem to imply that these actors were born with all their technical skill of expression as well as the great motive power of their genius. Let us see how much truth there is in this supposition.

Rachel was a pupil of the Paris "Conservatoire," and during all the period of her success she was a careful and patient student under her old master, Sanson. As soon as she began to grow careless of study the falling off in her art was marked.

Garrick was an untiring worker. He trained himself by a system of study and exercise which he continued during his whole career.

Edmund Kean, as a little boy, received constant instruction and drilling from the woman who took the place of his mother. When he grew to manhood he tramped the country for miles during the day studying the parts he was to play in the evening.

The case of Adelaide Neilson is a striking proof of the beneficial results of training. When she made her first important appearance in the Eastern States, artistically, she was an absolute failure, though her beauty drew large audiences. Her great but crude, uncultivated genius had not acquired through study the ability to rightly apply its power. She immediately recognized this fact and placed herself under the direction of different teachers, and ever afterwards studied her parts with some one competent to assist her. She died young, but she has left her name in the records of the stage as one of its most brilliant memories. Surely her example is worthy of consideration.

Sarah Bernhardt was a pupil of the Paris "Conservatoire."

Similar examples could be multiplied indefinitely, but these are sufficient to prove that even actors of genius do not spring

straight out of the arms of nature fully equipped for their work any more than do other artists, than do scientists, diplomatists, business men. Every one has some preliminary training to go through, whatever may be his or her line of occupation, before he or she can become even a *professor* of it—the actor no less than any one else.

The ground is constantly taken that an actor is but doing on the stage at night what he has been doing off it all day. He is expressing emotions he has been feeling, repeating actions he has been reiterating all his life. To be an actor he has only to do what he and every other man in the world has been doing since he was born,—a perfectly easy and simple matter surely! If so why cannot every man and woman on the face of the earth be an actor? Why are many actors so bad? Why cannot any body take a chair on the stage with the same ease and naturalness with which he can do it in the parlor or in the kitchen? Because acting is an *art* and not mere nature; because a person must be taught or teach himself how to sit on a chair when he would do it to consciously produce a particular effect, and not just because he happens to feel like it. To repeat the simplest action of every-day life upon the stage, and give it the appearance of spontaneity and naturalness, requires the presence of a particular element which is absent from the same action when it is the expression of an ordinary impulse. In the one case it is done with premeditation as a detail in the working out of a fixed design; in the other it is not anticipated or expected or simulated, and, besides, it is not watched by a thousand critics.

It is just as reasonable to expect a man to be an actor without training as to expect him to read without knowing the alphabet. Everybody, but the exceptional individual who is a deaf-mute, has a voice with which he can make a noise more or less musical. But the finest natural voice in the world will not give a woman the position of prima donna or a man that of first tenor if the voice is not cultivated. They must know how to modulate it, to pitch it, to sustain it, to *use* it. Surely if there is anything in the world one ought to know how to use without being shown how it is the voice. We talk more than we do anything else, and yet even in ordinary conversation there is not one person in a thousand, or in five thousand, who knows how to use his voice as he should.

If the actor is to trust so entirely to nature, what is the necessity of stage management? Why cannot the characters move about the stage with the unpremeditated ease of impulse with which they would move about a drawing-room? In tragic moments of real life people express themselves forcibly and very much to the point, and will form pictures of startling intensity and vividness. What need of rehearsals, then, and careful study of the most minute effects when all the actors have to do is to wait for the situation and then just be themselves, and trust to luck not to walk over each other, or to die in the place where the stage manager would think the leading lady ought to faint or the agonized lover ought to kneel and call down vengeance from heaven? Such a performance would be likely to resemble an exhibition of parlor charades, where everybody speaks at once and moves at once, and there is a great deal of animated confusion and very little meaning.

The question is frequently discussed as to whether an actor should so identify himself with his part as to feel the emotions he is expressing, or should merely portray them outwardly, remaining untouched himself. In other words, whether he should feel his part or think his part. The general opinion would seem to be that the actor who feels cannot think, and the actor who thinks cannot feel. Is not this altogether a false idea? Is it not in reality the combination of intensity of feeling and vigor of thought that makes the great actor?—a combination so rarely found in any proportions approaching an even balance as to account for the rarity of genius on the stage?

The actor while on the stage is two distinct persons, acting and reacting upon each other, and the degree of harmony with which this is done marks the greatness of his talent or genius. It seems unquestionable that the more completely an actor can imbue himself with the feeling of his part, the more every fibre of his being thrills responsive to the situation he is in and to the words he speaks, the grander and truer will be his performance. But wait. The controlling element of mind must step in, or the only thing to do with such actors as are carried along on the passion of the character they are representing would be to hang them for manslaughter or shut them up in lunatic asylums. For instance, when *Desdemona* is to be smothered, the mental man interposes and says to the emotional man: "Stop; this is not a

case of actual murder. *Feel* as agonized, as frenzied as you can, but I don't intend to let you kill the lady who is playing *Desdemona.*"

Throughout the whole action of a play, stage effects and smoothness of representation require that each bit of stage business shall be done in a certain specified spot. If an actor has to faint, to fall, to die, he must do it always in one particular place and nowhere else, or he would disturb the whole action of the scene. Now the two men in him, the emotional man and the mental man, are both acting separately but at the same time and in perfect unison. The emotional man trembles, turns cold, pleads, the tears start to his eyes, his voice shakes and he falls. The mental man realizes where he is, at what time he must stagger across the stage, when he must reach the place where he sinks and dies.

This independent and harmonious duality is well illustrated by the numerous stories of the asides of actors, while in the fervor of some scene, to those on the stage near them. An amusing instance of the kind is told of a lady and gentleman who thoroughly and cordially disliked each other, and yet were obliged to appear constantly together in parts requiring the assumption of the deepest mutual affection. "One night, when he was playing at love she was to rush into his arms; being a true artist she did her work with energy, and between speeches he muttered: 'You need not swallow a man.' She replied: 'You are too bitter a dose.' While holding her in fond embrace, wrapped in a delicious transport, he growled in a whisper: 'Don't lean so hard against a man.' With her head in tender repose upon his breast she retorted: 'You are paid for holding me and I intend you shall earn your salary.'"

Jules Clarétie, the well-known writer of the French press, in an article published several years ago in the *London Athenæum*, tells us that Sarah Bernhardt, after thrilling her audiences to the shuddering point by the tragic intensity of her acting, "a moment later behind the scenes will make every one laugh, even down to the firemen." Her rehearsals of the great quarrel scene between the sisters in "Frou-Frou" were interrupted by bursts of merriment from *Frou-Frou* herself; and it was while at supper on one occasion that "she arranged the death of Madame de Sartorys."

This power to feel and yet keep the mind standing outside of the feeling is possessed by all to some extent, but should be so by the actor in a pre-eminent degree. Is not the high development of this faculty one of the most important elements of dramatic talent ?

A very striking example of the separate action of the actor's emotional and mental centres is found in the experience of Talma at his mother's death-bed. He was a man of deep affections and he was devotedly attached to his mother. Her loss was to him a bitter and terrible grief, and yet, while he stood beside her couch, filled with the awful sorrow of the hour, watching the life fade from her eyes, his mind involuntarily and during the very intensity of his suffering, was noting the outward signs of the passage of her soul from the body as a *study* to be used in the exercise of his art. This throws much light on the actor's ability to feel his part intensely, to *be* the person he represents and at the same time to be himself to the extent of knowing what he is doing and how he is doing it—to feel and to know. If he only knows, he is cold, and can do nothing more, at best, than interest our intellects. If he only feels, he loses control of himself, and, consequently, loses control of his audience. He breaks the magnetic current by which he kept his hand on their pulse and swayed them *consciously* at his will.

In studying a character an actor must get an intellectual understanding of it and he must get the feeling of it. His intellectual understanding will classify it and determine its general bearing and tendency of expression. His feeling will bring him into sympathy with it, and prompt natural and spontaneous movements, gestures, modulations of voice, the propriety of which his mind must then decide upon. But it is impossible to absolutely separate the work of the two. They unite and second and check and complete each other. It is the harmonious union of these two elements, the masculine and the feminine, that creates an artistic performance. The same thing is true in regard to all other arts. But the actor's emotional nature can act more independently of his mentality than can that of the poet, the novelist, the painter. Their emotional realization of their subject must find expression more immediately through the channel of the intellect, and they must use the artificial instrument of pen or brush to give it life. The actor's

own body is his instrument and look, gesture, pose and voice are his means of expression. When an actor says : "I love you," he says it with his voice, his eyes, his face, his hands, his limbs, his whole body, as a man who is uttering his own personal feeling would do. The novelist, when one of his characters has the same words to speak, does not go through a similar pantomime while writing them—if he did and any one saw him, he might reasonably be taken for a lunatic. The emotion does not manifest itself by this direct and natural means, but is more dependent on his mental action for its expression.

A great advantage other artists possess over the actor is the time and opportunity they have to pass judgment upon their work, and correct it before finally giving it to the public. The actor does his work in the presence of his audience. No matter what the preliminary study of his part has been, it can only take life in the theatre, and it must stand as it then is. He cannot go back and efface errors and make improvements.

Of course the more spontaneous or intuitive is the working of the actor's mind in his study and in his performance, the truer, easier and more natural will be the result. The mind of genius in any line of work, instinctively finds the best way of expressing itself. The intuitive faculty is the highest, the most precious an actor can possess, and a course of study that would in any way interfere with or check it would be far worse than none at all. But there are certain things the actor must know and may be taught without incurring this danger—the technicalities of his art. Unless he has a thorough knowledge of these his talent or genius must be hampered, as a musician's would be by untrained fingers and an imperfect understanding of his instrument.

Acting is an art whose successful following requires rare natural gifts, devoted love, and conscientious work. The latter element is quite as necessary as the other two. In acting, as in singing, sculpture, painting, poetry, the subtle element of the ideal is its heart and centre and life, and representations of the ideal on the stage, as on canvas, as in verse, are not photographic copies of nature as we actually see it (though nature, of course, must be the foundation to build upon), but suggestions of its typical beauty, truth, strength, love ; with the deep contrast of their reverse—vice, falseness, weakness, hate. The actor who would represent the ideal, needs the training, the discipline, the

study of an artist. He must have something besides natural dramatic ability. In proportion as his intuition—that is his talent or genius—is developed, it will tell him *what* to do, but it is just as important then for him to be *able* to do it. He must have skill and finish of execution, as well as imagination to conceive, and soul to feel. He must have perfect knowledge of effects, perfect control of his voice and body, absolute command of himself in every situation. And this is what he can be taught. It all can be learnt and has been learnt by many on the stage itself. But the question is: Can the process not be made much easier, quicker, and surer in schools, where the first and most arduous part of the work can be gotten over, and from which young actors can go out not so wholly ignorant of the elements of their art as they now are?

In such schools, if properly organized and intelligently conducted, the body can be trained to a flexibility that will always respond to the will of the actor; he can learn to acquire the essential control of his facial muscles; his voice can be cultivated; he can be taught to sit, to stand, to walk as he must sit and stand and walk on the stage; awkwardness of movement, faultiness of intonation and of reading can be corrected; mannerisms can be checked. He can be taught the elements of repose. He can have actual stage practice through rehearsals and public performances that should be as strict as in a professional company. By such means it is surely possible, without in any way interfering with the natural bent or individuality of his talent, to guide and direct it towards its highest expression. Must not such a course of instruction with this end in view, and not that of elocutionary declamation, be a benefit to any aspirant to histrionic fame and a boon to the audiences before whom he may appear? It would result in raising the requirements necessary to be possessed by our actors. It would keep ignorant and energetic hope from harassing the public. It would clear the stage of the host of uneducated, inefficient persons, who have rushed to it from all sorts of motives but that of appreciation or love of the art. And the public will gladly pay for the finished and artistic performance.

We now go to the theatre to see Mr. Booth as *Hamlet*, not to see the play of "Hamlet"; this is a halcyon joy none of us, in our wildest imaginings, have ever expected. Occasionally we may be surprised by a more or less possible *Ophelia*, but when

have we seen the guilty queen, striving to drown the voice of conscience in the sound of feasting and revel, quivering under the heart-breaking reproaches of her murdered husband's son? When have we seen the partner of her crime in all the alternate bravado and fear of his hideous act? When have we seen *Horatio, Laertes, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern*? How can *Hamlet's* thoughts, words, deeds in relation to these characters have any meaning for us unless the actors make them the real people Shakespeare meant them to be? A well constructed play of Shakespeare is a unity. Every individual in it is connected with and dependent upon every other individual; every situation springs from or leads up to every other situation. It is a growth. What becomes of this unity when we see a fine actor in the leading part surrounded by a "support" who so distort the characters they assume as to make it painful to watch, to hear them, or even to feel that they are there? The star is perhaps a genius, or at any rate a man of talent, and a trained actor (unless he has only been foisted into his prominence by managerial speculation). What a wide, what a mournful distance lies between his finished performance and the crude and wooden impersonations of his colleagues! To understand, to appreciate, to enjoy a play it must be presented to us as a harmonious entity that we may judge of it as a whole. If the life is left out of every character but the leading one, if the illusion is broken every time anybody else speaks or moves, what impression of unity do we get? And how can we hope for anything better while actors have no opportunity of obtaining an artistic training, and often no sense of its necessity? Of course every one is not blessed with an equal amount of talent, but every one can cultivate whatever amount he does possess, with the result of doing much more acceptable work than he can otherwise possibly accomplish. Many persons may have dramatic ability in a marked degree, and, simply through lack of training, never fulfill the promise it gives. The material is there, but they do not know how to use it. In time they often become careless or indifferent, and so long as their audiences put up with inferior work they are quite easy about letting them have it. If we can make our actors realize that more is expected of them, it will stimulate them to give more. And this must be not only artistically but morally beneficial. Their self-respect will be appealed to, and they will grow jealous of the

dignity of their art and of their own position as its followers. The class of persons who will then enter its ranks will be better, and they will bring into the theatre with them intelligence and refinement. Will not all this tend to remove from the actor's calling the prejudice still existing against it in the minds of many provincial persons, to give him as an individual that place in the public regard to which, as a follower of one of the noblest arts in the world, he is so justly entitled? And will not *this*, in its turn, improve and purify the productions put upon the stage? Actors, imbued with a proper pride in their art and regard for their position as its disciples, will no longer consent to lend their talents to performances that are degrading to themselves and demoralizing to their audiences.

Let us train our actors—let us give them the same advantages we give to the followers of all other arts, of all other professions. Why should actors alone be expected, while still inexperienced, untaught novices, to grapple unassisted with the difficulties of their vocation? Let us give them an opportunity to equip themselves for their work—to get the dramatic education which the existing system of traveling companies certainly does not furnish. Will not this also be aiding the growth of those sweet, beautiful and high qualities of heart and soul which are possessed by all whose temperament is such as to lead and fit them to become actors? As things are the actor finds his hopes of advancement met so often by almost insurmountable obstacles that, unless he has rare talent and untiring perseverance, there is great danger of his becoming a machine; his mental, moral, and dramatic development arrested, or turned back to the drudgery of imitation.

CORA MAYNARD.

THE IRISH VOTE IN THE PENDING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

In our Presidential contests, wherein the numerical strength of the two great parties is almost evenly balanced at the polls, every agency that is calculated to effect the result is naturally a matter of keen interest and appreciation. The movement going on in what is called the "Irish vote," is now watched by the political leaders with no little anxiety. This vote, which is an important factor in all the principal States of the Union, is potent, especially in the doubtful States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. An analysis of the vote in New York State alone, in this connection, will be instructive. According to the official Legislative Manual for 1887, the total number of votes in this State, based on the census of 1875, was 1,141,462 ; native voters, 747,280, and naturalized voters, 394,182. In the county of Kings the native voters counted 54,452, and the naturalized voters 60,062; in New York County the native voters were 90,973, and the naturalized voters 141,179. Here we see that in 1875 the naturalized voters in New York State numbered about one-third of the total vote, and in the two principal cities of the State the naturalized voters numbered considerably more than one-half the total vote of New York and Brooklyn.

The relative strength of the naturalized vote to-day is certainly not less than it was in 1875. What proportion the Irish vote holds to the total naturalized vote in New York State can only be conjectured, but that it is very large goes without saying. With the "Irish vote" should be counted a large number of Irish-Americans born in this country, who are officially enumerated with the native voters, so that the actual political force of this element is even greater than the figures quoted would indicate ; and the like is true of the Germans, though not of the Poles,

Italians, or Scandinavians—elements which are in their first generation in America.

The Irish vote, as is generally known, has been until recently a solid phalanx and a cabled annex to the Democratic party, the exceptional Irish Republican to be found here and there only the more sharply denoting the rule. This may not be a cause for congratulation, but we are now in the region of practical politics and have to do with facts. That the elements constituting the Irish vote should on occasions feel called upon to express themselves distinctively respecting political measures and movements, calculated to affect interests common to them as men of the same race or religious faith, is not unnatural. In this respect the Irish are not unlike other people. But why the Irish vote should ever have been a solid vote, and why it should have been so long held as the permanent asset of the Democratic party, is a question the answer to which, if not altogether satisfactory, would form a most interesting chapter in a work devoted to the curiosities of American politics.

Any political force in this country which is organized, or held intact, on a racial or religious basis is un-American; and any solid vote which wears even the semblance of foreign complexion is intolerable. This country is not a confederation of colonies nor a conglomeration of alien clans. It is a nation, with the organic life and spirit of a nation; and it is most desirable that all the elements of our population should, as speedily as circumstances will allow, assimilate themselves to the distinctive American type. This national unity does not, of course, imply agreement in all political views. Differences there will be and must be. But American citizens ought to think and act in American affairs as Americans, and not as Irishmen, or Germans, or Englishmen. Irishmen, and Germans, and Englishmen, if they put themselves forward as such, must be regarded as foreigners, and foreigners should have nothing to do with American affairs.

I do not want to pander to vulgar prejudice. I have no respect for that loud and offensive Americanism which, whilst it assumes to be the exclusive guardian of all national interests, is itself too often the offspring of race and religious bigotry. The spurious patriotism which forever cants about the "foreigner" is itself foreign to the spirit of true Americanism. He who would deny the claims of blood is unnatural, and loyalty to the genius

of American nationality enjoins nothing that is repugnant to nature or manhood. My contention is that Americans of Irish birth ought to be just to themselves, as they are loyal to their adopted country, and justice to themselves requires that they should, like other Americans, agree to disagree in politics. This is the right thing to do, and the right thing will be found the wise thing also.

Now, Irish-Americans were not just to themselves so long as they were a solid vote. The most intensely American element of the population, they suffered themselves to appear in a semi-alien character; loving liberty, they were made to assume an attitude of seeming hostility to the friends of human freedom; the victims of British tyranny and avarice, Irishmen in America became the strong, blind, steadfast supporters of British free trade, which laid the industries of Ireland in ruin, and forced her children to seek bread and a home beyond the sea! Into these inconsistencies they were led by a superstitious allegiance to party management.

This anomalous position which the Irish vote has held is explained, if it cannot be justified, by historical causes which are no longer operative. The "Alien Law," which was passed during the administration of John Adams, was one of those causes. That law, which enabled the President at pleasure to order any alien he might deem "dangerous" to quit the country, was aimed specially at French refugees and Irish revolutionists. It was in the year 1798. The Irish Rebellion had failed. Thomas Addis Emmet and Dr. McNevin (whose monuments now ornament the front of St. Paul's Church, Broadway), with other leaders of the United Irishmen who were confined in Fort George, Scotland, received intimation from the British Government that they would be given their freedom on condition that they would leave the British dominions never to return. The condition was accepted. Rufus King then represented the United States at the Court of St. James, and to him the Irish patriots applied for passports to America. Those passports Mr. King, who was known to sympathize with the views of President Adams, declined to grant. Mr. Adams represented the Federalist party. The party in opposition was headed by Thomas Jefferson. (Curiously enough the Jeffersonian Democracy of that day was known as the Republican party.) When Mr. Marsden, the English Under-Secretary, informed Mr. Emmet and his com-

panions of Mr. King's unwillingness that they should emigrate to the United States, the Englishman suggestively remarked: "Perhaps Mr. King does not desire to have more Republicans in America!" Mr. King's refusal, however, had quite the contrary effect, and "More Republicans in America," the offspring of his ungenerous action and the truckling policy of his master, stood up to be counted. The policy of President Adams alienated the Irish and killed the Federalist party. From that time forth the Irish vote was cast solidly with the Democracy.

Three-score and eight years roll by. Another unsuccessful rebellion is recorded in Ireland. An American citizen of Irish birth, a soldier in our own Union war, is sentenced to death in England, and goes to the scaffold protesting his innocence. He charges that he is basely betrayed and cruelly abandoned to his fate by the American minister then in England, and the official correspondence sustains the terrible charge. That minister was Charles Francis Adams, a lineal descendant of John Adams. Charles Francis Adams returns to America, is put in nomination for Governor of Massachusetts by the Democracy of that State, is voted for by Irish Democrats, and those Irishmen who vote against him are denounced as traitors!

In the fifties the spirit of Nativism swept over Massachusetts, and Gardiner, an avowed Know-Nothing, was elected Governor of the State. The Montgomery Guards, an Irish-American military body, was disbanded, and other affronts were put upon men of the Irish race and the Catholic faith. The Republican party was then in its incipiency, and as soon as it was organized Massachusetts took her place in the column of Republican States. This fact, read in the light of preceding events, prejudiced the Republican party in the minds of adopted citizens; and for years after demagogues on the Democratic stump, and to hold the Irish vote in the Democratic party, sought to identify Republicanism with Know-Nothingism—tried to make the masses believe that the Republican party was but a new cover for the old proscriptive organization. The truth is that, while the Democratic and Republican parties, as such, were then as now free from the charge of bigotry, both Democrats and Republicans were tainted more or less with Know-Nothingism, and Democrats more so. The insults offered to Catholics and Irishmen in the city of Boston were shameful, but they paled before the anti-Catholic and

anti-Irish outrages perpetrated in Baltimore, Louisville and New Orleans. In 1856, when the Native-American party put a national ticket in nomination, Maine cast but three per cent. of her popular vote for the Know-Nothing candidates, while Virginia cast forty-seven per cent. of her popular vote for them, and Maryland, which has been ever anti-Republican, gave to the Know-Nothing nominees its entire electoral vote. What is the spirit that has actuated *Harper's Weekly*, the *New York Times*, *Puck*, and the *Evening Post*, if it is not the Know-Nothing spirit? And this spirit, which by the genius of the American system has been exorcised out of the Republican body, now dominates the Cleveland Democracy, and sorely torments its victims.

I am not arraigning the Democratic party for its sins of commission or omission, nor do I hold it responsible for the acts or words of individuals affiliated with it. There are, as is to be expected, narrow-minded men in both parties; but the charge of bigotry against either political organization is not tenable, and Irish Democratic politicians who in the past gave currency to the fiction that one-half the American people were the sworn foes of Irishmen and Catholics were engaged in very small work, of which, it is to be hoped, those politicians are now ashamed.

With the progress of education, and in the light of the knowledge of the facts here presented, the Irish vote, once solid, is now in a state of solution. Irish-Americans of to-day are practical and inquiring. They are not to be amused by fairy tales; they ask what is the living issue of the day, and the man or the party that tries to frighten them with the ghost of Know-Nothingism insults their intelligence and will in turn receive their contempt. The issue of to-day is the Tariff. It is the American system versus the British Colonial system. The Irish instinctively are Protectionists. Nineteen-twentieths of them are workingmen, and, looking at the matter as a question of wages, they very naturally object to Free Trade. Knowing this, the Democratic politicians, from Grover Cleveland down, are at pains to make the working people believe that Free Trade is beside the issue; but Mr. Henry George and every honest free trader in the land say it is a step in that direction; and the English press, which are concerned about our national contest only in so far as the result may affect English interests, hail Cleveland's policy with cheers, and hope and pray for his success. The fact that the

Lion and Unicorn have taken the stump for Cleveland and Thurman is not calculated to hurt Harrison and Morton in the estimation of the Irish, who will, I promise, give a good account of themselves in the pending Presidential election.

PATRICK FORD.

THE OPEN GATE OF DREAMLAND.

CAN a mesmerized "subject" be made unconsciously to commit murder, arson, burglarly and other crimes?

This is the grave question which has been brought into prominence by recent experiments in Europe, and which is so important to the welfare of society that students of psychical phenomena should take no rest till it is answered.

Since early school days I have been interested in the occult—in those mental phenomena and states, concerning which so little is known that they are regarded as mysterious. My attention has always been sharply arrested by the alleged causes of aphasia and heterophemy; by the marvels of clairvoyance and unconscious cerebration; by the various definitions of the Nirvana of the Hindoos; by the curious effects of hasheesh, nitrous oxide, and opium; by somnambulism and by that creative-and rhythmic sleep in which Coleridge said he composed the weird poem, beginning:

> "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree,
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

For thirty years I visited every traveling mesmerist that came along, and marveled at his experiments. After observing them under scientific conditions, and carefully eliminating Beard's "nine sources of error," I became quite certain of their genuineness, and a year or two ago began to practice upon such sensitive people as I could induce to submit to manipulations.

I did as I had seen mesmerizers do: sequestered the person as completely as possible from conversation, laughter, and the company of others; asked him to sit at perfect ease, and to close his eyes and keep them closed for some minutes. I touched his forehead with gentle pressure, then told him firmly that he could not

open his eyes, necessarily accompanying that assurance with a strong desire that he should keep them closed.

The first success in mesmerism (or hypnotism, if the reader prefer the Greek synonym), surprised me greatly, because it did not appear that the small cause was at all adequate to the tremendous result. There was before me a sturdy man apparently helpless, apparently subject in all things to my direction and caprice, apparently unconscious of his surroundings, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, knowing nothing, not even his powerlessness in the presence of a dominant mood and purpose. There was no collusion ; for I had never seen the man or he me till five minutes before. I did not know his nativity or his name, or where he lived or anything about him. I had not even been aware of "bringing my will to bear on him" in any sense other than that in which we employ it to second and enforce any desire. Yet there he sat, apparently deprived of all ability to lift his hand without my permission ; and I experimented with him till I proved that the appearance was a reality, and that he was absolutely subject to my suggestion.

Right here let me say that this influence over him was cumulative and progressive. At first he was only passively responsive. I could keep him still but could not make him move. I could close his eyes, fasten his clenched hands together, prohibit his rising, prevent his speaking, and control all his muscles, but for a time could not subject him to active hallucinations through his senses.

I had mesmerized him two or three times before, becoming perfectly subjective, he entered the open gate of dreamland and saw and heard imaginary voices and sights to which I called his attention. Since that time I have similarly experimented on some dozens of ladies and gentlemen successfully, though in two or three instances I have been able only to control their muscles, and have totally failed to subvert their senses or their consciousness.

It is sometimes a long step from the loss of power over the weak and fluttering eyelid and that ludicrous loss of perception in which a roll of paper becomes a dagger, a glove becomes alternately a bird and a snake, and a broom becomes a banjo.

The various stages of mesmeric control seem to follow each other somewhat in this way: first, bewilderment and doubt; second, muscular obedience—and up to this point the responsive

is wholly or partially conscious of his identity and surroundings; third, lethargy or tendency to sleep; fourth, surrender of the senses and loss of identity; fifth, catalepsy; sixth, complete hallucination or waking dream.

The word "responsive" is used by me as a noun to designate a person who has been placed under mesmeric control—the usual word "subject" meaning too much, and being often offensive; and the word "sensitive" meaning too little, as thousands are very sensitive and susceptible to all nervous and intellectual influences who are apparently not mesmerizable.

When the Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW asked me to narrate in these pages my experiences as an amateur mesmerist, I shrunk from accepting the invitation on account of an imperfect comprehension of the causes and relations of the phenomena I had observed.

But when I reflected that mesmerism, by most minds, is still assigned to the domain of the supernatural; when I realized that the slight and fragmentary contributions of Braid, Charcot, Obersteiner, Beard, Hammond and Carpenter were so valuable and important that they had laid the foundation of a true mental philosophy; and when I glanced at the multitudinous books written on the subject, both of those who had and those who had not personal experience with mesmerism, and marked the audacious alacrity with which Campili in Italy; Gilert, La Tourette and Deleuze in France; and Bovee Dods, Durant and Gregory in England and America, had derived facts from dreams and dogmas from guesses, it seemed that a plain narrative of my observations might possibly be of service.

This inference was strengthened by the eager interest recently shown by intellectual people. The *soirées hypnotiques* in Washington have been attended and actively participated in by Secretaries Vilas and Whitney, Postmaster-General Dickinson, Gen. John C. Black, Gov. N. J. Colman, Senators Ingalls, Platt, Palmer, Jones, Spooner, Morgan and Harris, by admirals, military men, congressmen, supreme judges and authors, ladies and gentlemen who desire to know the latest word that concerns the problems of mind and the development of the race.

Besides this, the Philosophical Society of that city, the most important in the United States, I believe, has held several meetings for the investigation and elucidation of this subject, and

shown a disposition to follow up discussion with original research. I am not a physician, and yet I entertain myself and friends with mesmerism; and I submit that the proclamation of Dr. Charcot, from his chair in the Salpetrière, Paris, that every laic mesmerizer ought to be prohibited by law from "meddling with this dangerous power," is somewhat cooler than Nova Zembla, in view of the fact that a great layman, Mesmer, first brought it to the attention of mankind, and was hooted, derided, persecuted, robbed, and driven into exile and poverty by the bigoted guild of which Dr. Charcot is so illustrious a member. This is a prohibition that will not prohibit.

In this article I ignore what may be called the mystic side of mesmerism. Of that I know nothing. Of the alleged "magnetic fluid," or sublimated effluence which Mesmer, Deleuze, and most mesmerists have believed in as an agency necessary to effect their purpose; the presence of Gregory's "odyllic light"; of the potency of the magnet; of clairvoyance, enabling the responsive to read books he cannot see and describe scenes he has never visited; of Fechner's "material soul"; of thought-transference, enabling the operator to convey his ideas to the mind of the responsive by a mere effort of the will; of the transfer of disease to the mesmerizer; of Dods' theory of "negative blood and positive lungs"; of the power of the magnetic tub and the shining button; of Durant's "polarity of man" and the transposition of molecules; of these mysterious influences and occurrences I have no knowledge. My own experiments have not revealed any of them, and, failing to do so, have suggested that they may all be delusions arising from the practice of the deductive rather than the inductive method.

Mesmerism, like natural sleep, is a state of being thrown out of harmony with environments. It is thus akin to lunacy. Every man is mesmerized once a day—self-mesmerized when he goes to sleep—but the hallucinations are not usually expressed, much less acted out with dramatic intensity, as in this curious imposed trance. Many believe that mesmerism has its source in spiritualism, and that the entranced person actually sees the forms and hears the voices of departed human beings. I have never had the least evidence tending to justify any such conclusion. There seems to be nothing in hypnotic hallucinations showing whether man is an angel or a clod, whether he is an in-

destructible soul waiting for release from his cage to soar like a bird to the stars and live forever, or merely the transitory crown of earth's fauna, struggling with the hopeless problems of his destiny between ice-age and ice-age.

Mesmerism is always the result of suggestion, and is never effected in any other way. If I face a responsive to the wall I can have no effect upon him unless I speak to him. If he is beyond my reach I cannot affect him at all without communicating with him. I believe it is exactly true to say that no wish of a mesmerist ever effected a responsive until that wish was conveyed to him through the senses. Mesmerism is the result of expectant attention. No concentration of the mesmerizer's will without the knowledge of the responsive is followed by any result. Dr. Gilert, in France, has written a good deal and told many marvelous stories about "*sommeil à distance,*" but I have never been able to obtain any such results under the most favorable conditions. I have mesmerized a good many without touching them, by merely waving my hand, or speaking to them, and I have several times put absent responsives into a sound sleep by writing or telegraphing to them that they would fall into a mesmeric sleep at a certain hour, and this has happened sometimes to their inconvenience. But the sleep was the result of a conspiracy between expectation and acquiescence. If they had not known what I wished, I might have sat in my library and wished till the next century without any response whatever.

For the benefit of those who may desire to experiment, here are certain conclusions derived from my own observations:

I. About one person in ten can be easily mesmerized. There are no known rules by which to pick out this mesmerizable person in advance, as eligibility extends almost impartially to both sexes and all ages, to blondes and brunettes, and people of all temperaments, to rich and poor, to learned and unlettered, and, it may be added, to obstinate and docile. Professor Carpenter, a most successful expert, thinks that employés are a little more tractable than employers, and those under twenty than those over twenty; but his conclusion may have resulted from the obvious fact that young employés would be more likely to respond to an invitation from the manipulator to "come forward" than would those of a higher social position, who might see in it a sacrifice of dignity or a loss of consideration.

II. The proportion of people who have the "power" to mesmerize, if it be a power, is still more problematical. But it seems to me what might be called a biological axiom, that no human being possesses any quality different in kind from that possessed, in various degrees, by all other human beings.

III. Mesmerism is a trance, artificially produced, and it appears almost identical with somnambulism, or active sleep.

IV. This artificial sleep, if unaccompanied by exciting episodes, is as harmless as natural sleep. My responsives occasionally come to me in the daytime to be put to sleep for the purpose of obtaining needed rest.

V. If a mesmerized person be left to himself, the mesmeric sleep will, in the course of a few hours, pass into normal sleep, from which he will, in due time, awake refreshed.

VI. Hallucinations that take place under mesmerism are seldom remembered in a subsequent waking state, but they are generally recalled vividly in a subsequent mesmeric state.

VII. The exception to this is that exciting scenes into which responsives are thrown are often recalled after they are awakened. Imaginary shipwrecks and conflagrations are generally thus recalled; and a young lady who, while in a mesmeric trance, was taken where she could scrape up her handkerchief full of imaginary diamonds, sighed deeply on coming to herself, and exclaimed: "Ah! where are the splendid diamonds?"

VIII. Somnambulists are apt to be mesmerizable, and, among responsives, I find those who usually remember their dreams in the morning also recall a larger proportion of trance experiences that those who habitually forget their dreams.

IX. Mesmerized sensitives do not see any of the objects or people in the room except the operator, or hear anything except his voice. They can be made apparently cognizant of their surroundings only by having their attention explicitly called to them by the operator. Even then they generally see imaginary objects only. Their eyes are open and their sight appears to an oculist entirely normal, but there is no co-ordination of the faculties. If I introduce "a gentleman," they treat him as such; if I introduce him as "a young person," they wonder whether he is a boy or a girl, and are liable to address him as either.

X. It is conceivable that mesmerism might injure an invalid. If he have heart disease, for instance, an exciting or violent ep-

isode, a rapture of joy or a convulsion of great grief or fear, might prove injurious or even fatal, just as it might in his normal condition.

XI. This possibility is abundantly offset by the value of mesmerism as a therapeutic agent. The responsive can be made so intoxicated on water, which he has been told is whisky, as to exhibit all symptoms of extreme inebriety; can be made disgustingly seasick by being told that he is at sea in a storm; and can be at once physically affected by any imaginary medicine. His temperature can be changed, his eye dilated, and his pulse quickened. Mesmerism is as perfect an anæsthetic as ether, and as harmless as water. Any mesmerized person can at once, by a single stroke of the hand, be rendered totally insensible to pain, and can have a tooth drawn, a cataract removed, a cancer cut out, or an arm cut off without feeling the slightest pain. This has been so often demonstrated that amputations frequently take place under its influence in the Paris hospitals, and it is successfully employed in obstetrics. Though only a fraction of patients will be found eligible as candidates for this annihilator of pain, its utility is so obvious it cannot be long before medical societies will take up the therepeusis of mesmerism as a serious study, and army surgeons will be required to have as practical a knowledge of it as of any part of the pharmacopæia.

XII. It is quite erroneous to suppose that the conduct of the responsive is directed in detail by the operator. He only suggests the general line of thought, and each responsive pursues it according to his own knowledge, experience or prejudices. I say to my responsives, for instance, that I have a wonderful educated cow with seven heads. They all want to see it. I call their attention to the imaginary stable-door near by; they look towards it, and, when I snap my fingers, they all see a seven-headed cow enter. Now, by questioning them, it becomes obvious that they all see a different cow. Unless I have designated her color, one sees a white cow, another a red cow, and so on.

Then I tell them that she can dance—can waltz and keep time with music. I hand one a cane telling him it is a flute and that he is an eminent performer, and he goes through the motions of playing to the dancing cow. They all hear different tunes, but the exhibition is satisfactory. I now add that the cow can sing—can sing a different part with each mouth—can sing

seven ballads at once. At this point there is perhaps some incredulity expressed. They see the cow stand up on her hind legs and hear the seven ballads—and this, I may as well add, is the narrative of an actual experiment.

Five of the six mesmerized persons believed that she sang. "She is singing 'Tit Willow,'" said one. "And 'A Warrior Bold,'" said another.

"I hear singing," said the incredulous one turning to me. "'Annie Laurie,' isn't it? How do you work her?—the machinery, I mean?"

The others laughed at him. "Why, the cow sings," said a young lady. "Can't you hear her sing? Can't you see her sing?"

"She looks as if she sang," conceded Incredulous. "I see her mouths move all around. She sounds as if she sang; but she doesn't sing. Cows don't sing."

"Very well, what is it then?" asked one of the others.

"A tube and a hole in the floor," said Incredulous, "or perhaps ventriloquism."

"Aw!" exclaimed the first, derisively, "ventriloquism does not work like that. I've made a study of ventriloquism."

"Well, I've made a study of Cow!" persisted the scoffer obstinately.

Sometimes I turn the responsives into children, and have them play school with infinite fun; sometimes transport them over ocean to Africa or Japan on the enchanted carpet, where for a brief space they enjoy all the delights of travel; sometimes we participate in battles, in political campaigns, in exciting tirade, and sometimes Socrates, Moses, or Confucius is introduced and interviewed, the intelligent responsive furnishing both questions and answers in a curious dual action of the mind that is highly entertaining.

Not only the reason sometimes rebels as above, but the conscience also.

As a rule responsives can be completely dominated and made to do anything of which they are physically capable. They could generally be induced to take poison, or jump off the house, or throw themselves under a locomotive, or attack one another with deadly weapons. But there are some exceptions. I was unable to overcome the fear of one of my responsives, whom I sent to

assault an imaginary Indian in the Park. He refused to go, and said it was "difficult to kill an Indian."

A young lady, one of the brightest sensitives I have ever seen, steadfastly refuses to play cards. I tell her she is Buffalo Bill and easily induce her to assume his character, but when cards are suggested, "No, I never play cards. It is wrong!" she says, and I cannot move her. I could make her jump out through the window or put her hand in the fire, but play cards she will not. I was puzzled by it till inquiring, I ascertained that her religious parents had brought her up very strictly, and taught her it was "wicked to play cards."

And this brings us to the question much mooted of late, whether crime can be committed by the aid of mesmerism. If so, it is brought into relations, not only with medicine, but with jurisprudence—not only with the pharmacopæia but the penitentiary. It is obvious that, if cases of this kind occur, the one to whom punishment must be dealt out is the mesmerist.

I have no doubt that crimes of a certain sort can be thus committed. It is obvious that sexual offenses could easily take place without the acquiescence or conscious concurrence of the responsive; and it is alleged that aggressions of this kind have attracted the attention of the authorities in France. Crimes against life and property by the agency of the responsives, being more complicated, would be more difficult and proportionately less frequent. Deep interest has been challenged by the allegation that a young girl in Paris, whose lover had become tired of her, was mesmerized by him and sent twenty-five miles away on the cars and there, influenced by his previously communicated suggestion, induced to commit suicide with a pistol. If such a power exists it is indeed not only startling, but greatly alarming. The question is, does it exist? Did it exist and operate in this instance, or did the suicide result from some other prompting; for instance, the knowledge of the girl that her lover wished that she was dead.

It would be easy to mesmerize a lady and send her into a cage of lions with their trainer, as was done in Paris, but, as the lions would not be mesmerized, and would therefore seem liable to attack her, it would be a cruel and dangerous thing to do.

As to the young lady's suicide under such prompting, I doubt it. The act implies a coherence of thought and continuity of

motive that mesmerized sensations do not seem to possess. I could probably induce any one of my responsives to take his life in my presence, or to assault anybody within reach, but the mind wanders curiously in this strange condition, and generally takes little cognizance of surrounding objects. I have used the word "probably" in this sentence because the conduct of mesmerized persons cannot be positively predicted. The mental impression may not, in a given case, be sufficiently vivid and dominating to induce action, or the intention may be counteracted by the trained moral sense asserting itself and overbalancing the confused hypnotic tendency.

I have had a notary public administer an oath to some of the ladies and gentlemen whom I mesmerized, and they committed perjury without hesitation. I have had some of them assault imaginary persons in the street and set fire to imaginary dwellings. But if I had sent them to commit a real assault or real arson, the chances are that both would have been unsuccessful attempts.

One evening I told one of my most alert responsives to go and rob the house immediately adjoining mine—opening, indeed, upon the same lawn. I told him it was daylight and all the people were away; that the door was unlocked and a great pile of gold lay in the middle of the second floor front; and I described the hall and stairway. He entered with apparent zest into the scheme, and taking an imaginary bag which I handed him, started to commit the crime. But, though his eyes were open, he walked straight against the wall of the drawing room without seeing it. I gave him new direction and he walked into the bay-window and would have walked through it, had I not stopped him. I led him to the door, where he went out and fell down the steps. He did not find the next house at all.

He saw nothing but his ideal realm—the world of transient hallucinations in which he dwelt. A mesmerized person cannot usually see even a chair to sit in unless his attention is especially called to it. He sees nobody and nothing but the mesmerist and the other mesmerized persons with whom he is *en rapport*. He is in a state of somnambulistic coma, and his fancies are insane delusions bearing no relation to the actual things around. Mesmerized sensitives are bewildered and helpless when away from the mesmerizer, and I have seldom seen one who was sufficiently

self-controlled to go even one hundred feet away from me and do anything that he was told to do.

One evening at a reception, a curious thing happened. I transported a young man and two ladies to Paris on the magic carpet, and left them enjoying and commenting on the pictures in the Louvre while I turned aside to superintend a personation of the President by another. When I returned to the tourists they had absolutely forgotten me, and I could not in any way make my presence known to them. They did not see my face or hear my voice, but continued their absorbed enjoyment of the great art galleries. I was compelled to unmesmerize them and start again from the beginning.

This same young man proved an expert penman. I filled out a check on the Lincoln Bank of New York City with the sum of $100,000, and then, producing a genuine signature of Cornelius Vanderbilt, I induced him to imitate it with great accuracy in a signature at the bottom of the check, my arrangement with him being that he should have one-half of it when collected. I suggested that I would collect it and then rejoin him; but he was too shrewd and suspicious for that, and insisted on accompanying me to the imaginary bank, informing me, with more than the unction of Sairey Gamp, that he would "knock my head off" if I did not "divvy square." I do not see why a depredating mesmerist might not thus make use of an innocent accessory to complete a felony.

At another reception I was more successful in the matter of burglary. I made private arrangements beforehand with a neighbor half a block off, who concealed a plethoric pocket-book in a bureau drawer upstairs, then locked the bureau, the room and the house, and brought me the three keys. When I had mesmerized my agent I told him he was the famous robber, Dick Turpin, and that I had a job for him. I called his attention to the fact that he was on the earth and must look out where he stepped. I told him where the house was, and described it minutely. I made a diagram of the interior, of the stairs, the room, and the bureau, gave him the keys, and introduced to him a "pal" who would keep watch. He asked if there were any dogs. I reassured him on this point, gave him an imaginary revolver, and started him off. I requested some gentlemen to follow him, to see that no harm befell him, among whom were General Greely, Senator Kenna, and W. E. Curtis, the well-known journalist.

He went to the house, skirmished slyly about it, and finally unlocked the door, groped his way up the front stairs, unlocked the room and the bureau and got the wallet. Then he began to exceed his instructions by plundering the house. His accomplice argued the matter with him, and finally induced him to desist from his purpose and start to return. But, when once on the street, he resolved to run away and enjoy the whole of the booty himself. "What's the use going back to divide?" he petulantly asked. Only after another argument and some show of force was he got back to my house. He came in noiselessly, but with triumphant air, and demanded three-quarters of the spoil, which I gave him on the spot—at least, to his satisfaction. He left the bureau open, but locked the doors on leaving. On being restored to himself, he knew nothing of his adventure.

So it seems obvious to me that burglaries at a little distance can be committed under the most favorable circumstances by the employment of an innocent agent, who is quite unconscious of any violation of law or of equity. There are strict limitations to this power of vicarious crime, but the possibility that it may occur should be enough to excite the solicitude of neurologists on the one hand, and the attention of jurists on the other.

One of Charcot's disciples in France, Dr. Luys, has experimented with medicines with hypnotic patients, and has caused much excitement by his proclamation that medicines would operate without being administered at all. He declares that a corked vial of laudanum laid upon a patient's neck induced sleep, although the patient did not know what it was; that a vial of valerian, similarly brought in contact with the person, was followed by deep dejection; that hasheesh caused hilarity and buoyancy, etc. I have repeated these experiments, but do not obtain any of the alleged results. If the responsive does not know what is said to be in the vial, no result whatever follows; and if he knows or believes some particular medicine to be in the vial, and knows the effects which follow the use of that medicine, he will have those external symptoms, whether that medicine be actually there or not. Hypnotic hallucinations are the result of an all-absorbing expectation. If the responsive thinks he is drinking too much whisky, he will become helplessly inebriated; if he thinks he is at sea in a storm, he will be afflicted with violent nausea, enough to convince any skeptic of the genu-

ineness of the emotion; if he thinks he has swallowed laudanum, he will fall into a sleep. How far this delusion will go in physical repairing or impairing, I do not know; but I should not like to give a gum drop to the most sensitive of mesmerized ladies and afterwards tell her that she had swallowed strychnine.

Nine-tenths of the readers of this article will say, "Nobody can mesmerize me!" This is the innocent and foolish prattle of a child in presence of an unknown force. Only experiment can demonstrate whether a particular person can be easily mesmerized or not. If he can be, it implies no weakness of nerves or of brain, no mental or physical inferiority of any sort. If he cannot be, it does not prove strength of intellect or even of will, or the possession of any superior qualities of mind or body.

"How do you know these persons are not deceiving you?" is a question often asked. They might deceive me for a few minutes or an hour, but not for months. In the first place they are not persons who would indulge in such folly. In their normal condition they are quite incapable of the long and elaborate speeches and earnest dramatic performances which they give. They are thrown into cataleptic rigidity, whose genuineness is attested by physicians. While insensitive they are subjected to great pain, which they could not bear in their normal state. They can be made to laugh immoderately or weep at will.

I have seen a young man, while making a speech, deliberately and deeply seared down the hand with a white-hot iron, quite unexpectedly to himself, and he showed no sign of being conscious of it. I have seen a mesmerized man, driven to despair by the suggestions of the operator (Dr. George M. Beard), seize a revolver, which he could not have known was unloaded, utter a frantic prayer, aim the weapon at his heart and fire, dropping to the floor an inert mass. He recovered after a while, but it was a perilous experiment. In a hundred ways I know I am not deceived, and that these phenomena are genuine and all significant.

That they have been so long treated with supercilious derision by the learned, surrendered to traveling showmen and exploiting laymen, neglected even when not rejected, and left to make their way, like the truths of all revelations, by "the mouths of babes and sucklings," is the irony of science and the reproach even of that variegated empiricism which calls itself "the medical profession."

It will be observed that in this paper no attempt has been made to explain the phenomena described. There is a wide domain of psychological life of which we are vaguely cognizant, whose remote frontiers have only just been reached by scientific research. Its soil cannot be analyzed by chemists, or its products weighed with grocer's scales, or its area measured with compass and chain, and if we are ever to know more of the great mysteries which lie within its strange precincts, it must be by means of an earnest and thorough exploration with new methods by scientific men, and a careful collation of observed facts. It is in this spirit and with this hope that I present this chronicle.

W. A. CROFFUT.

OUR CHIEF JUSTICES OFF THE BENCH.

THE death of Judge Waite shows how little the world knows of our Supreme Court judges outside of their gowns. The austerity of the bench shrouds from the public their delightful personal traits, and the facts that Chief Justice Marshall liked novels,—that John Jay smoked clay pipes,—that Oliver Ellsworth would rather romp with children than write judicial opinions—make interesting the study of the Chief Justices of the United States as men. In this article I propose to look at our Chief Justices off the bench, and to give the reader some stories and pictures of their private lives. The first of them was John Jay, and you may see his kind face shining out of the scarlet-gowned portrait of him in the Supreme Court chamber.

He was one of the ablest of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court. In the words of Daniel Webster, "when the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell upon him it touched nothing less spotless than itself."

His pictures represent him as a man of almost classic features. His forehead is broad, high and full; his nose large and inclined to the Roman; his chin pointed; his mouth firm, but pleasant, and his eyes large, bright, blue and sparkling. His long hair is combed back in waves from his face. It is slightly powdered, and it forms a queue at the back. The face is one of culture, dignity and intelligence, and John Jay possessed these qualities in a remarkable degree.

The son of Peter Jay, a rich merchant of New York, he came from one of the oldest families of Holland, and he had in him the blood of the Bayards. He was well educated. His first schooling was under a Mr. Stoop, a French clergyman, who had a shrewish wife of penurious habits. Young Jay boarded with Mr. Stoop, and it is said that he was often obliged to protect his bed from the drifting snow, and to close up the broken panes with

bits of wood. He was a fine talker, and his oratory was secured by much the same methods as was that of Demosthenes. He could not pronounce distinctly, and he had a faulty pronunciation of the letter L. He devoted himself during his college days to the study of the rules of elocution, and, by continued exercise, clarified his tones and made his pronunciation perfect. He was a hard student, and he paid especial attention to English composition, adopting Pope's plan of keeping by his bedside a table supplied with writing materials in order that he might write down such ideas as occurred to him in waking during the night.

Some good stories are told of his college days, and at one time some of his classmates broke a table in the college hall. The professors could not identify the offender. They called the class together and, beginning at the head, asked each student two questions. The first one was as to whether the boy had broken the table. The second was as to whether he knew who did. All of the students except Jay and one other young man replied "no" to both questions. Jay replied that he had not broken the table, but that he knew the offender, but would not tell his name. The same reply was made by Jay's friend. The professors were angry, and they expelled both students. They were afterwards taken back, however, and Jay graduated with the highest honors.

He at once began his legal studies, and that in the office of Mr. Benjamin Kissam, one of the then noted lawyers of New York. After he was admitted to the bar he was employed in a number of cases in which Kissam was the lawyer for the opposite side. One day, when Jay in argument pushed Kissam very hard, the latter said, pointing to Jay :

"Here I have brought up a bird to pick out my own eyes !"

"Not to pick out your eyes," replied young Jay instantly, "but to open your eyes, Mr. Kissam !" And of course the Court laughed.

Jay had acquired a good practice at the opening of the Revolution, but he left it for the service of his country, and the greater part of the remainder of his life was taken up by his various public positions.

He did well in every one of them, and as Minister to Spain he secured loans upon his own credit which the Government could never have secured otherwise. When he returned he was given the freedom of New York in a gold box at a public reception there,

and as Secretary of State he practically organized the foreign relations of the Government. When Washington became President he was invited to select his own post, and he chose the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court. He resigned to be Minister to England, where he made the Jay Treaty which was so unpopular nearly one hundred years ago; and after he came back to this country he was made Governor of New York and was re-elected. He then decided to retire to private life, and he declined the office of Chief Justice, which was again offered to him. He was at this time only fifty-six years old, and he had for twenty-seven years served in every department of legislative, diplomatic and judicial trust.

He had built a house at Bedford, about forty-four miles from New York City, and he had here an estate of eight hundred acres, which had come to him by inheritance. To this he retired, and here he spent his last days. Seven hundred of these eight hundred acres are now in the hands of his grandchildren, and the old house is still filled with relics of John Jay. The house was altered somewhat in 1860, but its old features were preserved, and it is practically the same as when the ex-Chief Justice occupied it. It has fine old elms lining the roads leading to it, and the dwelling is one hundred feet long, and it has a hall eight feet wide running through its centre. It is of two stories and an attic, and it contains many large and comfortable rooms. In the library are John Jay's table and chair which he used as Chief Justice; on its mantel are his Spanish pistols, and on its walls hang engraved portraits and a painting of him by Gabriel Stuart.

Here John Jay spent the last twenty-five years of his life, and his method of living would form a good example to the old men of to-day. Like most of our old statesmen, Washington, Jefferson and John Adams, he was perfectly regular in his habits. He rose at dawn, and in order that he might get the first rays of the sun, a hole in the form of a crescent was cut in the solid oaken shutter of his bed-room. As soon as the rays touched his eyes he awoke. He had prayers before breakfast, and he spent most of the day in attending to his farm. He was very fond of animals, and during the busiest days of his diplomatic missions abroad he had time to write to his family in regard to his old sorrel mare, as follows:

"If my old mare is alive, I must beg of you and my brother to

take good care of her. I mean she should be well fed and left idle, unless my brother Peter should choose to use her. If it should be necessary to advance money to recover her, I am content that you should do it, even to the amount of double her value."

John Jay took his dinner at half-past one, and was wont to smoke a pipe or two of tobacco after it. He was fond of a long clay pipe, and he had his pipes imported from England. He devoted a great part of his last days to literary and scientific investigations. He was a good writer, and wrote several of the Federalist papers.

He died on the 17th of May, 1829, and, according to his own desire, his funeral was as simple as possible. Had cremation been then in fashion he would probably have been cremated. He would not have himself deposited in the family vault, and he said he considered it heathenish to try to keep the relics of mortality from that dissolution which God has intended for them. He judged that $200 would be saved by the simplicity of his funeral, and shortly before he died he had this amount of silver money counted out before him, and directed that it should be given to some poor and worthy widow of the neighborhood. This his children did after his death.

The second Chief Justice of the United States held the rank only by appointment. He never took his seat upon the bench as Chief Justice, and sickness deranged his mind, and he died insane. This man's name was John Rutledge, who was nominated by Washington on the resignation of John Jay. He was born in South Carolina, and he studied law in the Temple in London. He gained the highest rank at the Bar, and he was President and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of South Carolina, 1776. He was an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court when the Jay Treaty was announced, and he made a violent speech against it just two days before his appointment as Chief Justice reached him, and in this he denounced the leaders of the Federal party, and it was on this ground that the Senate refused to confirm his nomination. The mortification at this rejection was, it is said, one of the causes of his insanity.

There was much more dignity about the Supreme Court in the days of Washington than there is now. Chief Justice Jay wore a black gown with scarlet facings, and William Cushing, the man who was appointed his successor, never appeared without a wig.

He was Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts before he was made Associate Justice of the United States, and Flanders, to whom I am much indebted in this article,* tells a story of the sensation which his wig created when he came to New York to take his seat on the Supreme Bench. It was in February, 1790, and it seems that wigs were not then common among the New York judges. When Cushing appeared on Broadway, he noticed that a hundred boys followed him as though he were the prize elephant of a circus procession. The boys did not cry at him, but their number was augmented at every step. Judge Cushing was at a loss to know the reason of their attention, when a sailor who passed by looked at him and involuntarily exclaimed:

"My eyes! What a wig!"

This disgusted the new Supreme Court judge, and he went to a barber and had his hair arranged in the ordinary style of the day.

In that day the judges of the Supreme Court wore black silk stockings, knee-breeches and buckled shoes. The colonial judges before them were even more gorgeous, and their black silk gowns were worn over full black suits, with white bands at the neck, and they had silk bags for their hair. These judges, when murderers were being tried, wore scarlet robes with black velvet collars and with black velvet facings.

Judge Cushing was unanimously confirmed as Chief Justice of the United States, but he resigned the position without taking his seat. This was on account of ill-health, though he continued on the Supreme Bench as an Associate Judge until he died, fifteen years later. The story of his appointment is worth telling. Jay was absent in England, negotiating the Jay Treaty, and Cushing was presiding over the bench in his stead. One evening at a diplomatic dinner, when the guests were about to be seated, President Washington turned toward Judge Cushing and said: "The Chief Justice of the United States will please take his place at my right."

He received his commission the next day, but only held the place for about a week. He was a man of strong mind, though slow, and it was once said that though Judge Cushing had fine ideas in his head, it required a beetle and a wedge to get them out.

* Flanders' Lives and Times of the Chief Justices.

He was a fair-complexioned, blue-eyed, aquiline-nosed man, tall and graceful. Like all of the judges, he possessed domestic traits. His wife went with him on his circuits, and she read aloud to him while they rode in the phaeton from one place to another.

The next Chief Justice was Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, and he was one of the most remarkable men who have ever held a seat on the Supreme Bench. Beginning his practice after graduating at Princeton and studying law, during his first three years his fees did not average three pounds of Connecticut money per annum. He had settled on a farm within about ten miles from Hartford, and when court was in session he walked in every morning and out every night. Nevertheless, a year or so later, Noah Webster, the author of the Dictionary, who studied law with him, said that he had then one of the largest practices in New England, and that he had from one thousand to fifteen hundred cases on his books all the time.

Ellsworth was a hard student, and his father designed him for a minister. He did not get along well, however, at Yale, and afterwards went to Princeton. He was a real college boy in his actions, and delighted to defy the professors. At one time the students were prohibited from wearing their hats within the college yard. Ellsworth was called before the faculty for violating this rule. He made his own defense, and this was that a hat, as defined by the dictionaries, was composed of two parts, the crown and the brim. He had torn the brim off of his hat, and had only worn the crown. As his head covering had no brim it could not be called a hat, and hence he was not guilty. His defense was so ingenious that the faculty let him off without punishment.

Shortly after he graduated his father found that he was not cut out for a preacher, and allowed him to study law. He began the study in debt, and during the first part of his law studies he cut wood enough to release himself from his obligations. He was at the head of the Connecticut bar before he entered politics, and he was one of the most remarkable politicians of his day. It was of him, while he was in the Senate, that Aaron Burr said that "if Oliver Ellsworth brought in a resolution in which was the name of God, and he should spell the name with two d's, it would take the Senate three weeks to consider as to whether they could rightly expunge the extra letter!"

He was a very efficient foreign minister, and he made one of the ablest of our Chief Justices. His greatness was largely the result of hard work. He was once asked as to the secret of his intellectual power, and he replied that early in his life he discovered that he had no imagination. He analyzed his mind and found that its qualities were such that he was greatly disappointed and discouraged. He determined to study one subject at a time, and not to abandon it until it was fully mastered. He said that his success in his profession came, he thought, from his having given his attention to the main points of a case and leaving the minor ones to shift for themselves.

Ellsworth was a man of strong memory, and he had great power of concentration of mind. At times, when he had an important matter to consider, he would retire to his lodgings and walk up and down the floor, unconcious of anything except the matter about which he was thinking. During this time his lips would be in constant motion, and an indistinct utterance would be kept up until he arrived at his conclusions. He was addicted to snuff-taking, and at these times, says one of his friends, he would take, on the average, a pinch of snuff per minute, but the moment he arrived at a conclusion his mind seemed to find instant relief. He dismissed the subject and gave himself up to amusement.

Oliver Ellsworth was a fine-looking man. Tall and commanding, he was dignified without being haughty. His countenance was grave and serious, his forehead was high and broad, and his eyes blue and penetrating. His features were regular but not handsome. He was modest and unassuming, and extremely sociable in his nature. He was a good talker, and he often became so interested in his conversation at the tea-table that he would take cup after cup of his favorite beverage without apparently noticing the number he was taking.

He was especially fond of children, and after his hardest work upon his cases he delighted in amusing himself with them. In his early life, when he was going through his hardest studies, he daily spent some time in caressing his neighbors' children, and was disappointed when any circumstance prevented this accustomed intercourse. He liked to have his children in his study, and he drew pictures for them. He kept his heart young until he died, and this was on the 26th of November, 1807, when he was sixty-three years old.

Referring to his dignity, he was the chief of the justices, as well as Chief Justice. He did not allow the other judges of the court to browbeat him, and he appreciated his own prerogatives. At one time, while he was holding court at Philadelphia, Judge Chase was associated with him, and Chase undertook to tell one of the lawyers again and again that he need not discuss certain points, as the Court very well understood and had settled these points without argument. The lawyer, after he had been interrupted for the third time, became angry, abandoned his argument, and took his seat. Chief Justice Ellsworth pulled out his snuff-box, took a pinch, and with a withering look at Judge Chase, said:

"The Court, sir, has expressed no opinion on these points, and when it does you will hear from the proper organ of the Court. You will please proceed with your argument, and I can assure you you will not be interrupted again." It is unnecessary to say that Judge Chase subsided.

Ellsworth resigned his seat on the Supreme Bench while he was in France as Minister, and did so on the ground of ill-health.

Chief Justice Marshall is remembered principally by his connection with the Supreme Court, while Oliver Ellsworth has more rank for his political services. Nevertheless, Marshall had a long political career before he became Chief Justice. He had been Ambassador to France, and he was, I think, one of those envoys who form a part of the X Y Z scandal of the last days of the last century. During this time, Talleyrand and the French Government tried to get a bribe of the American Ministers in payment for a treaty which was to be made with the United States. They failed, however, and their attempt forms one of the most scandalous pages in the history of French diplomacy in regard to the United States.

John Marshall was Secretary of State in John Adams's Cabinet, and when Chief Justice Ellsworth resigned, and Jay refused to again take the position, President Adams appointed Marshall. Marshall was at this time forty-five years old. He was tall, meagre, and emaciated, and one authority says that his joints were so loosely connected as to make him appear disqualified for any exertion of the body. He was a shambling, awkward man, careless of his dress, as a description of the time states, as far removed from the graces of Lord Chesterfield as any

other man on earth. His head and face were small in proportion to his height, and he looked older than he was.

Other descriptions tell a somewhat different story, but none pronounce Marshall handsome. Judge Story says that he was dignified, though plain, and that his dress was very simple, but very neat. He says that he had small, black, twinkling eyes, a low forehead, but harmonious features. He was a good laugher, and was full of humor. Daniel Webster said, while he was a Member of Congress, that he had never seen a man of whose intellect he had a higher opinion than of that of Judge Marshall.

As for Marshall's physical abilities, his form, though it may have been awkward, was certainly strong. He was fond of muscular exercises, and he was one of the best quoit players of his day. He was a member of the Quoit Club of Richmond for more than forty years, and even in his old age he could hurl his iron ring of two pounds weight fifty-five or sixty feet, and rarely missed the peg. When he made a good throw it is said that he jumped up and down and clapped his hands like a boy. He took off his coat to throw quoits, and he kept up the simplicity of his ways to the last.

As Chief Justice he usually wore blue mixed woolen stockings and a suit of black of very ordinary quality. He did his own marketing, and the story has often been told of how a young gentleman, finding no servants at the market to carry home his turkey, was swearing about the matter, when Marshall, who was rather a rusty-looking old gentleman, offered to take it home for him, and did so. The story is also well known of how he was taken for an old farmer by a lot of young men at a country tavern, and guyed by them until he astonished them with several hours of eloquence on the Christian religion. And another well-known story is that of one of his first law cases, how, attired in a plain linen roundabout and shorts, and with a hat-full of cherries in his hand, he took the place of a missing lawyer and surprised the Richmond bar.

These instances are very good types of his life-actions. He was absolutely simple in all his ways, and the greatness of his mind did not affect the style of his clothes. He was a man of good education, and he possessed much literary ability. His "Life of Washington" was too large to be generally read, and I doubt whether it brought him in the $150,000 which he expected to make out of it.

Judge Marshall was very fond of the classics, and it is said that at the age of twelve he had transcribed the whole of Pope's Essay on Man. He was very fond of Milton, Shakespeare and Dryden, and he attempted poetry himself. During his latter years he read novels with intense interest, and he would sometimes sit up all night to finish one.

He had a high admiration for the talents of the other sex, and the most beautiful stories of his life are those connected with his wife. He met her when she was but fourteen years old, and it was a case of love at first sight. On his marriage, after paying the minister his fee, his sole remaining fortune was a guinea, and this recalls the fact that Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth was married before he ever had a case, and that the married relations of all the Chief Justices have been of the most pleasant character.

Mrs. John Jay was one of the most beautiful women of her time. She was the daughter of Governor Livingstone, and she married Jay at the age of eighteen. She went with him to Spain, and during her residence at Paris she was a great favorite in society.

The wife of Chief Justice Marshall died some years before him, and he felt her loss very deeply. It is said that he rarely passed through a night after her death without weeping for her, and he wrote, on Christmas night, 1832, one of the most affecting of tributes to her memory. This was the first anniversary of her death. Among other things he says:

"This day of joy and festivity to the whole Christian world is, to my sad heart, the anniversary of the keenest affliction which humanity can sustain. While all around is gladness my mind dwells on the silent tomb, and cherishes the remembrance of the beloved object which it contains. Never can I cease to feel the loss, and to deplore it. Grief for her is too sacred ever to be profaned on this day, which shall be, during my existence, marked by a recollection of her virtues."

Here follows a long paragraph of eulogy of Mrs. Marshall, and he concludes his tribute as follows:

"I have lost her, and with her have lost the solace of my life! Yet she remains still the champion of my retired hours, still she occupies my inmost bosom. When alone, and unemployed, my mind still recurs to her. More than a thousand times, since the 25th of December, have I repeated to myself the beautiful lines

written by General Burgoyne, under a similar affliction, substituting ' Mary ' for 'Anna.'

" ' Encompassed in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did Heaven assert its claim,
And take its own away !
My Mary's worth, my Mary's charms,
Can never more return !
What now shall fill these widowed arms ?
Ah me ! My Mary's urn !
Ah me ! ah me ! My Mary's urn !' "

Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, Judge Marshall's successor, was, perhaps, the most unpopular of the Chief Justices. He came into office in trouble, and his actions in regard to the Dred Scott decision cast a gloom over his last years. He was born in Calvert County, Maryland, about one year after the Declaration of Independence, and he was admitted to practice during the year that Washington died. He was one of the most noted of Maryland lawyers, and President Jackson appointed him Attorney-General of the United States, and he was in Jackson's Cabinet when his trouble began. It arose through the United States Bank. Jackson requested his Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Duane, to remove the deposits. But Duane refused to comply with this request. Jackson then removed Duane, and he sent into the Senate the name of Mr. Taney as Secretary of the Treasury. In the meantime, Taney took possession of the office, and, according to his order, the deposits were removed. The Senate, however, refused to confirm his nomination, and Judge Duval having resigned, President Jackson nominated Mr. Taney as Associate-Judge of the Supreme Court. The Senate rejected this nomination also. But Old Hickory bided his time, and when Chief Justice Marshall died in 1835, he again sent in Taney's name. By this time the complexion of the Senate had changed, and the Administration party had a majority. Taney was repaid for his rejections by being made Chief Justice, and he held this position for twenty-seven years.

Coming into office in this way he could not be popular with the Whigs, and his unpopularity was added to by his decision as to Dred Scott. The Senate demurred as to the placing of his bust in the Supreme Court room, and though his judicial in-

tegrity had never been impeached, and though he was a fine lawyer, he will not, on account of these things, ever receive the credit to which he is entitled.

Salmon P. Chase, who succeeded Taney, was, perhaps, the finest looking of the Chief Justices. Tall, well formed and majestic, he had a great dome of a head, a high, broad, forehead, and bright, sparkling eyes. His first visit to Washington was to seek a place in the departments, and he applied to his uncle, who was then in the Senate, to secure him an appointment. The old Senator, who understood a great deal more about Washington departments than his nephew, promptly refused, and said :

"My boy, I will give you a half-dollar to buy a spade and you may dig your way into something of a place in life, but I will not get you a place in a Government office. I have already ruined one or two young men in that way, and am not going to ruin you. The man who enters the Government service seldom does anything more. He is swallowed up in these departments, and that is the last heard of him."

Chase then opened a private school at Washington, but I do not think he made much out of it. While he was teaching school he studied law under William Wirt, and when he was first examined for the bar he answered so poorly that he was told he had better read for another year. He replied that he could not do that, as he had made all his arrangements to begin the practice of law at Cincinnati. When the judges found that he was going to practice at Cincinnati, they told the clerk to swear him in, as any law would do for Cincinnati.

Young Chase's first fee was a half-dollar for drawing up a paper for a client, and it is said that this same client came in the next day and borrowed the half-dollar from him! He went on, however, and by espousing the cause of anti-slavery clients he made a reputation, and got a chance to show the great abilities which he really possessed. He became Governor of Ohio, was elected to the United States Senate, was made Secretary of the Treasury, and, on the death of Judge Taney, was offered the Chief Justiceship of the United States. He accepted it, but was not happy in it. The bee of Presidential ambition stung him, and his last days were those of disappointment in that he did not secure the nomination.

He was undoubtedly a man of extraordinary ability, and, still,

much of his success was due to hard work. During his boyhood he gave but little promise of his future, and he had, as had Chief Justice Jay, a bad impediment in his speech. He was stoop-shouldered, shambling and slouchy, and a number of stories are told of him during his school-days in Ohio. His uncle was Bishop Chase, who was in charge of the Episcopal district of Ohio, and who kept a private boarding-school near Columbus. It was here that Salmon P. Chase got his first education. He did the chores about the house and worked on the farm during the vacations. It was here, while he was shambling along the road one day in his awkward way, that he passed two rail-splitters, and these, expecting him to speak to them, stopped their work. Chase was thinking of something very deeply, and he did not look up. As he went by he heard one man say to the other :

"What awkward fool is that ?" and the other replied :

"Why, that's the Bishop's nephew, and he has'nt got enough spunk in him to amount to anything !"

This roused the spirit of Chase to its very depths. He determined to improve his personal appearance, and he began at once a systematic gymnastic training. It is said that one day, while he was exercising, he felt something give way in his side. It hurt him at the time, and he fainted away. He continued his gymnastics, however, and he made himself one of the straightest and finest-looking of public men.

The story of young Chase's encounter with a pig is worth retelling. One day his uncle, the Bishop, started out on the circuit, and as he left he told Salmon to stop his studies at noon and kill and dress a pig. The only thing that young Chase knew was that he had first to catch the pig. After great trouble he did this, and succeeded in killing it. And now the question was as to how to get the hair off. He had heard of farmers scalding hogs, and he soused the pig into a barrel of hot water. He either held the pig in too long, or the water was too hot or not hot enough, so that the bristles of the pig were rather tightened than loosened. They stuck as though glued, and would not come off. After scraping and scratching until his fingers were raw, he thought of the Bishop's razors, and, getting them, shaved the pig from nose to tail. When the Bishop came home he congratulated his nephew on the splendid appearance of the pork, but the eating and shaving of the next day told a different story. The roots of the

bristles remained in the hog, and the razors were so dull that the Bishop tried in vain to scrape the bristles from his face.

Leaving Ohio for New Hampshire, young Salmon went to school at Dartmouth, and it is said here that he left the college because a friend of his was, he thought, unjustly suspended. The faculty allowed the two boys to go off, but finally concluded that they could not afford to lose two students, and sent a messenger after them.

Chief Justice Chase dressed in black while he was in Washington. He fully appreciated the dignity of the Supreme Court, and he was naturally a dignified man. His private secretary, Mr. Didier, says that he had little appreciation of humor, and rarely indulged in a joke. He was regular in his habits of life, and his tastes were simple. He rose at six o'clock in summer and at seven in winter, and he breakfasted at eight. After his breakfast he read over his letters and dictated answers to them or prepared his opinions. At ten o'clock he left the house to go to the Capitol, and walked when the weather was fair and rode when it was bad. He returned at three, and, after a simple lunch of crackers and tea, he went back to work on his opinions, and continued to work until dinner-time, which was at six o'clock. His table was elegant, and his dinner usually consisted of three courses and a dessert.

His daughter, Miss Kate Chase, was one of the most brilliant women Washington society has ever known; and her entertainments while her father was Chief Justice and Secretary of State were the social events of the National capital.

The story of the appointment of Chief Justice Chase's successor has been recently told in the newspapers. General Grant finally made a good selection in the choice of Chief Justice Waite, and the Chief Justices of the United States have, so far, been an honor to the country. From Jay to Waite they have one and all been able lawyers. They have been men versed in statesmanship and possessed of extraordinary culture. They have been men of minds and hearts as well as just judges, and to the ordinary reader their personal traits will be fully as interesting as the record of their able judicial decisions.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE AMERICAN WOOL INDUSTRY.

THE recent vote in the House of Representatives to put wool on the free list and the probability that this vote will shortly be submitted to the judgment of the American people, make a review of our wool industry especially appropriate at this time.

The American wool clip amounts to about three hundred million pounds per annum. The best private authorities place it higher than this, and it is pretty clear that the Government estimates are too low. But the figures given here are within bounds.

Its annual value varies with the condition of the market from seventy-five to ninety millions of dollars. It stands sixth in value on the list of American agricultural products, and is surpassed only by corn, hay, wheat, cotton and oats. The number of sheep is estimated at fifty millions, worth on an average something over two dollars each, or not less than one hundred million dollars.

If the annual product of mutton for food, and the increase of the flocks in prosperous times were added to the value of the wool, the total amount would exceed $125,000,000.

Sheep husbandry is distributed over the whole country. It is the only great farm industry in the benefits of which every section of the country shares. The distribution of the annual benefits is as follows ;

New England	4	per cent	5,000,000 dollars.
Middle States	9	"	11,000,000 "
Southern States	11	"	14,000,000 "
Western States	37	"	46,000,000 "
Pacific States	18	"	23,000,000 "
Territories	21	"	26,000,000 "
Total	100	"	125,000,000 "

But the annual value of the American wool industry is not limited to the clip of wool or the increase of the flock or its con-

tribution to our supply of animal food. Its value as a means of enriching the soil is recognized by intelligent farmers, though unfortunately it is not generally appreciated. One of the thriftiest farmers in the State of New York has said that after a careful study of the subject, he believed that the advantage derived yearly from the improved fertility of his land where the sheep were pastured, equaled the value of his wool clip. This element of value has not been investigated carefully enough to justify positive conclusions, though it may not be unreasonable to estimate the annual gain to the country from this source of fertilization at not less than fifty millions of dollars.

The proportion of the value of farm lands which is due to sheep husbandry and to the income derived from it, is important though not easy to determine. Yet, when it is considered that there is no substitute for sheep, and that many of our farms consist largely of land suitable for sheep pastures, and which, without sheep husbandry, would be unused and deteriorate in fertility, it must be admitted that no estimate of the advantages of American sheep husbandry is complete which fails to appreciate the decline in the value of our farm lands which would follow the abandonment of this industry.

It is claimed in a recently published statement that this decline would exceed two dollars and a half per acre on one hundred and twelve million acres, or $280,000,000.

The United States is the second wool-producing country in the world. Australia, with its vast area of unoccupied land, is the first. South America ranks third, where land and labor rank the lowest in value. Russia is the fourth, with its boundless wastes and semi-slave population. The total production of the world, so far as it comes within the field of statistics, amounts to about two thousand millions of pounds, of which this country furnishes one-sixth part. This important proportion must be considered in estimating the effect of legislation tending to discourage our sheep husbandry. A serious reduction of the American clip, coincident with a constant increase in the world's consumption of wool, could not fail to be quickly followed by an advance in the price of foreign wools, with higher profits for foreign wool-growers, and increased cost of woolen goods.

It is a fact which at once arrests attention—when known—that the United States is the only civilized country in which there

has, in recent years, been a large increase in the production of wool. None of the European counties show a flourishing condition of sheep husbandry. All of them show a great decline in their wool production since 1870, and are large importers of the wool required for their manufactures. France produces less than a hundred million pounds, and imports more than three hundred millions. England uses less than a hundred million pounds of her own wool and imports more than two hundred millions. The United States, on the other hand, has increased its wool product from sixty million pounds in 1860 to more than three hundred millions in 1884, and supplies eighty per cent. of the wool required for its manufactures. The Australian clip during the same time, under the greatest advantages of soil and climate —with cheap land and cheap labor—has advanced from fifty million to four hundred and fifty million pounds. The production of all Europe is not now materially greater than it was in 1850, although it increased steadily down to the year 1870. Since then, under the competition of Australian and South American wools, the European wool product has declined twenty-five per cent. and stands nearly where it did forty years ago. During this same period the world's production of wool has more than doubled. It has increased three times as fast as population, and prices have declined in a similar ratio. Mulhall gives the following table of prices and consumption of wool in England :

Year.	Price.	Pounds consumed.
1850	23d.	158,000,000
1860	20d.	224,000,000
1870	15d.	309,000,000
1883	12d.	328,000,000

It is interesting to note the comparatively small increase of consumption in England since 1870—only 9 per cent. in thirteen years ; just keeping pace with her growth in population during that time.

The United States in ten years, 1870 to 1880, increased its consumption of wool 70 per cent., while her population increased about 30 per cent. Meantime the prices of wool have remained, under the influence of our protective policy, comparitively uniform, varying in the New York market as follows : For medium wool, 1850, 40 cts.; 1860, 45 cts.; 1870, 48 cts.; 1883,

40 cts. The American farmers have received remunerative prices for wool and the American manufacturers have extended their consumption of wool 70 per cent., while in England prices of wool have declined nearly 50 per cent. and the consumption of wool in manufactures has not, in proportion to population, increased at all.

Whatever may be the decision of the American people as to the advantage of maintaining the wool tariff, it cannot be doubted, upon a review of the facts already stated, that the wool tariff has, during the past twenty-five years, prevented the decline of our wool industry, and secured its rapid extension, together with the equally rapid growth of our wool manufactures. And there can be no doubt that in the absence of adequate protection, the experience of this nation, as respects its wool-production, would have been the same as that of all other civilized nations, where the wool industry has made no progress, or has declined because, with even cheaper labor than ours, they have not been able to compete with the product of new and semi-barbarous countries.

No more comple demonstration of the necessity of protection to maintain and advance the American wool industry can be offered than this contrast between the development of the industry here and its decline in Europe under the same exterior influences. A comparison of the average prices of wool here and in Europe confirms this demonstration. For, excluding temporary and local effects, the prices of our wools as compared with prices of corresponding qualities in Europe, have uniformly been determined on the average by the rates of duty. An interesting statement of the relative prices of domestic and foreign wools of similar qualities was issued last December by Messrs. Justice, Bateman & Co., wool merchants, of Philadelphia. The details would take too much space here, but they show clearly that however low the prices of our wools may at times have appeared to American farmers, they were still substantially well up to the duty line—*i. e.*, the foreign value with the duty added.

And this fact suggests another view of the relation of protection to our wool industry. It is an axiom of the protective doctrine that home competition, under adequate protection, will insure lower prices; and it is believed that not a single case can be adduced of an article, the production of which has been developed by protection, that has not declined in price below the foreign price with the duty added.

This result has been achieved in all our leading industries. In some cases the American product has been reduced in price to less than the duty on the corresponding foreign article. This is true of a great variety of woolen fabrics, especially those used by the working people, and it accounts in part for the fact, often stated and often denied, that many kinds of ordinary clothing are as cheap here as in England.

The operation of the rule that protection secures lower prices has, in regard to wool, been obstructed by the extraordinary development of our wool manufactures and the demand for wool, which have increased in the same ratio as our wool production. The census figures are as follows :

	Wool clip.	Wool manufactures.
1859	60,000,000 lbs.	$65,000,000
1879	232,000,000 lbs.	267,000,000

But the effect of the duties has been sufficiently marked to justify the continued application of protection to our wool industry for the *distinct and avowed purpose to secure lower prices.* No reason can be given why the wool industry is exceptional, or why under the law of competition wool would not be reduced in price as other protected products have been, by the persistent application of skill and intelligence, without impairing the prosperity of the industry. The decline in foreign prices has already caused a reduction of the cost of producing here, through an increase of the weight of the fleece. Before 1860 the average weight was less than three pounds. In 1870 it was three and a half pounds. In 1880 it was six pounds. In Great Britain in 1880 it was four pounds.

An immediate reduction of price would be secured by the swifter process recommended by the President and embodied in the Mills bill. But this course would find our wool growers unable to compete with their Australian and South American rivals and would destroy a most valuable national industry.

Adequate and persistent protection would, on the other hand, increase our production, and gradually bring about lower prices. The law of competition would intervene. Cheaper methods would yield their fruits to skillful research. Those parts of the country best adapted to sheep husbandry would be devoted especially to it,

and those least adapted would be given up to other uses. Our Northern farmers would develop the value of their sheep for food and for fertilizing the land. The Southern farmers would find in sheep husbandry a hitherto comparatively unexplored means for increasing their incomes and improving their lands.

Thus encouraged, it is not easy to conceive of any limit to the wool product of the United States, nor to fix a limit to the decline in price which would be reached when the industry had been thoroughly developed in those vast and now sparsely settled portions of the country where climate and soil are favorable, and where sheep can be pastured all through the year with little or no expense for food or care.

Adversely to these views, it has of late been alleged by Mr. Mills and others that the tariff on wool has not proved advantageous, and that we are farther to-day than ever from supplying the home demand. The following table, compiled from the U. S. Bureau of Statistics, completely refutes the allegation, and proves that this country can, under the present tariff system, produce the wool required for its manufactures, and manufacture the woolen goods required for its people.

It also demonstrates beyond question the powerful influence of our protective policy on the development of our wool and woolen industries, and indicates clearly the disasters which would follow the overthrow of this policy.

It will be observed that the quantity of American woolens used by our people has increased from two dollars and eleven cents per capita in 1859 to five dollars and thirty-four cents in 1879. It will be noted that the quantity of foreign woolens used by our people has decreased from one dollar and thirty-five cents per capita in 1859 to seventy cents in 1879.

In other words we use three times as many American woolens per capita as we did a quarter of a century ago, and only about half as many foreign woolens. It will also be seen that the average product of American wool has doubled in about ten years, and the product per capita has increased twenty-five per cent. On the other hand the importation of foreign wools, such as is produced in the United States, has actually diminished in volume ten per cent., and, per capita of population 40 per cent. It is evident that American wool is gradually taking the place of foreign wools in American manufactures, and that our wool produc-

THE INCREASE OF THE AMERICAN WOOL CLIP AND WOOL MANUFACTURES, CONTRASTED WITH IMPORTS OF FOREIGN WOOLENS.

	American wool clip, lbs.	Production per capita of population, lbs.	American wool manufactures.	Value per capita of population.	Imports of woolen goods.	Imports per capita of population.	Ratio of imports to total consumption of woolen goods.
1859....	60,000,000	$1\frac{8}{10}$	$865,596,000	$2.11	$42,832,000	$1.35	40 per cent.
1869....	162,000,000	$4\frac{7}{10}$	172,495,000	4.66	36,676,000	.96	17 per cent.
1879....	232,000,000	$4\frac{8}{10}$	267,252,000	5.34	35,013,000	.70	12 per cent.

THE AMERICAN WOOL CLIP COMPARED WITH IMPORTS OF FOREIGN WOOLS

Ten years.	Average American clip, lbs.	Production per capita, lbs.	Average annual imports, clothing and combing high duty wools, lbs.	Imports per capita, lbs.	Average annual imports low duty carpet wools, lbs.	Imports per capita, lbs.
1867-76...	172,000,000	$4\frac{3}{10}$	22,400,000	$\frac{56}{100}$	28,900,000	$\frac{72}{100}$
Five years 1882-86...	297,000,000	$5\frac{5}{10}$	19,600,000	$\frac{35}{100}$	56,000,000	$1\frac{4}{100}$

tion has more than kept pace with the increase of the home demand.

The only gain in the wool imports, raw or manufactured, has been in carpet wools, many kinds of which we cannot produce here, and all of which we are discouraged by the low duties from trying to produce. These increasing imports of low duty wools, contrasted with the decreasing imports of high duty wools, indicate plainly the consequences of the President's scheme of free wool, should it ever be realized. That independence of foreign nations, which was the motive of our fathers in founding the protective system, would be lost, and the nation would become dependent upon foreign countries for one of its most essential necessaries of life.

The defenders of the President's free wool policy, for want of solid arguments, have resorted to misleading statements. The

assertion of Mr. Mills that we use six hundred million pounds of wool in our woolen manufactures, and after twenty-five years of protection produce only half that quantity, already been shown to be untrue. To make up the six hundred million pounds Mr. Mills includes all the foreign wool used in foreign countries to make the woolen goods imported to the United States. The plain truth is that our wool growers have kept pace with the home demand, and only ask for a greater demand that they may have an opportunity to increase their flocks.

While the majority of one branch of the national legislature has been assailing our wool industry, the Department of State, unwilling not to do its share in support of the President's policy, has been employing the American Consul at Tunstall, England, to prepare a series of reports, in which, by bewildering figures and limping logic he seeks to show that the labor cost of American woolen manufactures is lower than the foreign labor cost of similar fabrics. It is understood that this was the motive for his appointment.

The results, evidently prepared for the emergency, have been suddenly spread before the people, in special issues of consular reports, just upon the eve of popular discussion of the subject. Their argument is that with free raw material no protection is required for American manufactures, thus aiming to sweep away the entire system of protection. To refute it, we have the fact that in spite of a duty of forty per cent., we import more than thirty millions worth of cotton goods, and in spite of a duty of fifty per cent., we import more than thirty millions worth of silk goods—although both cotton and silk are free of duty, and our appliances for manufacture nowhere surpassed.

And we have the further fact that with a compensating duty for the duty on wool allowed to our manufacturers, and a duty of from thirty-five to fifty per cent. to cover the difference in labor cost, there are still imported more than forty millions worth of woolen goods.

The consul, selected by the Department of State, for this inglorious work of undermining the industries of the United States, it is pleasing to note, is not an American. Though presuming to dispute the statements of more than nine-tenths of our wool manufacturers respecting their own business, he has himself had no experience in wool manufactures.

It is true that he assumed the rôle of a wool manufacturer before the Tariff Commission in 1882, and then proffered his advice. But when asked what kind of woolen goods he manufactured, he admitted that he was only a skirt maker, and was allowed to withdraw.

It is almost incredible that a great political party, including many patriotic citizens, and led by the President, should be thus intent upon the overthrow of one of our most important national industries.

It can be explained only upon the old Roman theory, "Whom the gods mean to destroy they first make mad."

E. H. AMMIDOWN.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY QUESTION.

THE question of adequately, not to say generously and handsomely, providing to make the Congressional Library at Washington our greatest American library, and ultimately one of the greatest in the world, does not seem to be understood at Washington. A clause in the Civil Appropriations bill has been adopted by the House, which contemplates another question entirely, and takes no thought for anything more than a Library of Congress supplied with such works as the members of Congress might wish to consult.

It is proposed to enact that plans and estimates shall be secured for a library building which shall not cost more than $3,000,000; and the purpose is said to be to devote this building to a mere reference library for the use of Congress, or at least to a library restricted within the limits of the proposed structure. Some members of Congress are even reported as desiring no new library at all, but a distribution of much of the present collection and a mere library for reference in the building now in use.

In either case the plan lets go a great opportunity, for the improvement of which people of all parties, and sects, and interests, ought to be heartily united. It sets aside, also, a plan already under way and much advanced, for erecting a building such as a national library needs, according to a bill passed two years since, and for some time in process of being carried out as fast as circumstances permit. A fine site, and the beginning of a proper building, are handed over under the new proposal to the Interior Department as relics of an abortive attempt to make wise provision for a great Congressional Library.

It would be difficult for Congress to judge more wrongly than in this scheme of the national interest and honor. America, richer than any other land in the diffusion of culture, in small public and private libraries and in books everywhere intelligently read, is yet poorer than any other country of the first rank in great libraries, and the Congressional Library of the United States is our one chance to make an American library on a scale representative of our place in the history of human culture. It has now something more than 400,000 volumes, and on the fingers of one hand we can count the other American libraries which go beyond about 200,000 volumes: the public library in Boston, which the city of Boston alone will make our greatest library, if the nation is too stingy to keep up the Congressional: the Harvard Library at Cambridge, which is well on beyond a quarter of a million, and the Astor and Mercantile in New York, which have gone considerably beyond 200,000.

What are these compared with the 3,390,000 volumes collected in the fifteen libraries of Paris, 2,290,000 of them in the B. Nationale alone; the 1,500,000 of

the British Museum, with many other libraries raising the London total to about 3,200,000 ; the more than 1,200,000 collected in about a dozen libraries at Rome; the 1,000,000 volumes which even Russian St. Petersburg has gathered ; the 1,000,000 of Munich ; the 750,000 of Berlin, besides the 200,000 of the university, and over 200,000 more in smaller libraries : or even the half million each of Darmstadt, Leipsic, Strasburg, Copenhagen, and Edinburgh (in two collections) ; and the 400,000 or more at each of such places as Madrid, Florence, Vienna, and Oxford, in the Bodleian, besides as many more in a score of lesser libraries. If the cost should reach $10,000,000 within as many years, Congress can yet do nothing wiser than to ungrudgingly provide both a suitable place for a great national library, and ample means for developing it on a scale commensurate with American interest in literature and American creation of literature. It is a splendid distinction, a national monument, which the United States can afford, and ought on every ground to afford now, lest history point the finger of scorn to legislators who rooted up a foundation the wisest ever planted on our soil.

EDWARD C. TOWNE.

II.

THE ESSENTIAL EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

EDUCATIONAL reform has occasioned a deal of clean brain-work lately through both the magazine and book press. Woman's emancipation clamor, technical training courses, public school methods, science versus classics in university training, etc., have led to solemn incubation and no little cackle over the egg. The result of the hatching, though, has been of little moment compared with the importance of one phase of the problem of reform totally slighted. This has nothing to do with pedagogue or lecture room, or, indeed, with intellectualism in any sense. It touches the moral side of life, the *esse*, not the *posse*, and sinks to the very tap-root of training. It begins with the drying up of the mother's milk, and, precious as that mother's milk, feeds the life-springs of a healthy life. This training is the cultivation of the habit of naked, unshrinking veracity, the die-sinking of the impression so deep as to be ineradicable, that to lie is to incur disgrace of the blackest possible stain. Perhaps most parents teach the evils of mendacity and punish it. But the discipline is too shallow and feeble for any subsoiling, and the child escapes to playground and schoolroom ripe for the thistle seeds.

The ancient Persian, in the day when he was hero and conqueror, summed up the education of youth in the triple teaching, to speak the truth, to be fearless, and to be a skillful archer. In one sense only do we moderns honor the example, and then only metaphorically. We are adepts in drawing the long-bow. Cut many of the fairest fruits of civilization open, and you will find the lie coiled like a worm at the core. Sometimes, indeed, it has helped the mellowing, for deceit has a function in some of the glittering and attractive sides of culture. The so-called amenities of life cling to the lie as a convenient lubricant. Grinding competition in all lines of trade and commerce tempts the constant manipulation of the lie in some of its forms. The lie of the lawyer is almost a necessity of professional ethics. The harness of the politician and diplomat would gall most grievously without this padding. The journalist, when need be, lies, because he finds his vocation and profit in amusing the public fond of extravagant and sensational stories. The man of society—but why multiply examples? Of course the self-respecting liar sugar-coats the fact with euphemism, and is prompt to resent the charge. Disgrace consists not in the lie, but in the exposure.

Naked veracity is the most unfashionable of virtues. Generally the liar and the coward are bound together in the self-same calfskin. If courage exists, it is more apt to be the lower form of physical courage. The habit of truth is always conjoined with moral courage, even if not always concomitant with fighting "grit." In any case it raises natural courage to its nth power, be it great or small. The redeeming feature of the English public schools, brutal as they are, is that a liar is instantly tabooed and exiled by his mates. So at West Point, the cadet caught in a lie is promptly and permanently cut by his class. Truth and courage are thus recognized as Siamese twins, each necessary to the other. Montaigne recognized this in his celebrated definition of the lie as courage toward God, and cowardice toward man.

Untruthfulness with its sequence of moral cowardice is the most prolific source of the corruption of the age. It should be strangled where Hercules strangled the serpents, in the cradle. Trained at home to love truth with a passionate reverence, the child blossoming into youth and manhood consecrates the idol on a shrine in the *penetralia* of his being. In the beautiful words of Sir Henry Wotton:

> "This man is freed from servile bands
> Of hopes to rise or fears to fall;
> Lord of himself, if not of lands,
> And having nothing, yet hath all."

There is hardly a social or a public evil that would not shrivel to its minimum before this sun-like force. Why such hair-splitting over the niceties of intellectual training, with the infinitely more important need crying to us? Train the child, all children up to manhood, to be unflinching truth-tellers. Then will the *pou sto* have been found, and the millennium be near at hand. Truth-tellers are instinctively truth-seekers. Intellectual education will be quickened to ends undreamed of now. Mephistophiles, the Goethean demon, who is the spirit of dissent, denial, skepticism, the deification of the sneer, belongs to the small fry of hell beside his great Suzerain, the Father of Lies.

G. T. FERRIS

III.

THE DECLINE OF THE THOROUGHBRED.

THE only real argument for the existence of horse racing, and the raising of thoroughbred racehorses, is the improvement of the breed of horses. Thoughtful men, however, are gradually becoming convinced that horse racing, as it at present exists on both sides of the Atlantic, is really tending towards a deterioration in horse flesh. The importance of this fact, if true, cannot be overestimated, for, once admitted, horse racing is without a *raison d'être*. The thoroughbred of to-day is produced with the sole object of furnishing an animal which will procure a liberal reward for its breeder and owner at the earliest possible moment. According to the short-sighted notions of most owners, two and three-year-old racing affords this immediate return. Consequently, it receives the lion's share of attention, while the racing of maturer animals is comparatively neglected. It seems almost unnecessary to demonstrate the patent folly of this, and certainly no sane racing man can assert that running youngsters before their frame and bones have settled is calculated to improve the breed of horses. High prices are paid only for racing stock which is descended from the most celebrated winners. Size, shape, bone, muscle, and stamina are elements which are very little considered. The effect of this is seen in the rapid decadence of the English and American draught

horse. Firstrate animals of this kind must now be imported from France, where proper attention is given to their breeding, and the prices they command are gradually becoming so large as to put them out of reach of the ordinary buyer of limited means. The racehorse shows but one pace—the gallop; the walk and trot are never thought of in breeding this animal, and the sire and dam are selected with the sole view of increasing the "gallop stride," and with it the breeder's exchequer. If a tithe of the money expended upon breeding two year old and other immature racers, could be directed in the channel of the horse for draught purposes, we could now supply our own demand for good cartage horses, and the nation's prosperity would be thus correspondingly increased. Handsome rewards for the general utility horse at horse shows would go much further toward improving the breed than the combined riches of our two and three-year-old stakes. The blooded horse of former days was very valuable in improving coarser breeds of horses, because a fully developed five-year-old was more of an ideal than a two-year-old forced by hot-house methods into an unnatural maturity, full of the seeds of early decay. The late Admiral Rous demanded heavy purses for five-year-olds and upward as a remedy for this evil. He was undoubtedly right in thinking that this would alone induce owners to show more mercy to young horses. Larger stakes for longer distances would likewise tend to preserve the most valuable qualities of the thoroughbred. Some step in this direction is imperative. To a genuine lover of horses it is heart-rending to see a noble thoroughbred on the race-track, crippled by having been unduly forced at an early age. It may be said of them as the Spanish proverb has it, "El corazon manda las carnes"—"the heart bears up the body." But courage alone will not serve for breeding.

Contained in a weak frame it will not pull a heavy load.

CLARENCE LEVEY.

IV.

THE HOME AND FOREIGN MARKETS.

PROTECTIONISTS, by their policy, seek to secure the home market for the home worker. Free traders, by their policy, seek to put foreigners on the same footing in our markets as native workers, leaving to the native American the entire expense of government. They insist that the policy of protection prevents us from competing in the markets of the world—that it is better to secure a share of the trade of the 800 millions outside of the United States, than a monopoly of the trade of the 60 millions inside of our boundaries. But this is a fallacy. All Asia, with her countless hosts of semi-naked and penniless inhabitants, will not compensate us for the loss of the trade of a single American manufacture in a single American State. Besides, the markets of the world are already occupied, and even England finds it impossible, with all her wealth and resources and experience, to hold her own in most of them. Germany is pressing her hard everywhere, and is rapidly driving her out of South America. Against the cheap labor, industrial skill and limitless resources of Europe, how could we ever hope to make a successful struggle for the foreign market anywhere? The hope is the offspring of ignorance or craft. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—especially if the bush is thousands of miles away, and one has neither gun nor stone, nor any greater skill than the owners of the industrial Gatling guns within easy range of the bush.

Besides American statistics show that a protective tariff, instead of interfering with our foreign trade, encourages it. In the last ten years of a low tariff—

from 1850 to 1860—the excess of our imports over our exports was over 364 millions of dollars. During the last ten years of a protective tariff, the excess of exports over imports was $11,345,860. The tariff was reduced in 1883. Our foreign trade that year amounted to $1,547,020,043. In 1886 the returns show a falling off amounting to $232,059,350. Since the defeat of the Morrison bill our foreign trade has been rapidly increasing.

During the ten years of a low tariff there was only one year in which our exports exceeded our imports, whereas there has not been a single year of the eleven years of a high tariff in which our exports were not greater than our imports.

During that period our exports have exeeded our imports to the enormous amount of $1,710,544,903. Seventy-five per cent. of our exports were agricultural products, and our farming industries, therefore, were the gainers to that amount by the policy of protection, which English manufacturers and their echoers, the American free traders, are so anxious to abolish for the "poor" and "struggling" American farmer.

JOHN BALL, JR.

V.

HOW TO NAME CHILDREN.

I TURNED the leaves of the May REVIEW until I came to "Notes and Comments," when I read No. 1, by P. J. Otey, "How to Name Children," in which he reasons half seriously that it is dangerous to give children more than one name.

Now this needs no reply, by reason of any logical value which the article may be thought to have, but it is another illustration of the folly of reasoning from numbers taken at random and applied to everything from the tariff down to the naming of our children.

People love to draw conclusions from statistics, and very few of them ever stop to inquire how often the same fact is followed by the same effect.

Let us now apply Mr. Otey's discoveries to another set of names in another age and witness the result.

The Comptroller's report for Tennessee, made in 1887, shows that there were ninety-five county trustees, and all of them, except nine, had more than one name, or what we usually call a double name.

The report shows that rewards were offered and paid for forty-six fugitives from justice, and that only three had more than one name, and that of the forty persons who received the rewards thirty-seven had more than one name.

I do not, therefore, believe that plain John has, so far as name is concerned, any advantage over James G. in a race for the presidency.

It is not true that figures never lie; they lie outrageously. Abstract numbers mean nothing, tariff debaters to the contrary notwithstanding.

J. D. TILLMAN.

VI.

A REPLY TO MR. BROMLEY.

MR. ISAAC H. BROMLEY, in the July number of this REVIEW, criticises my article on "Dangerous Trusts" in the May number, mainly because, as he alleges, my language is too strong and exaggerated. He also intimates that I obtained my facts from the newspapers, et cætera, and that there is nothing in the history and investigations of the Pacific railroads that would justify a careful

writer in designating the constructors and managers of those great national highways as robbers and plunderers of the United States Treasury. The so called "trusts" which continue to spring into existence, to prey upon "the fat of the land" all over the country, he does not directly appear to condemn or defend; but his sole purpose seems to be to defend the gentlemen connected with the Pacific railroads. He does this in an attractive manner, by entertaining the readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW with a liberal supply of anecdotes and jokes not altogether the newest. It seems to me that this is trifling with one of the most serious questions, and the one great question in which the people are all practically interested, and severely in earnest. I am not one of those who believe that "all property is robbery," nor that corporations should be made the scapegoats of "loose denunciation." On the contrary, I maintain that corporations have played leading parts—the star parts—on the great stage of our country's development and progress. Let justice be done them. Nevertheless it may be said, with "reverential calm," that about nineteen out of every twenty of the adult population of this country firmly believe that there has been improper speculation, fraudulent dealing, and in a large, general and universal sense, wholesale robbery in the construction and management of the Pacific railroads. I think the evidence sustains this. This universal sentiment and belief among all classes of our people is not wrong. "*Vox populi vox Dei.*" Historically, the universal voice of a people has always, in its principal stream, been distinctly an evolution of truth and a reliable standard of justice. And I am glad to be reassured that "Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and several other States" have begun to control the corporations in their several jurisdictions, and I hope the time may soon come when we shall be able to do the same here in Pennsylvania. Whenever the people's trusts are being violated and abused by those to whom they have been delegated, whether they be legislatures, judges, executives or corporations, the most effective weapons to arouse the people are by "glowing periods," "tingling denunciations" and "lurid rhetoric." These have ever been the weapons of revolution, without arms and without bloodshed, and Mr. Bromley has no just cause to complain so bitterly because Professor Swing and myself have tried to invoke them in a good cause. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bromley did not confine himself to the questions at issue, *ex animo*, and if not to the issue, then much worth reading could have been said in favor of corporations generally, even if he had been obliged to exclude the Pacific railroads from his article as he did the "Trusts."

W. M. RAPSHER.

VII.

SIBERIA AND "GEORGEISM."

IN the July number, Mr. G. T. Ferris calls attention to the following extract from George Kennan's "Siberian" article, said extract, in Mr. Ferris' opinion, showing the *practical workings* of Mr. Henry George's single tax upon relative land values:

"With a few exceptions all of the land in Siberia belongs to the crown. The village communes enjoy the usufruct of it, but they have no legal title, and cannot dispose of it nor reduce any part of it to individual ownership. All they have the power to do is to divide it up among their members by periodical allotments, and to give to each head of a family a sort of tenancy at will. Every time there is a new allotment the several tracts of arable land held by the crown may change tenants. So that if an individual should build a house or a barn upon the tract of which he was the temporary occupant, he might, and probably would, be forced, sooner or later, to

abandon it. The result of this system of land tenure and this organization of society is to segregate the whole population in villages, and to leave all of the intervening land unsettled."

Either Mr. Ferris does not fully understand the "George Theory" or he failed to notice that in the above extract from Mr. Kennan there is lacking one of the essential elements of Mr George's plan, *i. e.*, the occupant of land shall retain undisturbed possession, so long as he complies with the conditions prescribed by the law in the case. Under such conditions as Mr. Kennan notices, no one would care to improve property; under the George theory improvements would be encouraged.

EDWARD QUINCY NORTON.

VIII.

THE DEATH INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

IN a recent number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW the question is suggested whether animals are subject to premonitions of death.

Years ago I was staying at a farm-house where it was the custom every evening to drive a small herd of cows from the pasture to a lot near the barn. It was decided one day to kill one of the number, a yearling, whose mother also belonged to the herd. The calf was accordingly left in the lot, while the rest were driven as usual to the pasture. No sooner had the butcher slain his victim than there could be distinctly heard from the pasture, half a mile away, the mournful lowing of the mother, the other cows occasionally joining in what could be described only as a wail. The circumstance interested me very much, and I walked over to the pasture. Through thirty years that pathetic picture of maternal grief has remained with me! It seemed to me that there was the actual sobbing of a bursting heart, and to my childish eyes there were tears moistening the face of the poor, gentle, sorrowful creature before me.

Years afterward my children had a pet cat which it was discovered had now and then violent convulsions. We asked a young lad to shoot her. I went with him into the garden where Puss lay on the grass in the sunshine; the lad walked behind me with a parlor rifle. She was always gentle and rarely shunned any one, but so soon as she saw me she stretched herself backward with a most unearthly cry and looked straight into the mouth of the weapon which ended her life.

We owned also a magnificent St. Bernard dog which became in time a wonder to many in the way of what I must call mental development. He was accustomed, summer and winter, to come into the sitting-room after tea and lie for a while on a rug under the gaslight. At a given signal he would retire at once to the back yard. One night, however, he was reluctant to go—reluctant even to resistance. I coaxed, then forced him, and went to the door with him. He stood outside in a hesitating way, and as I closed the door turned and looked me full in the face with an intense expression of mingled reproach and affection which communicated to me an inexplicable sense of foreboding ill, and the remembrance of which still brings a pang to my heart. When the door closed I heard him leap over the low front gate, and we never saw him again. Some boys out hunting on the following day became frightened at meeting him in the woods, and shot him.

L. H. CRAIG.

IX.

THE TRACKS OF A GOD.

TWO travelers in Asia, as the story is related, lost the camel which they used for carrying burdens. Meeting a native they inquired if he had seen a stray camel

that day. He replied that he had not, but asked them: "Was your camel lame in the left leg behind?" "She was," replied the travelers. "Did she have one tooth out in front?" continued the native. "She had," was the prompt response. "Was she loaded on the left side with honey?" "She was." "And on the right side with bread?" "That is our camel," said the travelers, "tell us where she is." "I know not," said the native, "nor have I any information from any one concerning her, but that camel was in the road a short distance below here to-day."

The travelers believing it impossible for any man to have such accurate knowledge of what he had not seen, procured his arrest on the charge of theft. And on his trial the Arab offered in his defense this explanation: "I knew a camel had been there that day, because I saw fresh tracks of a camel crossing the road; and that it must have been lame in its left leg behind, for it made only a slight impression in the sand with that foot; that it was minus a tooth in front, for I saw where it had picked grass by the roadside, and a blade or two were left standing in the midst of each bite taken; that it was loaded on the left side with honey, for I could see the bees swarming among the leaves of the bushes on that side of the road where it had passed; and that it was loaded on the right side with bread, for there were the little busy ants carrying away the crumbs on that side of its way."

The Arab was acquitted, and the Court, in giving his opinion, observed, that "the wise, by exercising the power of reason which they have, are often accredited by many with possessing knowledge which belongs to none."

The Arab knew that a camel had crossed the road, because nothing but a camel could have made the track which he saw in the sand, and the induction is equally plain and easy, from nature to a God.

Because God is past finding out, and his origin inexplicable, is not sufficient to cover the deceit of those who boldly pretend to discard even the knowledge which they have, and which meets their vision wherever they turn their eyes, whether to things small or great.

He cannot deny the God which the sun in his rising and setting discloses, because he argues with plausibility that the Jehovah of Mount Horeb is a myth.

He may indulge, if he pleases, the task to persuade that immortality is no more than a hope, but he reveals his own insincerity when he asserts that no greater being than man exists.

He may fancy that water in the sun will generate a tadpole, and raise up man through the various stages of existence, but he cannot account for the plan of procreation among animals, nor for the bringing forth fruit after its kind in the vegetable kingdom. In that grand work he sees the great I Am who has been acknowledged and reverenced by all ages.

It is possible for him to denounce Christ as an impostor, and his religion as a fiction; but he cannot meditate upon the rolling of the planets and the innumerable heavenly bodies, the going and return of the seasons, night and day, the winds, rain and sunshine in due season, and the whole as having continued without interruption for ages upon ages, without feeling, stifle it as he may, that there is a creator who lives and is eternal.

T. C. SENSABAUGH.

X.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

IT is noteworthy that the most populous and richest, and possibly the wickedest, State in the Union is the first to inaugurate a scientific method in the execu-

tion of the death sentence. The hangman's rope is but a clumsy device even in expert hands, and never a year passed that does not chronicle several instances where the bungling of inexperienced deputies does not shock the sensibilities, not only of spectators, but of the public at large. Even when the fatal noose is properly adjusted death rarely comes on the instant. Originally, of course, public executions were intended to inspire fear in the hearts of possible criminals, but if they ever had this effect it has long since been lost. The conditions have changed. A sensational press delights in printing long and highly-colored accounts of the scene on the scaffold. And on a Friday afternoon or Saturday morning the newsboys in the great cities work off extra editions with the revolting cry, "All about the execution!" Of course the manner is more objectionable than the method, but the public execution is so firmly established that without changing the one it was difficult to change the other. No doubt there are persons who object for one reason or another to the new law which prescribes electricity as the means of execution for capital offenses, but it is difficult to understand why, if criminals are to be executed at all, they should not be put out of the way in the speediest, most certain and least revolting manner known to science. The rope and the garrote maim and distort, the guillotine and the bullet shed blood, but the electric spark extinguishes life instantly, with absolute certainty, and without disfiguration. A competent electrician must make the necessary adjustments. When these have been satisfactorily tested the sheriff or his deputy has only to touch a button and the sentence is executed without the awkward intervention of any mechanical appliance. The new law, too, seeks to abolish the publicity of executions and to prevent the condemned criminal from holding daily levees at the door of his cell. It would seem, upon the whole, that the Republican Legislature and the Democratic Governor of the Empire State have in this case laid aside partisan differences and joined in enacting a law that must, upon the whole, prove a wholesome terror to would-be murderers.

GILROY KEATING.

XI.

IT SERVES THEM RIGHT.

THE numerous reports, essays, editorials, and other articles on such subjects as "Our Sea Coast Defenses," the decline of American shipping, the loss of commercial supremacy in Central and South America, and the wickedness of monopolies, arouse the reflection that the American people suffer from these conditions simply because they deserve to suffer. It may fairly be considered that the people of the United States *have it in their power* to remedy any evil under the sun, excepting poverty, and the Anti-Poverty Society proposes to grapple with even that. No American citizen with a grain of patriotism will ever be likely to admit that, with a proper time allowance, there is something we positively cannot do, provided we have the will. It is our habit to find a way, or make one.

If it is true, as even our rivals are obliged to admit, that we are fertile in resources, phenomenally ingenious, enterprising and aggressive in all the arts of peace, who is to blame for the existence of such evils as those mentioned above? Simply the people who are most affected by them; and if they permit such conditions to go unchanged, do not the resultant losses merely serve them right?

We know too well who caused the decline of American shipping; but if the people most directly affected by it are so indifferent as to let it stay declined, surely the rest of us can stand it if they can. If our surplus of manufacturers

choose to close their factories rather than take the trouble to work up steam communication and a controlling trade with South America, as the English and Germans are doing, let poverty overtake them; it will only serve them right. For years they had it in their power to secure commercial supremacy in the whole of Mexico, Central and South America; but their indifference to the future has cost them a market. If New York goes without adequate defenses until trouble arises with some foreign power having a navy, and its commercial palaces are either knocked into smithereens or ransomed to the tune of a hundred million dollars, will it not serve New Yorkers right for being content to live a single year in such a fool's paradise?

As to that, however, the whole country is equally culpable, and some fine morning when a pair of wicked-looking foreign men-of-war come steaming up the quiet Potomac and give us an option on carting the contents of all the Treasury vaults to the wharf, or having every public building shot full of very large holes, it will serve the tax-payers of the United States just right; and they will not even be entitled to sympathy.

Many people are poor because they deserve to be poor, and it would be wrong for them to be anything else. When we consider that every year about seven hundred million dollars are wasted, aye, worse than wasted in this country in the purchase of intoxicating liquors, and probably as much more is wasted in unproductive time, in fines, tobacco, doctors' bills and other unnecessary luxuries, we need not hesitate to assert that a certain percentage of poverty is unnecessary and therefore deserved.

After all, there are many things "out of joint" in this world simply because we choose to have them so. If we are so engrossed in the pursuit of individual wealth, position and pleasure that we are heedless of to-morrow, when to-morrow comes we must take whatever medicine it brings to our lips, without even the poor pleasure of making a wry face.

W. T. HORNADAY.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SPIRITED and original romance by an anonymous author, described on the title page as "A Well-known New Yorker," is the novelette entitled "Napoleon Smith."* The scene is laid in Paris during the last siege, and the point of the story is to furnish an explanation of the fact that in 1876, when specie payments were resumed in this country, there was no paucity of gold. This fact is linked in the story with the scarcity of gold in Europe after the wars of the first Napoleon. The influx of gold into the American Treasury, making resumption possible, is connected with the disappearance of gold from the European treasuries at the beginning of the century. We cannot say that the financial problem is very clearly stated or discussed. Gold had been steadily accumulating in the Treasury for years before resumption, as every one understands. This book suggests a source from which a vast and sudden increase of the precious metal found its way to Uncle Sam's strong box, and around this strange suggestion the author weaves a story of love and adventure which certainly does credit to his powers of imagination. In a note from the publisher we are invited to guess the name of the author, but we must leave this task to others. There are at least a score of "well-known New Yorkers" known to us, any one of whom might have written just such a book as this.

"The Residuary Legatee"† is a charming novellette that will demand two hours' earnest reading from every one who has the fortune to begin its perusal. It has a wholesome air of mystery about it, and will not wear upon the nervous system nor leave the reader entranced and bewildered, nor spoil his night's repose. The hero of the story is a young American, inheritor of a fortune from an uncle, but there is a peculiar condition attached to the will, which for a dozen years keeps our hero and the reader in suspense. The history of these years is told in this book, which can be read in a very short afternoon, and will prove most pleasantly beguiling to any one who desires relief from dull care.

Nora Helen Warddel, in the "Romance of a Quiet Watering Place,"‡ writes in a pretty, off-hand style concerning the doings of a little coterie of friends and other people in a summer vacation at the sea-side. The story is told in a

* "Napoleon Smith." Author, a well-known New Yorker. The Judge Publishing Company.

† "The Residuary Legatee; or, the Posthumous Jest of the Late John Austin." By F. J. Stimson (J. S., of Dale). Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ "The Romance of a Quiet Watering Place." Being the Unpremeditated Confessions of a not altogether frivolous Girl. Extracted from the private correspondence of Miss Evelyn L. Dwyer. By Nora Helen Warddel. Belford, Clarke & Co.

series of letters—a plan which gives considerable freedom in the matter of diction, but has the demerit of always suggesting the idea of unreality, since few people, even of the most leisurely sort, write such lengthy epistles in ordinary life as the heroine of this book writes to her bosom friend. There is a touch of grotesqueness, too, in the portraiture of some of the characters, and a decided partiality to foreign noblemen, who seem to be very conveniently at hand when heroic love making is required. The book is sufficiently entertaining for a lazy afternoon, and is aptly illustrated by original pen and ink sketches.

"Hints from a Lawyer"* is the title of a useful little book containing legal information which every one ought to know. It is not an elaborate treatise, nor does it profess to answer complicated questions of law, but it is clearly and concisely written, and deals with points of every-day interest, such as the law of contracts, real estate and chattel mortgages, servants and employers, marriage and divorce, the making of wills, and the estates of deceased persons.

"Summer Legends,"† by the German author, Rudolph Baumbach, translated by Helen B. Dole, form an interesting medley of poetic fancies and fairy tales, which are fitted to wile away indolent half hours or to amuse children.

The experiences of a young lady of society are pleasantly told in a series of confidential letters, presumably written to a sympathetic relative, and collected together under the title of "A Debutante in New York Society."‡ The characters introduced are natural, the people belong, or wish to belong, to the very topmost stratum. There is a worldly-minded and fascinating mamma, a careworn but lovable papa, and a judicious selection of well-bred and agreeable young people, with a few inferior or eccentric persons to give variety. The style of the letters is a little strained, but they afford a glimpse of the aims and doings of people of fashion, and suggest points as to what may be termed the chief end of woman in high life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Wm. S. Gottsberger.

Leon Roch: A Romance. By B. Perez Galdós. From the Spanish, by Clara Bell. 2 vols.

From Lands of Exile. Pierre Loti. From the French by Clara Bell.

The Story of Jewad. A Romance. By Ali Aziz Efendi. From the Turkish, by E. J. W. Gibb.

Chautauqua Press.

How to Judge of a Picture. John C. Van Dyke.

A. Lovell & Co.

Civics for Young Americans; or, First Lessons in Government. Wm. F. Giffin, A.M.

Cassel & Co.

No. 19 State Street. David Graham Adee.

* "Hints from a Lawyer; or, Legal Advice to Men and Women." By Edgar A. Spencer, of the New York Bar. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† "Summer Legends." By Rudolph Baumbach. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

‡ "A Debutante in New York Society: Her Illusions, and What Became of Them." By Rachel Buchanan. D. Appleton & Co.

Dodd, Mead & Co.

(Works by Walter Besant and James Rice.)

Ready Money Mortiboy: A Matter of Fact Story.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.
The Seamy Side: A Story.

George Routledge & Son.

Thirty Years of Paris. Alphonse Daudet.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Power and Liberty. Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated from the French by Huntington Smith.

At Home and in War—1853-1881. Reminiscences and Anecdotes. Alex. Verestchagin. Authorized Translation, by Isabel F. Hapgood.

Taxation in American States and Cities. Richard P. Ely, Ph. D.

D. Appleton & Co.

Eve: A Novel. By S. Baring-Gould.

A Little Maid of Arcadie. Marion C. L. Reeves.

"Books That Have Helped Me." From the *Forum*.

For Fifteen Years: A Sequel to The Steel Hammer. Louis Ulbach.

A Counsel of Perfection. Lucas Malet.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In Castle and Cabin; Or Talks in Ireland in 1887. George Pellew, A. M., LL. B.

The Story of Turkey. Stanley Lane Poole. Story of the Nations' Series.
The Gallery of a Random Collector. Clinton Ross.

Bedford, Clarke & Co.

The Romance of a Quiet Watering Place. Nora Helen Warddel.

The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought. F. Max Müller.

Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada. J. G. Bourinot, LL.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Black Arrow. A Tale of the War of the Roses. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Woman's Temp. Pub. Association, Chicago.

Our Standard Bearer. Life, Services and Sketches of Gen. Clinton B. Fisk.
The Crusader Series No. 2. Programme for an Entertainment.

Worthington Co.

William Shakespeare Portrayed by Himself. Robert Waters.

Wm. H. Alden, Philadelphia.

The Realities of Heaven. Eight Lectures. Rev. T. F. Wright.

The Judge Publishing Co.

Napoleon Smith. Author, a well known New Yorker.

Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

The Social Influence of Christianity. David J. Hill, LL. D.

Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, New Haven.

Social Struggles. John Philip Phillips.

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THE GLADSTONE-INGERSOLL CONTROVERSY.

THE CHURCH ITS OWN WITNESS.

THE Vatican Council, in its Decree on Faith has these words: "The Church itself, by its marvelous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, is a vast and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own Divine legation."* Its Divine Founder said: "I am the Light of the world;" and, to His Apostles, He said also, "Ye are the light of the world," and of His Church He added, "A city seated on a hill cannot be hid." The Vatican Council says: "The Church is its own witness." My purpose is to draw out this assertion more fully.

These words affirm that the Church is self-evident, as light is to the eye, and through sense, to the intellect. Next to the sun at noonday, there is nothing in the world more manifest than the one visible Universal Church. Both the faith and the infidelity of the world bear witness to it. It is loved and hated, trusted and

* "Const. Dogm. de Fide Catholica, c. iii.

feared, served and assaulted, honored and blasphemed : it is Christ or Antichrist, the Kingdom of God or the imposture of Satan. It pervades the civilized world. No man and no nation can ignore it, none can be indifferent to it. Why is all this ? How is its existence to be accounted for ?

Let me suppose that I am an unbeliever in Christianity, and that some *friend* should make me promise to examine the evidence to show that Christianity is a Divine revelation ; I should then sift and test the evidence as strictly as if it were in a court of law, and in a cause of life and death ; my will would be in suspense : it would in no way control the process of my intellect. If it had any inclination from the equilibrium, it would be towards mercy and hope ; but this would not add a feather's weight to the evidence, nor sway the intellect a hair's breadth.

After the examination has been completed, and my intellect convinced, the evidence being sufficient to prove that Christianity is a divine revelation, nevertheless I am not yet a Christian. All this sifting brings me to the conclusion of a chain of reasoning; but I am not yet a believer. The last act of reason has brought me to the brink of the first act of faith. They are generically distinct and separable. The acts of reason are intellectual, and jealous of the interference of the will. The act of faith is an imperative act of the will, founded on and justified by the process and conviction of the intellect. Hitherto I have been a critic: henceforward, if I will, I become a disciple.

It may here be objected that no man can so far suspend the inclination of the will when the question is, has God indeed spoken to man or no ? is the revealed law of purity, generosity, perfection, divine, or only the poetry of imagination ? Can a man be indifferent between two such sides of the problem ? Will he not desire the higher and better side to be true ? and if he desire, will he not incline to the side that he desires to find true ? Can a moral being be absolutely indifferent between two such issues ? and can two such issues be equally attractive to a moral agent ? Can it be indifferent and all the same to us whether God has made Himself and His will known to us or not ? Is there no attraction in light, no repulsion in darkness ? Does not the intrinsic and eternal distinction of good and evil make itself felt in spite of the will ? Are we not responsible to "receive the truth in the love of it ?" Nevertheless, evidence has its own

limits and quantities, and cannot be made more or less by any act of the will. And yet, what is good or bad, high or mean, lovely or hateful, ennobling or degrading, must attract or repel men as they are better or worse in their moral sense; for an equilibrium between good and evil, to God or to man, is impossible.

The last act of my reason, then, is distinct from my first act of faith precisely in this: so long as I was uncertain I suspended the inclination of my will, as an act of fidelity to conscience and of loyalty to truth; but the process once complete, and the conviction once attained, my will imperatively constrains me to believe, and I become a disciple of a Divine revelation.

My friend next tells me that there are Christian Scriptures, and I go through precisely the same process of critical examination and final conviction, the last act of reasoning preceding, as before, the first act of faith.

He then tells me that there is a Church claiming to be divinely founded, divinely guarded, and divinely guided in its custody of Christianity and of the Christian Scriptures.

Once more I have the same twofold process of reasoning and of believing to go through.

There is, however, this difference in the subject-matter: Christianity is an order of supernatural truth appealing intellectually to my reason; the Christian Scriptures are voiceless, and need a witness. They cannot prove their own mission, much less their own authenticity or inspiration. But the Church is visible to the eye, audible to the ear, self-manifesting and self-asserting: I cannot escape from it. If I go to the east, it is there; if I go to the west, it is there also. If I stay at home, it is before me, seated on the hill; if I turn away from it, I am surrounded by its light. It pursues me and calls to me. I cannot deny its existence; I cannot be indifferent to it; I must either listen to it or wilfully stop my ears; I must heed it or defy it, love it or hate it. But my first attitude towards it is to try it with forensic strictness, neither pronouncing it to be Christ nor Antichrist till I have tested its origin, claim, and character. Let us take down the case in shorthand.

1. It says that it interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world. In some it holds the whole nation in its unity, in others it holds fewer; but in all it is present, visible, audible,

naturalized, and known as the one Catholic Church, a name that none can appropriate. Though often claimed and controversially assumed, none can retain it; it falls off. The world knows only one Catholic Church, and always restores the name to the right owner.

2. It is not a national body, but extra-national, accused of its foreign relations and foreign dependence. It is international, and independent in a supernational unity.

3. In faith, divine worship, sacred ceremonial, discipline, government, from the highest to the lowest, it is the same in every place.

4. It speaks all languages in the civilized world.

5. It is obedient to one Head, outside of all nations, except one only; and in that nation, his headship is not national but world-wide.

6. The world-wide sympathy of the Church in all lands with its Head has been manifested in our days, and before our eyes, by a series of public assemblages in Rome, of which nothing like or second to it can be found. In 1854, 350 Bishops of all nations surrounded their Head when he defined the Immaculate Conception. In 1862, 400 Bishops assembled at the canonization of the Martyrs of Japan. In 1867, 500 Bishops came to keep the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom. In 1870, 700 Bishops assembled in the Vatican Council. On the Feast of the Epiphany, 1870, the Bishops of thirty nations during two whole hours made profession of faith in their own languages, kneeling before their head. Add to this, that in 1869, in the sacerdotal jubilee of Pius IX., Rome was filled for months by pilgrims from all lands in Europe and beyond the sea, from the Old World and from the New, bearing all manner of gifts and oblations to the Head of the Universal Church. To this, again, must be added the world-wide outcry and protest of all the Catholic unity against the seizure and sacrilege of September, 1870, when Rome was taken by the Italian Revolution.

7. All this came to pass not only by reason of the great love of the Catholic world for Pius IX., but because they revered him as the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. For that undying reason the same events have been reproduced in the time of Leo XIII. In the early months of this year Rome was once more filled with pilgrims of all nations, coming in thousands as

representatives of millions in all nations, to celebrate the sacerdotal jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff. The courts of the Vatican could not find room for the multitude of gifts and offerings of every kind which were sent from all quarters of the world.

8. These things are here said, not because of any other importance, but because they set forth in the most visible and self-evident way the living unity and the luminous universality of the One Catholic and Roman Church.

9. What has thus far been said is before our eyes at this hour. It is no appeal to history, but to a visible and palpable fact. Men may explain it as they will; deny it, they cannot. They see the Head of the Church year by year speaking to the nations of the world; treating with Empires, Republics and Governments. There is no other man on earth that can so bear himself. Neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople can such a voice go forth to which rulers and people listen.

This is the century of revolutions. Rome has in our time been besieged three times; three Popes have been driven out of it, two have been shut up in the Vatican. The city is now full of the Revolution. The whole Church has been tormented by Falck laws, Mancini laws, and Crispi laws. An unbeliever in Germany said some years ago, "The net is now drawn so tight about the Church, that if it escapes this time I will believe in it." Whether he believes, or is even alive now to believe, I cannot say.

Nothing thus far has been said as proof. The visible, palpable facts, which are at this moment before the eyes of all men, speak for themselves. There is one, and only one, world-wide unity of which these things can be said. It is a fact and a phenomenon for which an intelligible account must be rendered. If it be only a human system built up by the intellect, will and energy of men, let the adversaries prove it. The burden is upon them; and they will have more to do as we go on.

Thus far we have rested upon the evidence of sense and fact. We must now go on to history and reason.

Every religion and every religious body known to history has varied from itself and broken up. Brahminism has given birth to Buddhism; Mahometanism is parted into the Arabian and European Khalifates; the Greek schism into the Russian, Constantinopolitan, and Bulgarian autocephalous fragment; Protestantism into its multitudinous diversities. All have departed

from their original type, and all are continually developing new and irreconcilable, intellectual and ritualistic, diversities and repulsions. How is it that, with all diversities of language, civilization, race, interest, and conditions, social and political, including persecution and warfare, the Catholic nations are at this day, even when in warfare, in unchanged unity of faith, communion, worship and spiritual sympathy with each other and with their Head? This needs a rational explanation.

It may be said in answer, endless divisions have come out of the Church, from Arius to Photius, and from Photius to Luther. Yes, but they all came out. There is the difference. They did not remain in the Church, corrupting the faith. They came out, and ceased to belong to the Catholic unity, as a branch broken from a tree ceases to belong to the tree. But the identity of the tree remains the same. A branch is not a tree, nor a tree a branch. A tree may lose branches, but it rests upon its root, and renews its loss. Not so the religions, so to call them, that have broken away from unity. Not one has retained its members or its doctrines. Once separated from the sustaining unity of the Church, all separations lose their spiritual cohesion, and then their intellectual identity. *Ramus præcisus arescit.*

For the present it is enough to say that no human legislation, authority or constraint can ever create internal unity of intellect and will; and that the diversities and contradictions generated by all human systems prove the absence of Divine authority. Variations or contradictions are proof of the absence of a Divine mission to mankind. All natural causes run to disintegration. Therefore, they can render no account of the world-wide unity of the One Universal Church.

Such, then, are the facts before our eyes at this day. We will seek out the origin of the body or system called the Catholic Church, and pass at once to its outset eighteen hundred years ago.

I affirm, then, three things: (1) First, that no adequate account can be given of this undeniable fact from natural causes; (2) that the history of the Catholic Church demands causes above nature; and (3) that it has always claimed for itself a Divine origin and Divine authority.

I. And, first, before we examine what it was and what it has done, we will recall to mind what was the world in the midst of which it arose.

The most comprehensive and complete description of the old world, before Christianity came in upon it, is given in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Mankind had once the knowledge of God : that knowledge was obscured by the passions of sense ; in the darkness of the human intellect, with the light of nature still before them, the nations worshiped the creature—that is, by pantheism, polytheism, idolatry ; and, having lost the knowledge of God and of His perfections, they lost the knowledge of their own nature and of its laws, even of the natural and rational laws, which thenceforward ceased to guide, restrain, or govern them. They became perverted and inverted with every possible abuse, defeating the end and destroying the powers of creation. The lights of nature were put out, and the world rushed headlong into confusions, of which the beasts that perish were innocent. This is analytically the history of all nations but one. A line of light still shone from Adam to Enoch, from Enoch to Abraham, to whom the command was given, "Walk before Me and be perfect." And it ran on from Abraham to Caiaphas, who crucified the founder of Christianity. Through all anthropomorphism of thought and language this line of light still passed inviolate and inviolable. But in the world, on either side of that radiant stream, the whole earth was dark. The intellectual and moral state of the Greek world may be measured in its highest excellence in Athens ; and of the Roman world in Rome. The state of Athens—its private, domestic, and public morality—may be seen in Aristophanes.

The state of Rome is visible in Juvenal, and in the fourth book of St. Augustine's "City of God." There was only one evil wanting. The world was not Atheist. Its polytheism was the example and the warrant of all forms of moral abominations. *Imitari quod colis* plunged the nations in crime. Their theology was their degradation ; their text-book of an elaborate corruption of intellect and will.

Christianity came in "the fullness of time." What that fullness may mean, is one of the mysteries of times and seasons which it is not for us to know. But one motive for the long delay of four thousand years is not far to seek. It gave time, full and ample, for the utmost development and consolidation of all the falsehood and evil of which the intellect and will of man are capable. The four great empires were each of them the concen-

tration of a supreme effort of human power. The second inherited from the first, the third from both, the fourth from all three. It was, as it was foretold or described, as a beast, "exceeding terrible; his teeth and claws were of iron; he devoured and broke in pieces; and the rest he stamped upon with his feet."* The empire of man over man was never so widespread, so absolute, so hardened into one organized mass, as in Imperial Rome. The world had never seen a military power so disciplined, irresistible, invincible; a legislation so just, so equitable, so strong in its execution; a government so universal, so local, so minute. It seemed to be imperishable. Rome was called the eternal. The religions of all nations were enshrined in Dea Roma; adopted, practiced openly, and taught. They were all *religiones licitæ*, known to the law; not tolerated only, but recognized. The theologies of Egypt, Greece, and of the Latin world, met in an empyreum, consecrated and guarded by the Imperial law, and administered by the Pontifex Maximus. No fanaticism ever surpassed the religious cruelties of Rome. Add to all this the colluvies of false philosophies of every land, and of every date. They both blinded and hardened the intellect of public opinion and of private men against the invasion of anything except contempt, and hatred of both the philosophy of sophists and of the religion of the people. Add to all this the sensuality of the most refined and of the grossest luxury the world had ever seen, and a moral confusion and corruption which violated every law of nature.

The god of this world had built his city. From foundation to parapet, everything that the skill and power of man could do had been done without stint of means or limit of will. The Divine hand was stayed, or rather, as St. Augustine says, an unsurpassed natural greatness was the reward of certain natural virtues, degraded as they were in unnatural abominations. Rome was the climax of the power of man without God, the apotheosis of the human will, the direct and supreme antagonist of God in His own world. In this the fullness of time was come. Man built all this for himself. Certainly, man could not also build the City of God. They are not the work of one and the same architect, who capriciously chose to build first the city of confusion, suspending for a time his skill and power to build some

* Daniel, vii. 19.

day the City of God. Such a hypothesis is folly. Of two things, one. Disputers must choose one or the other. Both cannot be asserted, and the assertion needs no answer—it refutes itself. So much for the first point.

II. In the reign of Augustus, and in a remote and powerless Oriental race, a Child was born in a stable of a poor Mother. For thirty years He lived a hidden life; for three years He preached the Kingdom of God, and gave laws hitherto unknown to men. He died in ignominy upon the Cross; on the third day He rose again; and after forty days He was seen no more. This unknown Man created the world-wide unity of intellect and will which is visible to the eye, and audible, in all languages, to the ear. It is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations, in all ages, to this day. What proportion is there between the cause and the effect? What power was there in this isolated Man? What unseen virtues went out of Him to change the world? For change the world He did; and that not in the line or on the level of nature as men had corrupted it, but in direct contradiction to all that was then supreme in the world. He taught the dependence of the intellect against its self-trust, the submission of the will against its license, the subjugation of the passions by temperate control or by absolute subjection against their willful indulgence. This was to reverse what men believed to be the laws of nature: to make water climb upward and fire to point downward. He taught mortification of the lusts of the flesh, contempt of the lusts of the eyes, and hatred of the pride of life. What hope was there that such a teacher should convert imperial Rome? that such a doctrine should exorcise the fullness of human pride and lust? Yet so it has come to pass; and how? Twelve men more obscure than Himself, absolutely without authority or influence of this world, preached throughout the empire and beyond it. They asserted two facts: the one, that God had been made man; the other, that He died and rose again. What could be more incredible? To the Jews the unity and spirituality of God were axioms of reason and faith; to the Gentiles, however cultured, the resurrection of the flesh was impossible. The Divine Person Who had died and risen could not be called in evidence as the chief witness. He could not be produced in court. Could anything be more suspicious if credible, or less credible even if He were there to say so? All that they could do was to say, "We knew

Him for three years, both before His death and after He rose from the dead. If you will believe us, you will believe what we say. If you will not believe us, we can say no more. He is not here, but in heaven. We cannot call Him down." It is true, as we read, that Peter cured a lame man at the gate of the Temple. The Pharisees could not deny it, but they would not believe what Peter said; they only told him to hold his tongue. And yet thousands in one day in Jerusalem believed in the Incarnation and the Resurrection; and when the Apostles were scattered by persecution, wherever they went men believed their word. The most intense persecution was from the Jews, the people of faith and of Divine traditions. In the name of God and of religion they stoned Stephen, and sent Saul to persecute at Damascus. More than this, they stirred up the Romans in every place. As they had forced Pilate to crucify Jesus of Nazareth, so they swore to slay Paul. And yet, in spite of all, the faith spread.

It is true, indeed, that the Empire of Alexander, the spread of the Hellenistic Greek, the prevalence of Greek in Rome itself, the Roman roads which made the Empire traversable, the Roman peace which sheltered the preachers of the faith in the outset of their work, gave them facilities to travel and to be understood. But these were only external facilities, which in no way rendered more credible or more acceptable the voice of penance and mortification, or the mysteries of the faith, which was immutably "to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness." It was in changeless opposition to nature as man had marred it; but it was in absolute harmony with nature as God had made it to His own likeness. Its power was its persuasiveness; and its persuasiveness was in its conformity to the highest and noblest aspirations and aims of the soul in man. The master-key so long lost was found at last; and its conformity to the wards of the lock was its irrefragable witness to its own mission and message.

But if it is beyond belief that Christianity in its outset made good its foothold by merely human causes and powers, how much more does this become incredible in every age as we come down from the first century to the nineteenth, and from the Apostolic mission to the world-wide Church, Catholic and Roman, at this day.

Not only did the world in the fullness of its power give to the Christian faith no help to root or to spread itself, but it wreaked

all the fullness of its power upon it to uproot and to destroy it. Of the first thirty Pontiffs in Rome, twenty-nine were martyred. Ten successive persecutions, or rather one universal and continuous persecution of two hundred years, with ten more bitter excesses of enmity in every province of the Empire, did all that man can do to extinguish the Christian name. The Christian name may be blotted out here and there in blood, but the Christian faith can nowhere be slain. It is inscrutable, and beyond the reach of man. In nothing is the blood of the martyrs more surely the seed of the faith. Every martyrdom was a witness to the faith, and the ten persecutions were the sealing of the work of the twelve Apostles. The destroyer defeated himself. Christ crucified was visibly set forth before all the nations, the world was a Calvary, and the blood of the martyrs preached in every tongue the Passion of Jesus Christ. The world did its worst, and ceased only for weariness and conscious defeat.

Then came the peace, and with peace the peril of the Church. The world outside had failed; the world inside began to work. It no longer destroyed life; it perverted the intellect, and, through intellectual perversion, assailed the faith at its centre. The Angel of light preached heresy. The Baptismal Creed was assailed all along the line; Gnosticism assailed the Father and Creator of all things; Arianism, the God-head of the Son; Nestorianism, the unity of His person; Monophysites, the two natures; Monothelites, the divine and human wills; Macedonians, the person of the Holy Ghost. So throughout the centuries, from Nicæa to the Vatican, every article has been in succession perverted by heresy and defined by the Church. But of this we shall speak hereafter. If the human intellect could fasten its perversions on the Christian faith, it would have done so long ago; and if the Christian faith had been guarded by no more than human intellect, it would long ago have been disintegrated, as we see in every religion outside the unity of the one Catholic Church. There is no example in which fragmentary Christianities have not departed from their original type. No human systemis immutable; no thing human is changeless. The human intellect, therefore, can give no sufficient account of the identity of the Catholic faith in all places and in all ages by any of its own natural processes or powers. The force of this argument is immensely increased when we trace the tradition of the faith through the nineteen Œcumenical Councils

which, with one continuous intelligence, have guarded and unfolded the deposit of faith, defining every truth as it has been successively assailed, in absolute harmony and unity of progression.

What the Senate is to your great Republic, or the Parliament to our English monarchy, such are the nineteen Councils of the Church, with this only difference: the secular Legislatures must meet year by year with short recesses ; Councils have met on the average once in a century. The reason of this is that the mutabilities of national life, which are as the water-floods, need constant remedies ; the stability of the Church seldom needs new legislation. The faith needs no definition except in rare intervals of periodical intellectual disorder. The discipline of the Church reigns by an universal common law which seldom needs a change, and by local laws which are provided on the spot. Nevertheless, the legislation of the Church, the *Corpus Juris,* or *Canon Law,* is a creation of wisdom and justice, to which no Statutes at large or Imperial pandects can bear comparison. Human intellect has reached its climax in jurisprudence, but the world-wide and secular legislation of the Church has a higher character. How the Christian law corrected, elevated, and completed the Imperial law, may be seen in a learned and able work by an American author, far from the Catholic faith, but in the main just and accurate in his facts and arguments—the *Gesta Christi* of Charles Loring Brace. Water cannot rise above its source, and if the Church by mere human wisdom corrected and perfected the Imperial law, its source must be higher than the sources of the world. This makes a heavy demand on our credulity.

Starting from St. Peter to Leo XIII., there have been some 258 Pontiffs claiming to be, and recognized by the whole Catholic unity as, successors of St. Peter and Vicars of Jesus Christ. To them has been rendered in every age not only the external obedience of outward submission, but the internal obedience of faith. They have borne the onset of the nations who destroyed Imperial Rome, and the tyranny of heretical Emperors of Byzantium; and, worse than this, the alternate despotism and patronage of Emperors of the West, and the subtraction of obedience in the great Western schisms, when the unity of the Church and the authority of its Head were, as men thought, gone for ever. It was the last assault—the forlorn hope of the gates of hell. Every art of destruction had been tried : martyrdom,

heresy, secularity, schism; at last, two, and three, and four claimants, or, as the world says, rival Popes, were set up, that men might believe that St. Peter had no longer a successor, and our Lord no Vicar, upon earth; for, though all might be illegitimate, only one could be the lawful and true Head of the Church. Was it only by the human power of man that the unity, external and internal, which for fourteen hundred years had been supreme, was once more restored in the Council of Constance, never to be broken again? The succession of the English monarchy has been, indeed, often broken, and always restored, in these thousand years. But here is a monarchy of eighteen hundred years, powerless in worldly force or support, claiming and receiving not only outward allegiance, but inward unity of intellect and will. If any man tell us that these two phenomena are on the same level of merely human causes, it is too severe a tax upon our natural reason to believe it.

But the inadequacy of human causes to account for the universality, unity, and immutability of the Catholic Church, will stand out more visibly if we look at the intellectual and moral revolution which Christianity has wrought in the world and upon mankind.

The first effect of Christianity was to fill the world with the true knowledge of the One True God, and to destroy utterly all idols, not by fire but by light. Before the Light of the world no false god and no polytheism could stand. The unity and spirituality of God swept away all theogonies and theologies of the first four thousand years. The stream of light which descended from the beginning expanded into a radiance, and the radiance into a flood, which illuminated all nations, as it had been foretold, "The earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea;" "And idols shall be utterly destroyed."* In this true knowledge of the Divine Nature was revealed to men their own relation to a Creator as of sons to a father. The Greeks called the chief of the gods *Zeus Pater*, and the Latins *Jupiter;* but neither realized the dependence and love of sonship as revealed by the Founder of Christianity.

The monotheism of the world comes down from a primeval and Divine source. Polytheism is the corruption of men and of nations. Yet in the multiplicity of all polytheisms, one supreme

* Isaias, xi. 9-11, 18.

Deity was always recognized. The Divine unity was imperishable. Polytheism is of human imagination: it is of men's manufacture. The deification of nature and passions and heroes had filled the world with an elaborate and tenacious superstition, surrounded by reverence, fear, religion, and awe. Every perversion of what is good in man surrounded it with authority; everything that is evil in man guarded it with jealous care. Against this world-wide and imperious demonology the science of one God, all holy and supreme, advanced with resistless force. Beelzebub is not divided against himself; and if polytheism is not Divine, monotheism must be. The overthrow of idolatry and demonology was the mastery of forces that are above nature. This conclusion is enough for our present purpose.

A second visible effect of Christianity of which nature cannot offer any adequate cause is to be found in the domestic life of the Christian world. In some nations the existence of marriage was not so much as recognized. In others, if recognized, it was dishonored by profuse concubinage. Even in Israel, the most advanced nation, the law of divorce was permitted for the hardness of their hearts. Christianity republished the primitive law by which marriage unites only one man and one woman indissolubly in a perpetual contract. It raised their mutual and perpetual contract to a sacrament. This at one blow condemned all other relations between man and woman, all the legal gradations of the Imperial law, and all forms and pleas of divorce. Beyond this the spiritual legislation of the Church framed most elaborate tables of consanguinity and affinity, prohibiting all marriages between persons in certain degrees of kinship or relation. This law has created the purity and peace of domestic life. Neither the Greek nor the Roman world had any true conception of a home. The Ἑστία or Vesta was a sacred tradition guarded by vestals like a temple worship. It was not a law and a power in the homes of the people. Christianity, by enlarging the circles of prohibition within which men and women were as brothers and sisters, has created the home with all its purities and safeguards.

Such a law of unity and indissolubility, encompassed by a multitude of prohibitions, no mere human legislation could impose on the passions and will of mankind. And yet the Imperial laws gradually yielded to its resistless pressure, and incorporated it in its world-wide legislation. The passions and practices of

four thousand years were against the change; yet it was accomplished, and it reigns inviolate to this day, though the relaxations of schism in the East and the laxities of the West have revived the abuse of divorces, and have partially abolished the wise and salutary prohibitions which guard the homes of the faithful. These relaxations prove that all natural forces have been, and are, hostile to the indissoluble law of Christian marriage. Certainly, then, it was not by natural forces that the Sacrament of Matrimony and the legislation springing from it were enacted. If these are restraints of human liberty and license, either they do not spring from nature, or they have had a supernatural cause whereby they exist. It was this that redeemed woman from the traditional degradation in which the world had held her. The condition of women in Athens and in Rome—which may be taken as the highest points of civilization—is too well known to need recital. Women had no rights, no property, no independence. Plato looked upon them as State property; Aristotle as chattels; the Greeks wrote of them as κύνες, γυναῖκες, καὶ τὰ ἄλλα κτήματα. They were the prey, the sport, the slaves of man. Even in Israel, though they were raised incomparably higher than in the Gentile world, they were far below the dignity and authority of Christian women. Libanius, the friend of Julian, the Apostate, said, "O ye gods of Greece, how great are the women of the Christians!" Whence came the elevation of womanhood? Not from the ancient civilization, for it degraded them; not from Israel, for among the Jews the highest state of womanhood was the marriage state. The daughter of Jepthe went into the mountains to mourn not her death but her virginity. The marriage state in the Christian world, though holy and good, is not the highest state. The state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman. But this is above the law of nature. It belongs to a higher order. And this life of virginity, in repression of natural passion and lawful instinct, is both above and against the tendencies of human nature. It begins in a mortification, and ends in a mastery, over the movements and ordinary laws of human nature. Who will ascribe this to natural causes? and, if so, why did it not appear in the first four thousand years? And when has it ever appeared except in a handful of vestal virgins, or in Oriental recluses, with what

reality history shows? An exception proves a rule. No one will imagine that a life of chastity is impossible to nature; but the restriction is a repression of nature which individuals may acquire, but the multitude have never attained. A religion which imposes chastity on the unmarried, and upon its priesthood, and upon the multitudes of women in every age who devote themselves to the service of One Whom they have never seen, is a mortification of nature in so high a degree as to stand out as a fact and a phenomenon, of which mere natural causes afford no adequate solution. Its existence, not in a handful out of the millions of the world, but its prevalence and continuity in multitudes scattered throughout the Christian world, proves the presence of a cause higher than the laws of nature. So true is this, that jurists teach that the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience are contrary to "the policy of the law," that is, to the interests of the commonwealth, which desires the multiplication, enrichment, and liberty of its members.

To what has been said may be added the change wrought by Christianity upon the social, political, and international relations of the world. The root of this ethical change, private and public, is the Christian home. The authority of parents, the obedience of children, the love of brotherhood, are the three active powers which have raised the society of man above the level of the old world. Israel was head and shoulders above the world around it; but Christendom is high above Israel. The New Commandment of brotherly love, and the Sermon on the Mount, have wrought a revolution, both in private and public life. From this come the laws of justice and sympathy which bind together the nations of the Christian world. In the old world, even the most refined races, worshiped by our modern philosophers, held and taught that man could hold property in man. In its chief cities there were more slaves than free men. Who has taught the equality of men before the law, and extinguished the impious thought that man can hold property in man? It was no philosopher: even Aristotle taught that a slave was ὄργανον ζῶον. It was no lawgiver, for all taught the lawfulness of slavery till Christianity denied it. The Christian law has taught that man can lawfully sell his labor, but that he cannot lawfully be sold, or sell himself.

The necessity of being brief, the impossibility of drawing out

the picture of the old world, its profound immoralities, its unimaginable cruelties, compels me to argue with my right hand tied behind me. I can do no more than point again to Mr. Brace's "Gesta Christi," or to Dr. Döllinger's "Gentile and Jew," as witnesses to the facts which I have stated or implied. No one who has not read such books, or mastered their contents by original study, can judge of the force of the assertion that Christianity has reformed the world by direct antagonism to the human will, and by a searching and firm repression of human passion. It has ascended the stream of human license, *contra ictum fluminis*, by a power mightier than nature, and by laws of a higher order than the relaxations of this world.

Before Christianity came on earth, the civilization of man by merely natural force had culminated. It could not rise above its source; all that it could do was done; and the civilization in every race and empire had ended in decline and corruption. The old civilization was not regenerated. It passed away to give place to a new. But the new had a higher source, nobler laws and supernatural powers. The highest excellence of men and of nations is the civilization of Christianity. The human race has ascended into what we call Christendom, that is, into the new creation of charity and justice among men. Christendom was created by the world-wide Church as we see it before our eyes at this day. Philosophers and statesmen believe it to be the work of their own hands: they did not make it; but they have for three hundred years been unmaking it by reformations and revolutions. These are destructive forces. They build up nothing. It has been well said by Donoso Cortez that "the history of civilization is the history of Christianity, the history of Christianity is the history of the Church, the history of the Church is the history of the Pontiffs, the greatest statesmen and rulers that the world has ever seen."

Some years ago, a Professor of great literary reputation in England, who was supposed even then to be, as his subsequent writings have proved, a skeptic or non-Christian, published a well-known and very candid book, under the title of "Ecce Homo." The writer placed himself, as it were, outside of Christianity. He took, not the Church in the world as in this article, but the Christian Scriptures as a historical record, to be judged with forensic severity and absolute impartiality of mind. To the

credit of the author, he fulfilled this pledge; and his conclusion shall here be given. After an examination of the life and character of the Author of Christianity, he proceeded to estimate His teaching and its effects under the following heads.

1. The Christian Legislation.
2. The Christian Republic.
3. Its Universality.
4. The Enthusiasm of Humanity.
5. The Lord's Supper.
6. Positive Morality.
7. Philanthropy.
8. Edification.
9. Mercy.
10. Resentment.
11. Forgiveness.

He then draws his conclusion as follows:

"The achievement of Christ in founding by his single will and power a structure so durable and so universal is like no other achievement which history records. The masterpieces of the men of action are coarse and commonplace in comparison with it, and the masterpieces of speculation flimsy and unsubstantial. When we speak of it the commonplaces of admiration fail us altogether. Shall we speak of the originality of the design, of the skill displayed in the execution? All such terms are inadequate. Originality and contriving skill operate indeed, but, as it were, implicitly. The creative effort which produced that against which it is said the gates of hell shall not prevail cannot be analyzed. No architect's designs were furnished for the New Jerusalem; no committee drew up rules for the universal commonwealth. If in the works of nature we can trace the indications of calculation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications occur. But these inferior and secondary powers were not consciously exercised; they were implicitly present in the manifold yet single creative act. The inconceivable work was done in calmness; before the eyes of men it was noiselessly accomplished, attracting little attention. Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech, which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, 'The Holy Ghost fell on those that believed.' No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe: 'it descended out of heaven from God.'"*

And yet the writer is, as he was then, still outside of Christianity.

III. We come now to our third point, that Christianity has

* "Ecce Homo," Conclusion, p. 329, Fifth Edition. Macmillan. 1886.

always claimed a Divine origin and a Divine presence as the source of its authority and powers.

To prove this by texts from the New Testament would be to transcribe the volume; and if the evidence of the whole New Testament were put in, not only might some men deny its weight as evidence, but we should place our whole argument upon a false foundation. Christianity was anterior to the New Testament, and is independent of it. The Christian Scriptures presuppose both the faith and the Church as already existing, known, and believed. *Prior liber quam stylus:* as Tertullian argued. The Gospel was preached before it was written. The four books were written to those who already believed, to confirm their faith. They were written at intervals: St. Matthew in Hebrew in the year 39, in Greek in 45. St. Mark in 43, St. Luke in 57, St. John about 90, in different places and for different motives. Four Gospels did not exist for sixty years, or two generations of men. St. Peter and St. Paul knew of only three of our four. In those sixty years the faith had spread from east to west. Saints and Martyrs had gone up to their crown who never saw a sacred book. The Apostolic Epistles prove the antecedent existence of the Churches to which they were addressed. Rome and Corinth, and Galatia and Ephesus, Philippi and Colossæ, were Churches with pastors and people before St. Paul wrote to them. The Church had already attested and executed its Divine legation before the New Testament existed; and when all its books were written they were not as yet collected into a volume. The earliest collection was about the beginning of the second century, and in the custody of the Church in Rome. We must, therefore, seek to know what was and is Christianity before and outside of the written books; and we have the same evidence for the oral tradition of the faith as we have for the New Testament itself. Both alike were in the custody of the Church; both are delivered to us by the same witness and on the same evidence. To reject either, is logically to reject both. Happily men are not saved by logic, but by faith. The millions of men in all ages have believed by inheritance of truth divinely guarded and delivered to them. They have no need of logical analysis. They have believed from their childhood. Neither children nor those who *infantibus æquiparantur* are logicians. It is the penance of the doubter and the unbeliever to regain by toil his lost inheritance.

It is a hard penance, like the suffering of those who eternally debate on "predestination, freewill, fate."

Between the death of St. John and the mature lifetime of St. Irenæus fifty years elapsed. St. Polycarp was disciple of St. John, St. Irenæus was disciple of St. Polycarp. The mind of St. John and the mind of St. Irenæus had only one intermediate intelligence, in contact with each. It would be an affectation of minute criticism to treat the doctrine of St. Irenæus as a departure from the doctrine of St. Polycarp, or the doctrine of St. Polycarp as a departure from the doctrine of St. John. Moreover, St. John ruled the Church at Ephesus, and St. Irenæus was born in Asia minor about the year A. D. 120—that is, twenty years after St. John's death, when the Church in Asia Minor was still full of the light of his teaching and of the accents of his voice. Let us see how St. Irenæus describes the faith and the Church. In his work against Heresies, in Book iii. chap. i., he says: "We have known the way of our salvation by those through whom the Gospel came to us; which, indeed, they then preached, but afterwards, by the will of God, delivered to us in Scriptures, the future foundation and pillar of our faith. It is not lawful to say that they preached before they had perfect knowledge, as some dare to affirm, boasting themselves to be correcters of the Apostles. For after our Lord rose from the dead, and when they had been clothed with the power of the Holy Ghost, Who came upon them from on high, they were filled with all truths, and had knowledge which was perfect." In chapter ii. he adds that, "When they are refuted out of Scripture, they turn and accuse the Scriptures as erroneous, unauthoritative, and of various readings, so that the truth cannot be found by those who do not know tradition"—that is, their own. "But when we challenge them to come to the tradition of the Apostles, which is in custody of the succession of Presbyters in the Church, they turn against tradition, saying that they are not only wiser than the Presbyters, but even the Apostles, and have found the truth." "It therefore comes to pass that they will not agree either with the Scriptures or with tradition." (Ibid. c. iii.) "Therefore, all who desire to know the truth ought to look to the tradition of the Apostles, which is manifest in all the world and in all the Church. We are able to count up the Bishops who were instituted in the Church by the Apostles, and their successors to our day. They never taught nor knew such

things as these men madly assert." "But as it would be too long in such a book as this to enumerate the successions of all the Churches, we point to the tradition of the greatest, most ancient Church, known to all, founded and constituted in Rome by the two glorious Apostles Peter and Paul, and to the faith announced to all men, coming down to us by the succession of Bishops, thereby confounding all those who, in any way, by self-pleasing, or vainglory, or blindness, or an evil mind, teach as they ought not. For with this Church, by reason of its greater principality, it is necessary that all churches should agree; that is, the faithful, wheresoever they be, for in that Church the tradition of the Apostles has been preserved." No comment need be made on the words the "greater principality," which have been perverted by every anti-Catholic writer from the time they were written to this day. But if any one will compare them with the words of St. Paul to the Colossians (chap. i. 18), describing the primacy of the Head of the Church in heaven, it will appear almost certain that the original Greek of S. Irenæus, which is unfortunately lost, contained either τὰ πρωτεῖα, or some inflection of πρωτεύω which signifies primacy. However this may be, St. Irenæus goes on: "The blessed Apostles, having founded and instructed the Church, gave in charge the Episcopate, for the administration of the same, to Linus. Of this Linus, Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, makes mention. To him succeeded Anacletus, and after him, in the third place from the Apostles, Clement received the Episcopate, he who saw the Apostles themselves and conferred with them, while as yet he had the preaching of the Apostles in his ears and the tradition before his eyes; and not he only, but many who had been taught by the Apostles still survived. In the time of this Clement, when no little dissension had arisen among the brethren in Corinth, the Church in Rome wrote very powerful letters *potentissimas litteras* to the Corinthians, recalling them to peace, restoring their faith, and declaring the tradition which it had so short a time ago received from the Apostles." These letters of St. Clement are well known, but have lately become more valuable and complete by the discovery of fragments published in a new edition by Lightfoot. In these fragments there is a tone of authority fully explaining the words of St. Irenæus. He then traces the succession of the Bishops of Rome to his own day, and adds: "This demonstration is com-

plete to show that it is one and the same life-giving faith which has been preserved in the Church from the Apostles until now, and is handed on in truth." "Polycarp was not only taught by the Apostles, and conversed with many of those who had seen our Lord, but he also was constituted by the Apostles in Asia to be Bishop in the Church of Smyrna. We also saw him in our early youth, for he lived long, and when very old departed from this life most gloriously and nobly by martyrdom. He ever taught that what he had learned from the Apostles, and what the Church had delivered, those things only are true." In the fourth chapter, St. Irenæus goes on to say: "Since, then, there are such proofs (of the faith), the truth is no longer to be sought for among others, which it is easy to receive from the Church, forasmuch as the Apostles laid up all truth in fullness in a rich depository, that all who will may receive from it the water of life." "But what if the Apostles had not left us the Scriptures: ought we not to follow the order of tradition, which they gave in charge to them to whom they intrusted the Churches? To which order (of tradition) many barbarous nations yield assent, who believe in Christ without paper and ink, having salvation written by the Spirit in their hearts, and diligently holding the ancient tradition." In the twenty-sixth chapter of the same book he says: "Therefore, it is our duty to obey the Presbyters who are in the Church, who have succession from the Apostles, as we have already shown; who also with the succession of the Episcopate have the *charisma veritatis certum,*" the spiritual and certain gift of truth.

I have quoted these passages at length, not so much as proofs of the Catholic Faith as to show the identity of the Church at its outset with the Church before our eyes at this hour, proving that the acorn has grown up into its oak, or, if you will, the identity of the Church at this hour with the Church of the Apostolic mission. These passages show the Episcopate, its central principality, its succession, its custody of the faith, its subsequent reception and guardianship of the Scriptures, its Divine tradition, and the *charisma* or Divine assistance by which its perpetuity is secured in the succession of the Apostles. This is almost verbally, after eighteen hundred years, the decree of the Vatican Council: *Veritatis et fidei nunquam deficientis charisma.**

But St. Irenæus draws out in full the Church of this day. He

* "Const. Dogmatica Prima de Ecclesia Christi," cap. iv.

shows the parallel of the first creation and of the second; of the first Adam and the Second; and of the analogy between the Incarnation or natural body, and the Church or mystical body of Christ. He says:

Our faith "we received from the Church, and guard . . . . as an excellent gift in a noble vessel, always full of youth, and making youthful the vessel itself in which it is. For this gift of God is intrusted to the Church, as the breath of life (*was imparted*) to the first man, so this end, that all the members partaking of it might be quickened with life. And thus the communication of Christ is imparted; that is, the Holy Ghost, the earnest of incorruption, the confirmation of the faith, the way of ascent to God. For in the Church (St. Paul says) God placed Apostles, Prophets, Doctors, and all other operations of the Spirit, of which none are partakers who do not come to the Church, thereby depriving themselves of life by a perverse mind and worse deeds. For where the Church is, there is also the Spirit of God; and where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church, and all grace. But the Spirit is truth. Wherefore, they who do not partake of Him (*the Spirit*), and are not nurtured unto life at the breast of the mother (*the Church*), do not receive of that most pure fountain which proceeds from the Body of Christ, but dig out for themselves broken pools from the trenches of the earth, and drink water soiled with mire, because they turn aside from the faith of the Church lest they should be convicted, and reject the Spirit lest they should be taught."*

Again he says:

"The Church, scattered throughout all the world, even unto the ends of the earth, received from the Apostles and their disciples the faith in one God the Father Almighty, that made the heaven and the earth, and the seas, and all things that are in them," &c.†

He then recites the doctrines of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and His coming again to raise all men, to judge men and angels, and to give sentence of condemnation or of life everlasting. How much soever the language may vary from other forms, such is the substance of the Baptismal Creed. He then adds:

* St. Irenæus, *Cont. Hæret.*, lib. iii. cap. xxiv.
† Lib. i. cap. x.

"The Church having received this preaching and this faith, as we have said before, although it be scattered abroad through the whole world, carefully preserves it, dwelling as in one habitation, and believes alike in these (doctrines) as though she had one soul and the same heart: and in strict accord, as though she had one mouth, proclaims, and teaches, and delivers onward these things. And although there be many diverse languages in the world, yet the power of the tradition is one and the same. And neither do the Churches planted in Germany believe otherwise, or otherwise deliver (the faith), nor those in Iberia, nor among the Celtæ, nor in the East, nor in Egypt, nor in Libya, nor they that are planted in the mainland. But as the sun, which is God's creature, in all the world is one and the same, so also the preaching of the truth shineth everywhere, and lighteneth all men that are willing to come to the knowledge of the truth. And neither will any ruler of the Church, though he be mighty in the utterance of truth, teach otherwise than thus (for no man is above the master), nor will he that is weak in the same diminish from the tradition; for the faith being one and the same, he that is able to say most of it hath nothing over, and he that is able to say least hath no lack."*

To St. Irenæus, then, the Church was "the irrefragable witness of its own legation." When did it cease so to be? It would be easy to multiply quotations from Tertullian in A.D. 200, from St. Cyprian A.D. 250, from St. Augustine and St. Optatus in A.D. 350, from St. Leo in A.D. 450, all of which are on the same traditional lines of faith in a divine mission to the world and of a divine assistance in its discharge. But I refrain from doing so because I should have to write not an article but a folio. Any Catholic theology will give the passages which are now before me; or one such book as the *Loci Theologici* of Melchior Canus will suffice to show the continuity and identity of the tradition of St. Irenæus and the tradition of the Vatican Council, in which the universal church last declared the immutable faith and its own legation to mankind.

The world-wide testimony of the Catholic Church is a sufficient witness to prove the coming of the Incarnate Son to redeem mankind, and to return to His Father; it is also sufficient to prove the advent of the Holy Ghost to abide with us for ever. The

* St. Irenæus, lib. i. c. x.

work of the Son in this world was accomplished by the Divine acts and facts of His three-and-thirty years of life, death, Resurrection, and Ascension. The office of the Holy Ghost is perpetual, not only as the Illuminator and Sanctifier of all who believe, but also as the Life and Guide of the Church. I may quote now the words of the Founder of the Church: "It is expedient to you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you."* "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you for ever."† "The Spirit of Truth, Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and shall be in you."‡ St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians describes the Church as a body of which the Head is in heaven, and the Author of its indefectible life abiding in it as His temple. Therefore the words, "He that heareth you heareth Me." This could not be if the witness of the Apostles had been only human. A Divine guidance was attached to the office they bore. They were, therefore, also judges of right and wrong, and teachers by Divine guidance of the truth. But the presence and guidance of the Spirit of Truth is as full at this day as when St. Irenæus wrote. As the Churches then were witnesses, judges, and teachers, so is the Church at this hour a world-wide witness, an unerring judge and teacher, divinely guided and guarded in the truth. It is therefore not only a human and historical, but a Divine witness. This is the chief Divine truth which the last three hundred years have obscured. Modern Christianity believes in the one advent of the Redeemer, but rejects the full and personal advent of the Holy Ghost. And yet the same evidence proves both. The Christianity of reformers always returns to Judaism, because they reject the full, or do not believe the personal, advent of the Holy Ghost. They deny that there is any infallible teacher among men; and therefore they return to the types and shadows of the Law before the Incarnation, when the Head was not yet incarnate, and the Body of Christ did not as yet exist.

But perhaps some one will say, "I admit your description of the Church as it is now and as it was in the days of St. Irenæus;

* St. John, xvi. 7.
† Ibid, xiv. 16.
‡ St. John, xiv. 16, 17

but the eighteen hundred years of which you have said nothing were ages of declension, disorder, superstition, demoralization." I will answer by a question: was not this foretold? Was not the Church to be a field of wheat and tares growing together till the harvest at the end of the world? There were Cathari of old, and Puritans since, impatient at the patience of God in bearing with the perversities and corruptions of the human intellect and will. The Church, like its Head in heaven, is both human and divine. "He was crucified in weakness," but no power of man could wound His divine nature. So with the Church, which is His Body. Its human element may corrupt and die; its divine life, sanctity, authority, and structure cannot die: nor can the errors of human intellect fasten upon its faith, nor the immoralities of the human will fasten upon its sanctity. Its organization of Head and Body is of divine creation, divinely guarded by the Holy Ghost, who quickens it by His indwelling, and guides it by His light. It is in itself incorrupt and incorruptible in the midst of corruption, as the light of heaven falls upon all the decay and corruption in the world, unsullied and unalterably pure. We are never concerned to deny or to cloak the sins of Christians or of Catholics. They may destroy themselves, but they cannot infect the Church from which they fall. The fall of Lucifer left no stain behind him.

When men accuse the Church of corruption, they reveal the fact that to them the Church is a human institution, of voluntary aggregation or of legislative enactment. They reveal the fact that to them the Church is not an object of Divine faith, as the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar. They do not perceive or will not believe that the articles of the Baptismal Creed are objects of faith, divinely revealed or divinely created. "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins," are all objects of faith in a Divine order. They are present in human history, but the human element which envelops them has no power to infect or to fasten upon them. Until this is perceived there can be no true or full belief in the advent and office of the Holy Ghost, or in the nature and sacramental action of the Church. It is the visible means and pledge of light and of sanctification to all who do not bar their intellect and their will against its inward and spiritual grace. The Church is not on probation. It is the instrument of probation to

the world. As the light of the world, it is changeless as the firmament. As the source of sanctification, it is inexhaustible as the River of Life. The human and external history of men calling themselves Christian and Catholic has been at times as degrading and abominable as any adversary is pleased to say. But the sanctity of the Church is no more affected by human sins than was Baptism by the hypocrisy of Simon Magus. The Divine foundation, and office, and mission of the Church is a part of Christianity. They who deny it deny an article of faith; they who believe it imperfectly are the followers of a fragmentary Christianity of modern date. Who can be a disciple of Jesus Christ who does not believe the words? "On this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you;"* "I dispose to you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, a kingdom;"† "All power in heaven and earth is given unto Me. Go, therefore, and teach all nations;"‡ "He that heareth you heareth Me;"§ "I will be with you always, even unto the end of the world;"‖ "When the days of Pentecost were accomplished they were all together in one place: and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were, of fire;" "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost;"** "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay upon you no other burdens."†† But who denies that the Apostles claimed a Divine mission? and who can deny that the Catholic and Roman Church from St. Irenæus to Leo XIII. has ever and openly claimed the same, invoking in all its supreme acts as witness, teacher, and legislator the presence, light, and guidance of the Holy Ghost? As the preservation of all created things is by the same creative power produced in perpetual and universal action, so the indefectibility of the Church and of the faith is by the perpetuity of the presence and office of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. Therefore, St. Augustine calls the day of Pentecost, *Natalis Spiritus Sancti.*

* St. John, xx. 21.
† St. Luke, xxii. 29.
‡ St. Matthew, xxviii. 18, 19.
§ St. Luke, x. 10.
‖ St. Matthew, xxviii. 20.
** Acts, ii. 1–5.
†† Acts, xv. 28.

It is more than time that I should make an end; and to do so it will be well to sum up the heads of our argument. The Vatican Council declares that the world-wide Church is the irrefragable witness of its own legation or mission to mankind.

In proof of this I have affirmed:

1. That the imperishable existence of Christianity, and the vast and undeniable revolution that it has wrought in men and in nations, in the moral elevation of manhood and of womanhood, and in the domestic, social and political life of the Christian world, cannot be accounted for by any natural causes, or by any forces that are, as philosophers say, *intra possibilitatem naturæ*, within the limits of what is possible to man.

2. That this world-wide and permanent elevation of the Christian world, in comparison with both the old world and the modern world outside of Christianity, demands a cause higher than the possibility of nature.

3. That the Church has always claimed a Divine origin and a Divine office and authority in virtue of a perpetual Divine assistance. To this even the Christian world, in all its fragments external to the Catholic unity, bears witness. It is turned to our reproach. They rebuke us for holding the teaching of the Church to be infallible. We take the rebuke as a testimony of our changeless faith. It is not enough for men to say that they refuse to believe this account of the visible and palpable fact of the imperishable Christianity of the Catholic and Roman Church. They must find a more reasonable, credible, and adequate account for it. This no man has yet done. The denials are many and the solutions are many; but they do not agree together. Their multiplicity is proof of their human origin. The claim of the Catholic Church to a Divine authority and to a Divine assistance is one and the same in every age, and is identical in every place. Error is not the principle of unity, nor truth of variations.

The Church has guarded the doctrine of the Apostles, by Divine assistance, with unerring fidelity. The articles of the faith are to-day the same in number as in the beginning. The explicit definition of their implicit meaning has expanded from age to age, as the everchanging denials and perversions of the world have demanded new definitions of the ancient truth. The world is against all dogma, because it is impatient of definiteness and certainty in faith. It loves open questions and the liberty of

error. The Church is dogmatic for fear of error. Every truth defined adds to its treasure. It narrows the field of error and enlarges the inheritance of truth. The world and the Church are ever moving in opposite directions. As the world becomes more vague and uncertain, the Church becomes more definite. It moves against wind and tide, against the stress and storm of the world. There was never a more luminous evidence of this supernatural fact than in the Vatican Council. For eight months all that the world could say and do, like the four winds of heaven, was directed upon it. Governments, statesmen, diplomatists, philosophers, intriguers, mockers, and traitors did their utmost and their worst against it. They were in dread lest the Church should declare that by Divine assistance its Head in faith and morals cannot err; for if this be true, man did not found it, man cannot reform it, man cannot teach it to interpret its history or its acts. It knows its own history, and is the supreme witness of its own legation.

I am well aware that I have been writing truisms, and repeating trite and trivial arguments. They are trite because the feet of the faithful for nearly nineteen hundred years have worn them in their daily life; they are trivial because they point to the one path in which the wayfarer, though a fool, shall not err.

HENRY EDWARD,
Card. Archbishop of Westminster.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE REBELLION.

THE following article, written for the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a number of years ago, is, I believe, the first and only published contribution ever made by General Sheridan to any periodical, and in view of its value, interest, and merit as a personal record of one of the most vital periods of the War of the Rebellion by one of its foremost soldiers, the paper is now again given to the public for the benefit of many new readers.

In these graphic and sometimes humorous pictures of the closing scenes of the Great Drama and the events which finally turned the tide of battle overwhelmingly against Lee, are furnished fresh proofs of the qualities that gave to Sheridan his title to enduring fame, earned by one of the boldest acts in military history.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

PUBLIC attention having of late been occasionally called to some of the events that occurred in the closing scenes of the Virginia campaign, terminating at Appomattox Court-house, April 9, 1865, I feel it my duty to give to history the following facts :

When, April 4, 1865, being at the head of the cavalry, I threw across the line of General Lee's march at Jettersville, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, my personal escort, the First United States Cavalry, numbering about 200 men, a tall, lank man was seen coming down the road from the direction of Amelia Court-house, riding a small mule and heading toward Burkesville Junction, to which point General Crook had, early that morning, been ordered with his division of cavalry, to break the railroad and telegraph lines. The man and mule were brought to a halt, and the mule and himself closely examined, under strong remon-

strances at the indignity done to a Southern gentleman. Remonstrance, however, was without avail, and in his boots two telegrams were found from the Commissary-General of Lee's army, saying: "The army is at Amelia Court-house, short of provisions; send 300,000 rations quickly to Burkesville Junction." One of these dispatches was for the Confederate Supply Department at Danville, the other for that at Lynchburg. It was at once presumed that, after the dispatches were written, the telegraph line had been broken by General Crook north of Burkesville, and they were on their way to some station beyond the break, to be telegraphed. They revealed where Lee was, and from them some estimate could also be formed of the number of his troops. Orders were at once given to General Crook to come up the road from Burkesville to Jettersville, and to General Merritt, who, with the other two divisions of cavalry, had followed the road from Petersburg, on the south side of and near the Appomattox River, to close in without delay on Jettersville, while the Fifth Army Corps, under the lamented Griffin, which was about ten or fifteen miles behind, was marched at a quick pace to the same point, and the road in front of Lee's army blocked until the arrival of the balance of the army of the Potomac the afternoon of the next day. My command was pinched for provisions, and these dispatches indicated an opportunity to obtain a supply; so, calling for Lieutenant-Colonel Young, commanding my scouts, four men, in the most approved gray, were selected—good, brave, smart fellows, knowing every cavalry regiment in the Confederate army, and as good "Johnnies" as were in that army, so far as bearing and language were concerned. They were directed to go to Burkesville Junction and there separate. Two were to go down the Lynchburg branch of the railroad until a Confederate telegraph station was found, from which they were to transmit by wire the above-mentioned rebel dispatches, represent the suffering condition of Lee's army, watch for the trains, and hurry the provisions on to Burkesville, or in that direction. The other two were to go on the Danville branch, and had similar instructions. The mission was accomplished by those who went out on the Lynchburg branch, but I am not certain about the success of the other party; at all events, no rations came from Danville that I know of.

I arrived at Jettersville with the advance of my command—the First United States Cavalry—on the afternoon of the 4th of April. I knew the condition and position of the rebel army from the dispatches referred to, and also from the following letter (erroneously dated April 5), taken from a colored man who was captured later in the day:

"AMELIA C. H., *April* 5, 1865.

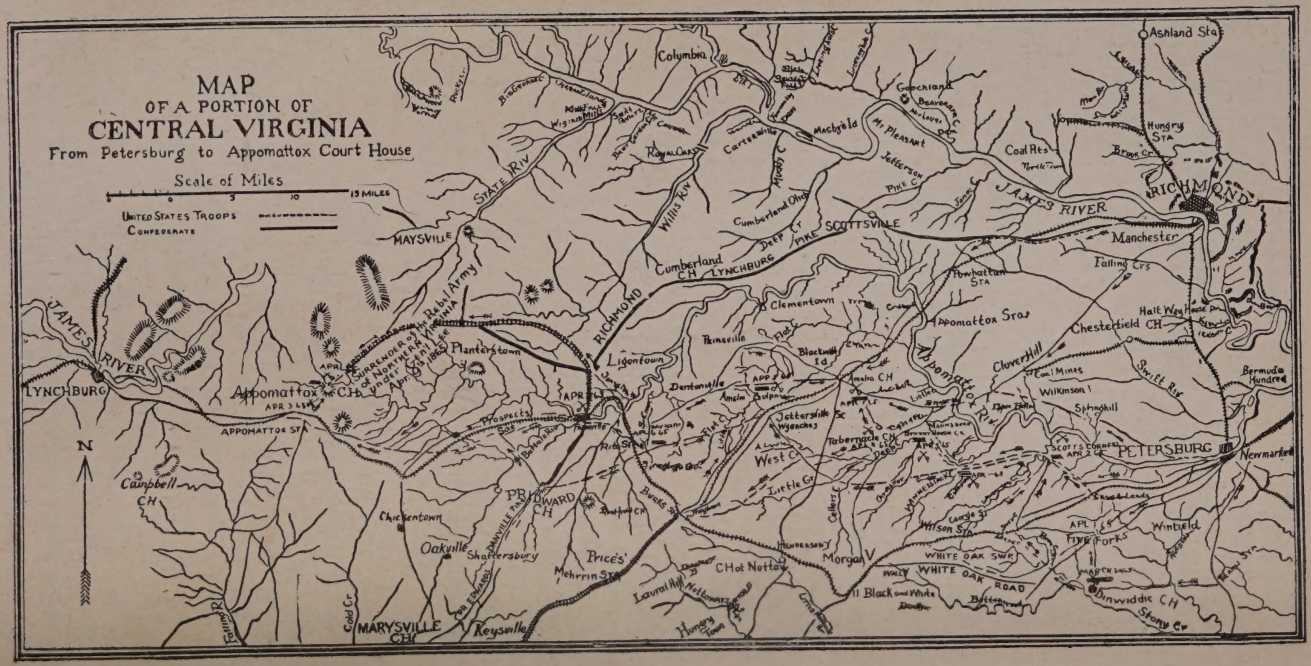
"DEAR MAMMA: Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. Shyron left us sick. John Taylor is well; saw him yesterday. We are in line of battle this morning. General Robert Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause and that of God. General Hill is killed. I saw Murray a few minutes since. Bernard Terry, he said, was taken prisoner, but may get out. I send this by a negro I see passing up the railroad to Michlenburg. Love to all.

"Your devoted son,

"WM. B. TAYLOR, Colonel."

I accordingly sent out my escort to demonstrate and make as much ado as they could, by continuous firing in front of the enemy at or near Amelia Court-house, pending the arrival of the Fifth Corps. That corps came up in the course of the afternoon, and was put into position at right angles with the Richmond and Danville road, with its left resting on a pond or swamp on the left of the road. Toward evening General Crook arrived with his division of cavalry, and later General Merritt, with his two divisions; and all took their designated places. The Fifth Corps, after its arrival, had thrown up earth-works and made its position strong enough to hold out against any force for the period which would intervene before the arrival of the main body of the army of the Potomac, now rapidly coming up on the lines over which I had traveled.

On the afternoon and night of the 4th, no attack was made by the enemy upon the small force in his front,—the Fifth Corps and three divisions of cavalry,—and by the morning of the 5th, I began to believe that he would leave the main road if he could, and pass around my left flank to Sailor's Creek and Farmville. To watch this suspected movement, early on the morning of the 5th, I sent Davies's brigade of Crook's division of cavalry to make a reconnoissance in that direction. The result was an encounter, by Davies, with a large train of wagons, under escort, moving in the direction anticipated. The train was attacked by him, and about 200 wagons were burned, and five pieces of artillery


MAP
OF A PORTION OF
CENTRAL VIRGINIA
From Petersburg to Appomattox Court House
Scale of Miles
0 5 10 15 MILES
United States Troops
Confederate
N
RICHMOND
PETERSBURG
LYNCHBURG
JAMES RIVER
APPOMATTOX STA
Appomattox C.H.
Campbell C.H.
MARYSVILLE
Farmville
Prospect
Prince Edward C.H.
Oakville
Chickentown
Shattersburg
Price's
Mehrin Sta.
Hot Notton
Morgan V.
Black and White
WHITE OAK ROAD
Five Forks
Dinwiddie C.H.
Stony Cr.
Hungry Sta.
Ashland Sta.
Manchester
Chesterfield C.H.
Bermuda Hundred
Newmarket
Winfield
Clover Hill
Coal Pits
Mt. Pleasant
Cumberland C.H.
LYNCHBURG
SCOTTSVILLE
Columbia
Maysville
Clementown
Ligontown
Planterstown
Dentonville
Jettersville
Tabernacle Ch.
West Cr.
Turtle Cr.
Wilson Sta.
Wilkinson
Sutherland
Swift Run
Howlett Line
Hatcher's Run
Gravelly Run
Sailor Cr.
Deep Cr.
Willis Mt.
Cumberland Church
Carteresville
Macfields
Goochland
Beaverdam
Hanover
Tuckahoe
Powhatan Sta.
Appomattox Sta.
Half Way House
Falling Crs.
Broad Cr.
Meadow Br.
Lick Run
Little Lick Run
Flat Run
Buffalo Cr.
Burke's
Burkeville
Danville R.R.
Richmond & Danville R.R.
Richmond & Petersburg R.R.
Va. Central R.R.
Southside R.R.
Army of Northern Va.
Apr. 9 1865
Surrender of Gen. Lee and Army of Northern Va. to Lieut. Gen. U.S. Grant
Apr. 9 1865
Apr. 6
Apr. 7
Apr. 8
Apr. 9
Apr. 2
Apr. 3
Apr. 4
Apr. 5

and a large number of prisoners captured. In the afternoon of April 5th, the main body of the army of the Potomac came up. General Meade was unwell and requested me to put the troops in position, which I did, in line of battle, facing the enemy at Amelia Court-house. I thought it best to attack at once, but this was not done. I then began to be afraid the enemy would, in the night, by a march to the right from Amelia Court-house, attempt to pass our left flank and again put us in the rear of his retreating columns. Under this impression I sent to General Grant the following dispatch:

"CAVALRY HEAD-QUARTERS,
"JETTERSVILLE, *April* 5, 1865.—3 P. M.

"Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT, Commmanding Armies of the United States.

"*General:* I send you the inclosed letter, which will give you an idea of the condition of the enemy and their whereabouts. I sent General Davies's brigade this morning around on my left flank. He captured at Fames's Cross-roads five pieces of artillery, about 200 wagons, and eight or nine battle-flags and a number of prisoners. The Second Army Corps is now coming up. I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the army of Northern Virginia, if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for Lee. I will put all my cavalry out on our left flank, except Mackenzie, who is now on the right.

"(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General."

On receipt of this he immediately started for my head-quarters at Jettersville, arriving there about 11 o'clock of the night of April 5th. Next morning, April 6th, the infantry of the army advanced on Amelia Court-house. It was found before reaching it that the enemy had turned our left flank and taken another road to Sailor's Creek and Farmville. The cavalry did not advance with the infantry on Amelia Court-house, but moved to the left and rear, at daylight on the morning of the 6th, and struck the moving columns of the enemy's infantry and artillery, with which a series of contests ensued that resulted in the battle of Sailor's Greek, where Lieutenant-General Ewell lost his command of about ten thousand men, and was himself taken prisoner, together with ten other general officers.

We now come to the morning of the 7th. I thought that Lee would not abandon the direct road to Danville through Prince Edward's Court-house, and early on the morning of the 7th, directed General Crook to follow up his rear, while with Merritt (Custer's and Devin's divisions), I swung off to the left, and moved quickly to strike the Danville road six or eight miles

south of Prince Edward's Court-house, and thus again head or cut off all or some of the retreating Confederate army. On reaching that road, it was found that General Lee's army had not passed, and my command was instantly turned north for Prince Edward's Court-house. A detachment ordered to move with the greatest celerity, via Prince Edward's Court-house, reported that Lee had crossed the Appomattox at and near Farmville, and that Crook had followed him. On looking at the map it will be seen that General Lee would be obliged to pass through Appomattox Court-house and Appomattox station on the railroad, to reach Lynchburg by the road he had taken north of the Appomattox River, and that that was the longest road to get there. He had given the shortest one—the one south of the river—to the cavalry. General Crook was at once sent for, and the three divisions, numbering perhaps at that time 7,000 men, concentrated on the night of the 7th of April at and near Prospect station on the Lynchburg and Richmond Railroad, and Appomattox station became the objective point of the cavalry for the operations of the next day, the 8th.

Meantime my scouts had not been idle, but had followed down the railroad, looking out for the trains with the 300,000 rations which they had telegraphed for on the night of the 4th. Just before reaching Appomattox station, they found five trains of cars feeling their way along in the direction of Burkesville Junction, not knowing exactly where Lee was. They induced the person in charge to come farther on by their description of the pitiable condition of the Confederate troops. Our start on the morning of the 8th was before the sun was up, and having proceeded but a few miles, Major White, of the scouts, reached me with the news that the trains were east of Appomattox station, that he had succeeded in bringing them on some distance, but was afraid that they would again be run back to the station. Intelligence of this fact was immediately communicated to Crook, Merritt, and Custer, and the latter, who had the advance, was urged not to let the trains escape, and I pushed on and joined him. Before reaching the station, Custer detailed two regiments to make a detour, strike the railroad beyond the station, tear up the track and secure the trains. This was accomplished, but on the arrival of the main body of our advance at the station, it was found that the advance-guard of Lee's army

was just coming on the ground. A sanguinary engagement at once ensued. The enemy was driven off, forty pieces of artillery captured, and four hundred baggage wagons burned. The railroad trains had been secured in the first onset, and were taken possession of by locomotive engineers, soldiers in the command, whose delight at again getting at their former employment was so great that they produced the wildest confusion by running the trains to and fro on the track, and making such an unearthly screeching with the whistles, that I was at one time on the point of ordering the trains burnt; but we finally got them off, and ran them to our rear ten or fifteen miles, to Ord and Gibbon, who with the infantry were following the cavalry. The cavalry continued the fighting nearly all that night, driving the enemy back to the vicinity of Appomattox Court-house, a distance of about four miles, thus giving him no repose, and covering the weakness of the attacking force.

I remember well the little frame-house just south of the station where the headquarters of the cavalry rested, or rather, remained, for there was no rest the night of the 8th. Dispatches were going back to our honored chief, General Grant, and Ord was requested to push on the wearied infantry. To-morrow was to end our troubles in all reasonable probability, but it was thought necessary that the infantry should arrive, in order to doubly insure the result. Merritt, Crook, and Custer were, at times, there. Happiness was in every heart. Our long and weary labors were about to close; our dangers soon to end. There was no sleep; there had been but little for the previous eight or nine days. Before sunrise, General Ord came in reporting the near approach of his command. After a hasty consultation about positions to be taken up by the incoming troops, we were in the saddle and off for the front, in the vicinity of Appomattox Court-house. As we were approaching the village, a heavy line of Confederate infantry was seen advancing, and rapid firing commenced. Riding to a slight elevation, where I could get a view of the advancing enemy, I immediately sent directions to General Merritt for Custer's and Devin's divisions to slowly fall back, and as they did so, to withdraw to our right flank, thus unmasking Ord's and Gibbons's infantry. Crook and Mackenzie, on the extreme left, were ordered to hold fast. I then hastily galloped back to give General Ord the benefit of my

information. No sooner had the enemy's line of battle reached the elevation from which my reconnoissance had been made, and from whence could be distinctly seen Ord's troops in the distance, than he called a sudden halt, and a retrograde movement began to a ridge about one mile to his rear. Shortly afterward I returned from General Ord to the front, making for General Merritt's battle-flag on the right flank of the line. On reaching it, the order to advance was given, and every guidon was bent to the front, and as we swept by toward the left of the enemy's line of battle, he opened a heavy fire from artillery. No heed was paid to the deadly missiles, and, with the wildest yells, we soon reached a point some distance to his right and nearly opposite Appomattox Court-house. Beyond us, in a low valley, lay Lee and the remnant of his army. There did not appear to be much organization, except in the advanced troops under General Gordon, whom we had been fighting, and a rear-guard under General Longstreet, still further up the valley. Formations were immediately commenced, to make a bold and sweeping charge down the grassy slope, when an aide-de-camp from Custer, filled with excitement, hat in hand, dashed up to me with the message from his chief: "Lee has surrendered! Do not charge; the white flag is up!" Orders were given to complete the formation, but not to charge.

Looking to the left, to Appomattox Court-house, a large group was seen near by the lines of Confederate troops that had fallen back to that point. General Custer had not come back, and, supposing that he was with the group at the Court-house, I moved on a gallop down the narrow ridge, followed by my staff. The Court-house was, perhaps, three-fourths of a mile distant. We had not gone far before a heavy fire was opened on us from a skirt of timber to our right, and distant not much over three hundred yards. I halted for a moment, and taking off my hat, called out that the flag was being violated, but could not stop the firing, which now caused us all to take shelter in a ravine running parallel to the bridge we were on, and down which we then traveled. As we approached the Court-house, a gentle ascent had to be made. I was in advance, followed by a sergeant carrying my battle-flag. Within one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards from the Court-house and Confederate lines, some of the men in their ranks brought down their guns to an aim on

us, and great effort was made by their officers to keep them from firing. I halted, and hearing some noise behind, turned in the saddle, and saw a Confederate soldier attempting to take my battle-flag from the color-bearer. This the sergeant had no idea of submitting to, and had drawn his saber to cut the man down. A word from me caused him to return his saber, and take the flag back to the staff-officers, who were some little distance behind. I remained stationary a moment after these events, then calling a staff-officer, directed him to go over to the group of Confederate officers, and demand what such conduct meant. Kind apologies were made, and we advanced. The superior officers met were General J. B. Gordon, and General Cadmus M. Wilcox, the latter an old army officer. As soon as the first greeting was over, a furious firing commenced in front of our own cavalry from whom we had only a few minutes before separated. General Gordon seemed to be somewhat disconcerted by it. I remarked to him, "General Gordon, your men fired on me as I was coming over here, and undoubtedly they have done the same to Merritt's and Custer's commands. We might just as well let them fight it out." To this proposition General Gordon did not accede. I then asked, "Why not send a staff-officer and have your people cease firing? They are violating the flag!" He said, "I have no staff-officer to send." I replied, "I will let you have one of mine"; and calling for Lieutenant Vanderbilt Allen, he was directed to report to General Gordon and carry his orders. The orders were to go to General Geary, who was in command of a small brigade of South Carolina cavalry, and ask him to discontinue the firing. Lieutenant Allen dashed off with the message, but, on delivering it to General Geary, was taken prisoner, with the remark from that officer, that he did not care for white flags; that South Carolinians never surrendered.

It was about this time that Merritt, getting impatient at the supposed treacherous firing, ordered a charge of a portion of his command. While Generals Gordon and Wilcox were engaged in conversation with me, a cloud of dust, a wild hurrah, a flashing of sabers, indicated a charge, and the ejaculations of my staff-officers were heard, "Look! Merritt has ordered a charge!" The flight of Geary's brigade followed; Lieutenant Allen was thus released. The last gun had been fired, and the last charge made in the Virginia campaign.

While the scenes thus related were taking place, the conversation I now speak of was occurring between General Gordon and myself. After the first salutation, General Gordon remarked: "General Lee asks for a suspension of hostilities pending the negotiations which he has been having for the last day and night with General Grant." I rejoined: "I have been constantly informed of the progress of the negotiations, and think it singular that while such negotiations are going on, General Lee should have continued his march and attempted to break through my lines this morning with the view of escaping. I can entertain no terms except the condition that General Lee will surrender to General Grant on his arrival here. I have sent for him. If these terms are not accepted, we will renew hostilities." General Gordon replied: "General Lee's army is exhausted. There is no doubt of his surrender to General Grant on his arrival."

General Wilcox, whom I knew quite well, he having been captain of the company to which I was attached as a cadet at the military academy, then stepped to his horse, and taking hold of the saddle-bags, said, in a jocular way: "Here, Sheridan, take these saddle-bags; they have one soiled shirt and a pair of drawers. You have burned everything else I had in the world, and I think you are entitled to these also." He was alluding, of course, to the destruction of the baggage trains which had been going on for some days.

When the terms above referred to were settled, each army agreed to remain *in statu quo* until the arival of General Grant, whom Colonel Newhall, my adjutant-general, had gone for. Generals Gordon and Wilcox then returned to see General Lee, and promised to come back in about thirty minutes, and during that time General Ord joined me at the court-house. At the end of thirty or forty minutes, General Gordon returned in company with General Longstreet. The latter, who commanded Lee's rear guard back on the Farmville road, seemed somewhat alarmed lest General Meade, who was following up from Farmville, might attack, not knowing the condition of affairs at the front. To prevent this, I proposed to send my chief of staff, General J. W. Forsyth, accompanied by a Confederate officer, back through the Confederate army and inform General Meade of the existing state of affairs. He at once started, accompanied by Colonel Fairfax, of General Longstreet's staff, met the

advance of the army of the Potomac, and communicated the conditions.

In the meantime, General Lee came over to McLean's house in the village of Appomattox Court-house. I am not certain whether General Babcock, of General Grant's staff, who had arrived in advance of the General, had gone over to see him or not. We had waited some hours, and, I think, about twelve or one o'clock General Grant arrived. General Ord, myself, and many officers were in the main road leading through the town, at a point where Lee's army was visible. General Grant rode up, and greeted me with, "Sheridan, how are you?" I replied, "I am very well, thank you." He then said, "Where is Lee?" I replied, "There is his army down in that valley; he is over in that house (pointing out McLean's), waiting to surrender to you." General Grant, still without dismounting, said, "Come, let us go over." He then made the same request of General Ord, and we all went to McLean's house. Those who entered with General Grant were, as nearly as I can recollect, Ord, Rawlins, Seth Williams, Ingalls, Babcock, Parker, and myself; the staff officers, or those who accompanied, remaining outside on the porch steps and in the yard. On entering the parlor we found General Lee standing in company with Colonel Marshal, his aide-de-camp. The first greeting was to General Seth Williams, who had been Lee's adjutant when he was superintendent of the Military Academy. General Lee was then presented to General Grant, and all present were introduced. General Lee was dressed in a new gray uniform, evidently put on for the occasion, and wore a handsome sword. He had on his face the expression of relief from a heavy burden. General Grant's uniform was soiled with mud and service, and he wore no sword. After a few words had been spoken by those who knew General Lee, all the officers retired, except, perhaps, one staff officer of General Grant and the one who was with General Lee. We had not been absent from the room longer than about five minutes when General Babcock came to the door and said, "The surrender has taken place—you can come in again."

When we re-entered, General Grant was writing on a little wooden elliptical-shaped table (purchased by me from Mr. McLean and presented to Mrs. G. A. Custer) the conditions of the surrender. General Lee was sitting, his hands resting on the hilt of his sword, to the left of General Grant, with his back to a

small marble-topped table, on which many books were piled. While General Grant was writing, friendly conversation was engaged in by General Lee and his aid with the officers present, and he took from his breast-pocket two dispatches, which had been sent to him by me during the forenoon, notifying him that some of his cavalry in front of Crook were violating the agreement entered into by withdrawing. I had not had time to make copies when they were sent and had made a request to have them returned. He handed them to me with the remark, "I am sorry. It is possible my cavalry at that point of the line did not fully understand the agreement."

About one hour was occupied in drawing up and signing the terms, when General Lee retired from the house with a cordial shake of the hand with General Grant, mounted his chunky, gray horse, and lifting his hat, passed through the gate, and rode over the crest of the hill to his army. On his arrival there, we heard wild cheering, which seemed to be taken up progressively by his troops, either for him, or because of satisfaction with his last official act as a soldier.

P. H. SHERIDAN.

IRISH COMMENTS ON AN ENGLISH TEXT.

"The only time England can use an Irishman is when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade."—London Times.

THE hatred of the Irish people for England, due to seven centuries of unparalleled oppression, has produced notable effects in the history of more countries than the two most interested. It has more than once been a factor in deciding the policy of great nations, and many decisive battles have been won by the vengeful valor it inspired. And yet its influence is generally exaggerated, both by too enthusiastic Irishmen and by English statesmen who cannot always see beneath the surface.

"In whatever corner of the world you find an Irishman, there you find an enemy of England," is a saying that has passed into a proverb. It is a common boast among Irish Nationalists; English statesmen and writers make it a subject of frequent complaint. But, like most other assertions of a sweeping character, there is both truth and falsehood in it. Leaving the Irish loyalists out of account, it is true of the remainder, who are the vast majority, only in a limited sense. Strictly speaking, in fact, it is only true where there is a case of actual war between the country where the Irishman resides and England. And even in war it is not always true when the man is found on British territory.

Two thousand Wexford rebels formed the flower of Abercrombie's army which drove the French out of Egypt. The Light Division, which wrought such havoc among the French during the Peninsular War, was very largely Irish, and regiments composed exclusively of Irishmen contributed largely to the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. And all this time fervent prayers went up

to heaven from every cabin in Ireland for Bonaparte's success, and Ireland's interests were clearly on the side of England's defeat.

While all Ireland was looking anxiously for news of a Russian victory in the Crimea, and Irish patriots in America were seeking Muscovite aid for an uprising in the old land, the Eighteenth Royal Irish, by a desperate charge, captured an outwork of the Redan and retrieved the credit of that disastrous day for England. To-day, when Ireland and England are engaged in a desperate struggle in which the interests of the peasant class are more deeply involved than in any previous contest, and when the Irish race throughout the world is practically united, twelve thousand Irish peasants' sons in England's pay constitute the force which is the instrument used to do the most effective work against the people's cause.

But soldiers and policemen, it will be said, are not thinkers. Driven by adverse circumstances into England's service, they become part of a machine, and discipline and the excitement and provocation of battle bring out their natural fighting qualities. But how is it here in America? Do men of Irish birth or descent in this country do anything to aid England's cherished policy or render her any real service? Is it true that "the only time England can use an Irishman is when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade"?

The statement as put in the quotation is not true, as the foregoing statements have shown, but it is nevertheless only too true that the great majority of Irishmen in this country have, for some years at least, been doing England's work without intending it or knowing they were doing it. This is true, not alone in regard to the question of free trade, but also in the case of other important questions. But for Irish votes—the votes of men whose hatred of England and her policy is deep and ineradicable—the English demand for free trade would not be met by the desperate efforts of the Cleveland administration to reduce the tariff, for Mr. Cleveland would not be President. If those efforts succeed the very Irishmen responsible for it will be among the first victims. The first effect of the success of Cleveland's free-trade policy will be the immediate reduction of wages, and as the vast majority of Irish citizens belong to the wage-earning class they will be among the first sacrifices offered up to English greed. Their relatives in Ire-

land largely dependent on trans-Atlantic aid in one of the most trying hours of their unfortunate history, will be left powerless and helpless at the feet of the Coercionist Government. England at one blow will thus impoverish her Irish enemies in America and paralyze the arm of patriotism in Ireland.

But for the same Irish votes and the recreancy of Irish politicians guided only by sordid personal interests, or cowed by threats of political ostracism, the most serious danger that has threatened the Irish national cause for many years would not now menace it. If the extradition treaty should pass the Senate, there is not an act of resistance to tyranny classed as a crime by an infamous coercion act that cannot be brought under its provisions, and England's heavy hand can be laid on the Irish exile in this country in the crowded city of the East, on the Western prairie, or in the depths of the Rocky Mountain mine. Coercion would be brought to the very door of the Irish citizen of the United States, and he would have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that his own vote contributed largely to bring about that extraordinary state of things.

But for Irish votes the Fisheries treaty, the weakest surrender of American rights that ever disgraced American diplomacy, would not have been conceded to enable the most virulent, the meanest and most treacherous enemy of Ireland among living Englishmen to return home with an increase of power and prestige to be used for the injury of the cause which those who cast those votes hold dear.

It is evident, therefore, that the assertion that "the only use England can make of an Irishman is when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade," is only half a truth. England finds many other uses for him, and they include the whole line of English policy in this country, of which Mr. Cleveland's administration is the exponent and the chief instrument. But did the Irish voters who are responsible for this state of things deliberately contemplate such a result, and will they continue to play the rôle of cat's-paw for England? Most assuredly they did not contemplate it, and it becomes every day more probable that they will contribute very largely to the correction of the evil. Many thousands of Irish citizens revolted against the pro-British policy four years ago, and their numbers will be swelled by large accessions this year. As the issue becomes more clearly defined, they will be

found among the most enthusiastic supporters of the broad American policy represented by the present Republican Presidential candidate, and those who adhere to old party lines will help to reinfuse a truly American spirit into the Democracy.

The issue of Free Trade and Protection was never clearly presented to Irish citizens of the present generation before. The broad and comprehensive foreign policy that they are led to expect from the election of Mr. Harrison they first saw outlined in the dispatches of Mr. Blaine, and it at once attracted many thousands of them, not, as the Mugwumps charge, that they expected it to eventuate in war with England, but because they believed it promised many benefits to the land in which their lot was cast. Republican administrations, from Grant's to that of Arthur, had not a foreign policy to attract them, and Irish-American citizens in England were allowed to be outraged without even a protest. On the other hand, the Democratic administrations before the war had acted with commendable spirit and promptitude in such emergencies, and it was natural for lifelong Democrats to expect adherence to party traditions as a result of a Democratic triumph. They did not realize that parties, as well as men, had changed—they were not even aware of the change they themselves had undergone—and they did not understand, as few other men did, the logical development of the tendencies given to both parties by the result of the war.

These things are beginning to dawn upon Irish citizens now, and the next few years will witness an enormous and a permanent change in their attitude towards the two great parties that struggle for the mastery of the Republic.

During the war it was England's policy to break up the Union. Not from love of the Southern people, but from hatred and fear of Democratic institutions and a desire to create a great market for her wares, the English aristocracy and mercantile classes wished to see the Southern oligarchy build up a great slave confederacy that would manufacture nothing. They aided it all they dared. While Irish Democratic soldiers flocked to the defense of the Union, the voice of Ireland rang out from crowded mass meetings, sending sympathy to the North, and warning England to keep her hands off.

To-day, when the industrial life of the Republic is menaced by a combination of the same hostile forces, enough of Irish citizens

will be found to sever old party ties and rush to the defense of the country's true interests to place them out of danger for a generation, if not forever. They recognize that America's interests are their own, and that hatred of England and love of their adopted country unite for once in urging them to strong and vigorous action.

After next November, England will find very little use for an Irishman in America, the American people will respect him more than ever, and every European potentate, from the Czar of Russia to the Pope in Rome, will know that he is not a thing to be trifled with. In short, the status of the Irishman will be raised in America, and England's hope of crushing him in Ireland will vanish into thin air.

JOHN DEVOY.

IT is true that Irishmen are not as useful to England as they have been. They cannot be relied on to carry England's flag over the parapets of war as enthusiastically as of yore. They bait the masters in Parliament who have been baiting them. And, crime of crimes, they are not as useful in starving themselves to pay rent to Englishmen of older or of later birth as was their wont up to a decade ago. But their lack of usefulness does not end there. It was the custom of the Irish when they emigrated hither to scrape and save in the Land of the Free to help those left behind to pay the otherwise impossible rents. Then, indeed, an emigrating Irishman was useful. He worked here under blazing sun or in snow and rain for "the little tyrant of his fields" in Ireland. Instead of this, the once useful Irish emigrant now furnishes funds to harry the English landlords year in and year out. He watches every move of English diplomacy and delights in setting his foot upon its neck when it serpentines near him. The *London Times* trusts that a remnant of the old usefulness may survive in the emigrated Irishman voting for free trade in America.

It is a vain hope. It was written, if we may guess at the foggy penetralia of the writer's misapprehensions, under the idea that the issue of the present presidential campaign was, what it is not, namely, between a total extinction of the protective tariff and keeping the tariff where it is.

The question is actually limited in this campaign to the extent to which the tariff should be modified as a means of reducing the surplus revenue of the federal government. The Democrats propose to cut off the surplus, partly by a reduction of the custom dues, so scaled they claim as not to endanger the country's industries, and partly by a reduction of the internal revenue. The Republican plan is to lower the tariff, but more sparingly than the Democrats, and to make a correspondingly larger cut in the internal revenue, even to sweeping it away altogether if necessary. There is no grave risk to American industry, no usefulness to England in either scheme.

For my part I see more good in a moderate reduction of the tariff and a great benefit in reducing the Internal Revenue which taxes commerce between the States.

As to specific schemes for dealing with the surplus I prefer Mr. Randall's to that of Mr. Mills. As the Republican Senate measure has not been made known at this writing, I cannot judge of it. All the tariff measures submitted or likely to be submitted will be found to recognize the protective factor as necessary to be preserved.

American manufactures are to be fostered or protected for the good of the entire nation, and not merely for the manufacturer who gets the profits, nor alone for the workmen or workwomen he employs at the lowest rate he can get them to work for. Variety of industry is what makes a nation truly self-sustaining. The protective tariff has undoubtedly helped and is helping to make in this respect our national life complete.

England reared her industries on Protection. She reached what she calls "free trade" out of her necessities. She could not feed her manufacturing population cheaply and she repealed the corn laws or tariff on breadstuffs. The empty English stomach cried out, and England has ever since made a virtue of filling it. Characteristic of English cunning overlaid by English egotism it is to do this, and it is the top and bottom of her free trade "philosophy." Foxlike, having cut off her own no longer useful tail of a tariff, she urges every other nation to do the same. Our tariff is still needed to keep off flies, withal.

No American party could hope to live which would attempt to uproot at this juncture the present system, which has answered its purpose so well, and no party is attempting it. To modify it so

as to fit it to the growing wealth of the country is a task worthy of the highest statesmanship.

It is, however, not the Treasury surplus only which menaces the present tariff. The trusts, those aggregations of the capital in entire industries, combined for the purpose of raising prices and doubtless of lowering wages, attack it on one hand. The migration hither of European labor of the cheapest kind attacks it on the other, for all the factors which drive wages downward, as they have been going down, will tend to make a high tariff a burden. In proportion as it is a burden it must be lowered, and the reduction under such circumstances will help no outside nation whatever. It will not be useful to England.

More and more labor is coming to America. Our great country will attract an enormous immigration for a hundred years to come. As it absorbed millions of Irish and German, it is absorbing Swedish, Italian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Russian and Polish millions, and will continue to absorb them. It will draw and is drawing the best workers from England itself.

A spirit of hostility to the later European immigrants has given rise to an outcry against "pauper labor" coming here. I do not join in it. I respect all labor. Irish labor in America was once branded as the labor of paupers; so Italian, Bohemian and Polish labor is to-day. These later comers will progress. The country lifts its laborers up as no other country in the world does. Every working arm and brain added to our population adds to our potentiality of controlling the markets of the world in all things which the country will produce. And this is America's commercial destiny.

Before arriving at that stage of power, a long battle will have been fought with our commercial rivals, of which England is the greatest; but they will go down one by one before the ever-growing industrial might of America. It will not be the victory of to-day or to-morrow, and it involves many now obscure and complex factors; but one sign by which we shall know when the time for a sweeping tariff reduction is at hand for us will be the imposition by England of import duties on our manufactures to save her own from utter extinction. The "fair-trader" of to-day in England is the forerunner of the English "high-tariff man" of hereafter, and he is coming.

England has been and will be in language and race the sister,

but in commerce and politics the foe of America. Her coal and iron coming out of the earth almost side by side make her the most compact industrial force of her size in the world. But her limit is definite, and her commercial overthrow will awaken no pity—incarnation of selfishness and greed as she has been.

She robbed and misgoverned Ireland to preserve its land to her aristocrats and its commerce to the English trading class. Every Englishman from the king to the peer, from the bishop to the beer seller, was pecuniarily interested in Ireland's misgovernment—the king for his revenues, the peer for his rents, his offspring for the fat offices, the bishop for his tithes, the parson for his fat livings, the trader for his monopoly. Had America remained a colony, such would be the relation of Englishmen to her to-day. Unshackled and free of this hierarchy of tribute-takers, America has grown to be England's competitor and will presently be her master.

Irishmen here will be Americans in the struggle. England has taught Irishmen to hate her by oppressing them, and by hating them even when she could no longer oppress. If, as now seems probable, England, urged thereto by men of broad minds and deep sympathies, should give Ireland a fair measure of self-government to the strengthening and solidifying of the British Empire, this hatred will disappear from Ireland as it dies out in England, and will be as sensibly modified among the free Irishmen in America. But whether justice is done to Ireland or not, the commercial conflict between England and America must go on. It has no sentiment in it. Irishmen here may be expected to see as clearly as others, in any event, what is good for America and what would be "useful" to England.

The Irish-born citizen will now vote for the tariff. When the time is ripe for it, he, in common with the rest of the American nation, will vote for free trade, and then that will be to vote the commercial death of England. If that will be "useful," England is welcome to it. The London *Times*, which on the Irish question presents the unpleasant spectacle of a blind worm turning in its own outgivings, is welcome to it.

If I have traveled over-wide in accounting for the faith that is in me in this matter, it is because as an American citizen I cannot close my eyes to all the facts as they appear to me, though perhaps some may expect me as an Irishman to settle the question off-

hand in sheer revolt of feeling against the cynical malevolence of an ignorant Englishman.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

WELL, no. "When an Irishman emigrates to America and votes for free trade" it is not "the *only* time England can use him." The other time is when he does *not* emigrate, is, by English free trade, compelled to "stand and deliver" all that he can produce; is left without the chance of a career, often without the means of existence, in Ireland; and is forced to prostitute labor, skill, courage or genius, sometimes his life, in building up a power that while robbing proclaims him a worthless savage, she has during these centuries, out of the goodness of her heart, been laboring, almost hopelessly, to civilize.

A very long time that other time has been. With the exception of the few happy years during which Grattan's Parliament and Volunteers prevented British free trade in his countrymen's lives and property, it has, in the main, continued from the day England first found herself able to impose her "system of economy" or robbery on Ireland at the cannon's mouth. It exists to-day, and will continue to exist, Mr. Parnell's agitation, all other agitations, Mr. Gladstone's proposed so-called parliament, and all such toy parliaments to the contrary, notwithstanding, until some such crisis in English affairs as will follow the advance of Russia Indiawards, or the continuance by America of the protective tariff, affords armed Irishmen, under some Phil Sheridan, their "opportunity" to get the British Government, bayonets and free trade, "bag and baggage," out of Ireland at once and forever. Then, and not till then, finding occupation and an honorable career at home, can Irishmen prevent England from using them.

It would require volumes, instead of a brief article, to recount the uses she has made of those hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, who, starved by her policy from home, have been forced into her blue jacket or red coat, to follow her drumbeat around the world, in her numberless plundering, marauding and robbing expeditions against unoffending and defenceless countries, tribes and peoples, as well as in her deadlier conflicts with her equals in war. Those who, from actual experience in the camp, march or battle-field, are familiar with the qualities of the Irish soldier, need not be told to

what uses he can be put. And, when we consider that, according to Major Butler, of the British army, the proportion of Irishmen in it, during its most eventful period, rose to sixty-six per cent., we may well ask, What would England have been without them? What would her history in Canada have been had it not been Wolfe who met Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham? How different might have been her place on the maps of Europe, Asia, and Africa without the services of the Lawrences, the Napiers, the Goughs, and the Roberts. What, to-day, might have been her place among the nations had it been other than Wellington and his countrymen, who, with their fellow Celts, the Highlanders, withstood the legions of the Great Corsican until the coming of Blucher on that fateful day at Waterloo.

In cabinet, parliament, and diplomacy she has made frequent enough use of the countrymen of Burke, Sheridan, Palmerston, and Dufferin. In literature how often do we find Steele, Sheridan, and Goldsmith doing duty as "English" authors. In her halls of learning, journalism, marts of commerce, workshops, and great industries, Irishmen in great numbers labor, to her gain and the loss of their native land. The tourist sees at every port in Ireland steamers laden with cattle and produce for England, and wonders why a country that produces so much is always poor and often starving. The explanation is—Through free trade England takes all the peasant produces, beyond a bare existence, and keeps him a helot. The Nationalist objects to the use she has made of the noblest of his race, of the hangings, burnings, pitch-capping, banishment, and imprisonment to which she had subjected the Father Sheehys, Wm. Orrs, Wolf Tones, Emmets, Mitchells, Meaghers, Kirkhans, O'Learys, and others who sought to end her blighting sway in Ireland. Everything goes out of Ireland, and nothing is returned. Her intellect, skill, energy, and resources are drained away to support England, without even acknowledgment. Against all this the Nationalist protests, and, further, demurs at being hanged for mentioning the matter and its remedy to his countrymen. All these uses has she been able to make of Irishmen through free trade, for be it known that the crime of England against Ireland has been the destruction of her industries. Compared with this the baneful effects of her wars, massacres, and penal laws upon the national life have been transient and ephemeral.

Over one hundred years ago Hely Hutchinson, an Irish Tory gentleman, founder of the House of Donoughmore, wrote a series of letters to His Britannic Majesty's Government on "The Commercial Restraints of Ireland." In direct and dignified, though respectful language, they point out how one after the other of Irish industries, the linen trade excepted, had been destroyed by English laws, and asks for their repeal. The book was bought up by the Government, as high as a thousand pounds sterling being paid for a copy, and burned. A copy of it, however, still exists in the Stephen Calwell Library of the University of Pennsylvania, and would afford instructive reading to those Irish-Americans who propose to vote for the English policy against the country to which they have fled.

It is needless to say that the obnoxious laws were not repealed until, in 1782, an independent Irish Parliament, supported by Henry Grattan's Volunteers and Napper Tandy's artillery, enacted protective tariff laws for the revival of Irish manufactures. The movement of Grattan, like the beginning of the American Revolution, was a revolt against the no longer endurable restraints of British free trade.

During her eighteen years of protection, Ireland enjoyed a period of unexampled prosperity, and advanced in manufactures more rapidly than any other country in Europe.

To-day the tourist in Dublin lingers to admire the magnificent public and private buildings, now mostly vacant, that during that glorious era arose under the magical influence of protection.

But the spoiler prevailed. In 1800, British gold and bayonets carried, through a corrupted Parliament, the dreaded "Act of Union." Irish independence and manufactures fell at one blow. The great patriot and statesman who raised could no longer protect them. He had "stood by their cradle," he now "followed their bier." English free trade could now work its wont—factories closing, owners bankrupt, workmen flying, ruin everywhere, is the story from that day to this.

This much for the uses England has made of Irishmen elsewhere. We are not disposed to underestimate the value, to her, of Irish votes, for free trade, in America, in the past. We cannot overestimate their importance to her, in the future, in the combined attack she and the successors of the slave-holding oligarchy are now making upon the educated labor and industrial indepen-

dence of these States. The supplying of works of handicraft to over sixty millions of people now here, and others to come; the destruction of a great and rising rival, who, by superior skill and fair dealing, will soon drive her from the markets of the two Americas; the continued existence of the, as present constituted, British Empire, which, resting upon, must go down with the loss of manufacturing and commercial supremacy—these are the colossal prizes for which she contends, these the nuts she expects to get out of the fire, by the use of her favorite cat's-paw, the Irish-American vote, when she modestly asks her *professed* enemies to elect to the Presidency the man who declares: "I believe in free trade, as I believe in the Protestant religion."

Will they do it? We think not.

Like that intense Irish Nationalist, the greatest of political economists, whose works are revolutionizing the world, Henry C. Carey, son of the great United Irishman, Matthew Carey, friend of Washington and Lafayette, and co-laborer with Grattan, Irishmen in increased and increasing numbers are learning to be "always opposed to England, and therefore always right."

The subjoined extracts are from the Irish-American memorial presented to the recent convention that nominated General Harrison: "Believing that the good of our native can be best promoted by the greatness of our adopted country, and that its greatness will come through the success of the Republican party, under a leader worthy of the high office, an American of Americans, pledged only to the support of American principles, we are convinced that a larger number of our countrymen than ever before will labor with enthusiasm to carry to victory the standard of that party over the first national convention of which Judge Robert Emmet presided."

WILLIAM CARROLL, M.D.

THE above, like most statements of the London *Times* concerning Ireland and Irishmen, is not true. Unfortunately the Irish in their native land have been only too often used by England, and they have been among the most pliant instruments of British oppression in Ireland. The hated constabulary is mainly composed of Irishmen, while the paid magistracy, the judges and the various officers of the Crown, are drawn largely from the

native element. It is true that these Government employés are renegade Irishmen, and that the higher officials are for the most part alien in race, religion and sentiment to the overwhelming majority of the people ; but the facts are enough to disprove the statement that the *only* time England can use an Irishman is under the circumstances mentioned by the *Times*. However, considering the demoralizing system of bribes and corruption—unparalleled in history—which has been so marked a feature of English rule in Ireland, the only wonder is that a larger proportion of the people has not succumbed to the blandishments of the seducer.

As regards England's "use" of the Irish in America, it is undeniable that a large proportion of the latter have been and still are, unwittingly, no doubt, the tools of England. In so far as Irishmen in this country have supported the free-trade policy of the Democratic party, they have been virtually the allies and friends of England. Having lost her foothold in the European marts, and with Russia closely pushing her in the East, England turns wistfully to America in the hope of securing here a market for the disposal of her wares. Free trade would give her the coveted prize. There is no lack of evidence to show that one of England's most cherished desires is the triumph of the free-trade policy in the United States. The unanimous approval with which the English press of all shades of political opinion has hailed every free trade manifestation in the United States, such as the President's December message, the Mills bill and the Democratic national platform, speaks conclusively on this point. Neither have the English newspapers been backward in pointing out that the adoption of a free-trade policy by the United States would give English manufacturers and English trade such a boom as they have not received during the present century.

Now it may be asked, Why cannot Irish-Americans see that by supporting the Democratic free-trade policy they are being used to further the interests of English manufacturers and English workmen, and that, too, to the sacrifice of the interests of American industries and American labor ? This anomaly is easily explained. Until within a few years past almost the entire body of Irish voters were included in the Democratic party. How this came to be the case is well known to the student of American political history. It was the result of circumstances which every

fair-minded man will now readily admit were beyond the control of the Republican party, and for which the Republican party, as a party, was not responsible. Indeed, it is a fact that in the days of Know-nothingism, which unscrupulous Democrats have persistently represented as the offspring of Republicanism, there were far more members of that intolerant and un-American party drawn from the ranks of the Democracy than there were from the Republican ranks. The fact remains, however, that owing to a combination of circumstances which were entirely misunderstood by the Irish, the latter were almost in a body attracted to the Democratic party, and were in a similar degree repelled by the Republican party. The consequence was that the Democrats came to be regarded by Irishmen as their friends and the Republicans as their enemies, and a large number of Irish voters have ever since been too ready to accept unquestioningly the policy of the former party on any issue that might arise.

The Democratic party has been, moreover, glaringly disingenuous, inconsistent and even dishonest in regard to its attitude on the tariff. One time its leaders and party organs will loudly contend that the Democratic policy in regard to the tariff is one not of destruction, but of revision, and they make this contention in face of the fact that the party has for years been endeavoring to bring about, in a more or less direct way, an economic policy which even the members of the Cobden Club and the press of Free Trade England—who certainly ought to be good judges in such matters—characterize as free trade. At another time, when the above course would not be expedient, a virtually free-trade policy is openly espoused, while protection is denounced as the bane of the farmers. One story will be told to the wage-earners of the great manufacturing States, while a contrary story will be rehearsed to the people of the non-manufacturing districts of the South. This chameleon-like policy is beautifully illustrated in the glaring inconsistencies of the Mills bill. The Free Traders have thus succeeded in throwing dust in the eyes of many Democrats, Irish-Americans included. And to disarm any possible fears the latter might have lest England, the hereditary enemy of their native land, might be the principal beneficiary under the new economic system, it is always made to appear that such fears are utterly groundless, and that what in fact England most dreads is lest there should be a departure from the present protective policy?

These tactics have to a certain extent succeeded. But, on the other hand, the number of Irish-Americans who see the situation in its true light is increasing daily. It is safe to affirm that a large majority of the Irishmen who do their own thinking, and will not suffer others to do it for them, and who have, besides, no political axes to grind, have finally shaken off the yoke of the party bosses. The solid Irish-Democratic vote has been broken up forever, a result fraught with good to the country at large, and to none more so than Irish-Americans themselves. The wisest and best Irishmen among us, men not identified with either party, such as the thoughtful and learned Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, have hailed with joy this self-emancipating movement on the part of their countrymen. I think I can safely put the number of Irishmen in this State alone who have cut loose from their political bondage in the Democratic party as not less than one hundred thousand. It is needless to say that those voters cannot be used in the interests of England.

It is, however, a great mistake, and does Irish-Americans a gross injustice, to say that, as a body, their attitude in regard to a question like that of the tariff is governed solely or principally by the bearing of such question on English interests. Such is not the case. Irish-Americans in all matters pertaining to America are American citizens pure and simple, looking at American public questions from the standpoint of Americans, and joining faithfully and fraternally with their fellow citizens of all origins in furthering the interests of the Republic. Irish-Americans, while retaining their love for their native land, surely need not, and will not, on that account abate one jot or tittle of their Americanism. The *primary* objection of Irish-Americans to free trade is *not* that it would benefit their old enemy England—though this result would be wormwood and gall to them—but that it would injure America. And they favor the continuance of the protective system, *not* because it shuts out English goods from the American markets, though this result is most gratifying to them, but because it safeguards our own industries and the interests of our own workingmen. Intelligent Irish-Americans know that by voting against free trade they are not only serving the interests of the Republic but striking a most effective blow at England, and no true American will complain that they enjoy their sweet revenge on the heredi-

tary enemy of both nations. Indeed, even a casual reader of the American press will see that in the present campaign Americans are scarcely one whit behind their Irish fellow-citizens in their hostility to England, and free trade is as roundly denounced by them because of the advantages it would confer on England as because of the injury it would inflict on America. This is only natural. England is the hereditary foe of America as well as of Ireland. Since the Colonies threw off the British yoke England has made two desperate attempts to destroy the Republic—once in 1812, and again, in a far more treacherous and dastardly manner, during our Civil War. As a participant in the latter, I well remember the fierce indignation of our soldiers when gathering up on the battle-field the arms of the Confederate dead, at finding the weapons, in hundreds of cases, bearing the stamp of the British Crown. The first hostile shot fired on Sumter was from a gun forged in England. The "Alabama" and "Shenandoah," which inflicted upon American shipping a blow from which it has not yet recovered, were built in British shipyards, and in part manned by British seamen, with the avowed object of destroying our mercantile marine. Why, America has little less reason than Ireland to hate England, the deadly foe of both nations.

England is just now engaged in a third attempt to cripple the Republic by aiding the Free Traders to bring about an economic policy which would first destroy our industrial prosperity. I agree with the sentiments expressed on the floor of the United States Senate by that fearless and aggressive advocate of American principles, Senator Riddleberger, viz., that "we will never be a free nation until we have whipped England for the third time." Now, we have already whipped England twice, and the opportunity to administer a third drubbing will be presented this fall. This opportunity will be eagerly seized, especially by Irishmen, and although the instrument of castigation this time will be the ballot instead of the bullet, it will be found mighty effectual. Irishmen do not often get a chance to wipe out old scores with England, and, therefore, I feel satisfied that they will make the most of the present opportunity, and that thousands of Irish Democrats, throwing party obligations to the winds, will unite with their Irish Republican brothers in inflicting condign punishment upon the hated oppressor of their motherland.

M. KERWIN.

In this campaign the Irish-American voter has an important advantage over other voters. If he be a man of any intelligence he has had the opportunity for a study in comparative politics, which must be of great value to him in making up his mind whether Free Trade or Protection is the better policy for the country of his adoption. His own country is under the rule and tutelage of the great free trade nation, and for seven-eighths of a century it has enjoyed all those advantages which attend "buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest," without regard to the effects upon the producing classes, and which free trade offers us. The Irishman has had the opportunity of comparing theory with practice in this matter, and seeing whether the headlong race for cheapness is a blessing or a curse to "the most numerous class, that is the poorest." And he knows by sorrowful recollection and recent observation that the outcome of it all is a national poverty, which Chinese Gordon declared to surpass that of the wretched and oppressed peoples of Asia and Africa he spent his life in trying to relieve.

The root of Irish misery—as all impartial observers, free traders not excepted, are now coming to agree—is to be found not in over-population, not in a bad land system, not in faults of creed or character of the Irish people, but in the absence of anything but farming to employ the people. The country feeds something like twice its population, and sinks into ever deepening poverty as emigration depletes the population yet further. If the land were divided among its people it would give them only $14.00 worth a head, and its ownership would not suffice to put a stop to perennial hunger and recurrent famine. The success of the Irish people as workmen, as farmers and even as capitalists in this country and in the British colonies, suffices to show that it is neither their creed nor their character which stands in the way of their prosperity at home. Between the closer study of the facts and the failure of quack remedies there has been a steady approach to consensus on the nature of the evil. The only remaining difference is as regard the remedy. The Free Traders simply despair of the future of the island; Protectionists have a well-founded confidence that the method of protection to home industry, which lifted America from sinking into a similar slough in 1783–89, would be the economic salvation of Ireland.

The ruin of Ireland dates from the ill-fated Union of 1801.

It was in the interest of British manufacturers that that Union was negotiated, although the rising of '98 furnished also a political motive. Napoleon had shut up the Continent from British exports, when they began to look to Ireland for an outlet for their surplus of manufactures. The first proposal of the Union in 1799 was rejected by the Irish Parliament expressly on the ground that it would involve the ruin of those Irish manufactures which had grown up under a protective tariff during the previous sixteen years. When they agreed to the second proposal in 1800, it was as Grattan said, the introduction of free trade. "All the policy," he said, "of nursing our growing fabrics, and thereby of improving the industry of our country, employing her children, and expending her wealth upon her own labor, is now abandoned, and the language of the Union is 'Buy where you can, and as cheap as you can.'" (Speech of March 19, 1800.)

Some reserves were made in the Treaty of Union in behalf of Irish manufactures, by the retention of some duties for a time, but by 1822 the last were repealed, and the manufactures did not survive them five years. The advantage of British manufacturers in the possession of large capitals, trained labor and well established markets, proved as effectual for the extinction of Ireland's manufacturing industry in the nineteenth century, as vile laws had been for its suppression in the eighteenth. Hence the vast power acquired by her landlords and abused by so many of them of levying rack-rents upon the lands, and of confiscating the tenant's improvements by adding their annual value to the rent. Hence the desolating famines, which never fall upon countries whose manufactures give them the means to draw upon the resources of other land in the hour of need. Hence the ruin not only of tenants but of freeholders and landlords, by the prostration of their one industry through the absence of any home market for its products. Hence the flight of the people by millions from the country they love so passionately, to enrich other lands by the industry which found no opening at home. Hence the demand from the Irish people for the restoration of that legislative independence under which they prospered through the care taken of their industries by protective legislation, and which they would use to restore that legislation. "Protection is an article of faith in the economical creed of the great majority of Irishmen," says Mr. George Pellew, an American Free Trader who visited Ireland in 1887.

The Irish-American voter who has given any attention to the matter knows that this is what free trade has done for his native country. He knows that Ireland has been sacrificed to England's ambition to make herself the workshop of the world, and to hold all other countries on the level of producers of food and raw material for her consumption. He knows that so long as England continues to legislate for Ireland, the root of Irish misery will never be touched by any remedy she will consent to have tried. And he now is asked to help to subject the industry of his adopted country to the same oppressive competition which ruined that of the country of his birth. It is alike his personal interest and his attachment to his native land which co-operates with his loyalty to that of his adoption in forbidding him to adopt this course. The Irishman in America is very generally a wage-earner. The extinction of manufactures and the exhaustion of capital at home sent him to America to make his beginnings at the lowest round of the ladder. He had not even skilled labor to offer to his employers, for where could he acquire that in a country which imports nearly every spade and shovel, knife and fork, chair and table, boot and shoe, dish and plate, piece of paper, and woolen or cotton garment that is used in the island? This is the exhibit made of Irish industries in the testimony taken by Sir Eardley Wilmott's parliamentary committee in 1885. The utter want of any kind of industrial skill, its complete extinction through disuse, is a common subject of lament among all classes in Ireland.

As a consequence, the Irish in America, although now they are taking to farming in rapidly increasing numbers, and although many of them have risen to become employers of labor, are in the main wage-earners still. What have they or their class to gain by introducing into America the cheapness of Ireland, when this is sure to bring with it that depression of the producing classes upon which this cheapness depends? Are they oppressed by a tariff under which the wages of the skilled artisan have risen from four hundred and thirty-eight dollars to seven hundred and twenty dollars a year, while the cost of necessaries has fallen from twenty-six to forty-six per cent.—a tariff which brings them in increased wages seven times as much as the higher cost of living in America takes from them? They are not so stupid as to risk their own welfare for the promotion of a policy which would inure chiefly to the benefit of the hereditary enemy of their coun-

try, and whose introduction is hailed with delight by all the organs of British opinion.

Some Irish-Americans will agree to all that can be said against free trade in both Ireland and America, but they refuse to see that it is an issue in American politics at the present time. They adhere to the Democratic party because they refuse to believe that it means to proceed further in the reform of the tariff than is needed to remove its inequalities. They are taken with such objections as that the Mills bill proposes nothing more than a reduction between a sixth and a seventh of the present duties. But they cannot but regard it as ominous of no good to the country that the organs of English opinion are so jubilant over the President's Message of January last and the Mills bill. It is a safe rule in warfare, whether military or industrial, to find out what your enemy wants you to do, and do not do it.

If the Mills bill proposed a horizontal reduction of one-sixth along the whole line, there might be a plea that it would not do much harm. But if a man tears down part of a wall to the very foundation on the plea that the whole wall was higher than was necessary for its purposes, he hardly can plead that his whole operation amounted to no more than a reasonable reduction of its height. As regards salt, wool, lumber and a number of important American products, whose production must affect the labor market and the welfare of our farmers, the Mills bill enacts absolute free trade. In other cases it makes reductions which put the duties much below the protective level. The amount of this reduction is made to appear less in the "between six and seven per cent." calculation, by reason of especial favors extended to Southern industries, like the growing of peanuts and sumac, and to Northern industries located in States whose votes are sorely needed by the Democrats this year.

It is especially important to note that the Mills bill is not regarded as a finality by any of its supporters. It is only, in the words the late Mr. Dorsheimer used of its predecessor, "the first firm step toward free trade"; or in those of Mr. Watterson, the first move toward "the total destruction of the protective system." He who votes for the Democratic candidate this year, expresses in his vote his approval of the doctrines of the President's Message, which involves one such bill after another until free trade is complete. And he also votes to fasten the hold of

the free trade leaders upon the Democratic party, so that as long as that party has control of any department of the government, that control will be used in the interests of the free-trade policy. Let any intelligent voter place himself, in imagination, in the halls of Congress on the first Monday of next December, if Mr. Cleveland should be elected. What would be the atmosphere of the House in this matter? What the character of the proposals with reference to the tariff? Would these be confined to the Mills bill, bad as it is, or would not the free-trade leaders begin to "wonder at their own moderation" in proposing so mild a measure? It is impossible to see how a protectionist who is sincerely attached to the Democratic party and believes in its principles can do other than wish for its defeat this year, that the incubus of free trade leadership may be thrown off forever.

ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

COFFEE-DRINKING AND BLINDNESS.

I AM satisfied that defective vision and blindness will pretty soon be a prominent characteristic among the American people, the same as rotten teeth have been during the last two hundred years. I make this assertion without having seen any statistics whatever on the subject of blindness. I found out long ago that a cup of coffee leaves a night-shade on the brain which continues longer than an eclipse of the sun. For some time past I have been consulting with different persons in Council Bluffs, who are suffering with failing sight, and in each instance I ascertained that the unfortunate person was and is a regular coffee-drinker. I had long noticed that the eyes of old coffee-drinkers had a dry and shriveled appearance.

Having discovered, some years ago, that my own eyesight was surely weakening, I then ceased to drink coffee as freely as I had used it, and became a moderate and more observant patron of the fragrant narcotic. But I have learned that moderate coffee-drinking is a hard thing to manage, being pretty sure to develop into the regular habit again with insidious ease, especially at those times when the physical system feels itself to be in need of some elixir. Besides, it is quite distressing for a person to be fighting off a powerful habit at each meal time. I now feel free of the coffee-drinking vice, and will have no more trouble with it unless I shall again fall a victim to some church supper or to the magnetic blandishments of some buoyant hostess.

Having long worked at a trade which requires almost as exact a use of the eye as the occupation of a jeweler, I made the discovery that a single cup of coffee would have a perceptible effect on my eyes. This fact was the more apparent because my eyesight was originally very good—in fact, about the best. After having used coffee with indifferent frequency and copiousness for

many years my sight became abnormally weak, and I began to feel a horror of darkness, wishing that the sun would never set, and desiring instinctively to go to some place where the nights would be short during the entire year. But now I have quite little of this feeling left. My eyes have regained, to a curious extent, their former range and spontaneity. I again enjoy the long panoramic views of nature which are afforded from the baby mountains that skirt Council Bluffs on the east like an encampment. I can take these long telescopic sweeps of vision again without blinking or feeling the weakening relaxation which alarmed me a year ago. I have no doubt but what this weakness of the eyes which results from coffee-drinking is due to the sympathy which the optic nerve has for the nasal cavity (the latter being continuous with the membrane of the mouth). The nasal cavity, with its first pair of brain nerves, is naturally a principal place to be affected by any drinking habit. For instance, to partake of a dish of soup will sometimes cause a person's breathing to become thick and decidedly labored. All of the sensory nerves are much affected by coffee-drinking—those gentle and highly refined threads of sympathetic force which enter largely into the sense of smell, taste, sight and hearing. The entire sympathetic system is likewise involved immediately in the coffee-drinking habit. The brain, again, is intensely affected thereby, because the principal nerves of the brain branch off from the nasal cavity.

Coffee-drinking is especially injurious when it is resorted to as a backing for strong food. There are plenty of robust persons among us who have drank coffee pretty freely for a lifetime, but who are seemingly uninjured by it. To this fact I reply that appearances are sometimes deceiving to unpracticed eyes, and that a vice does not in all cases show its effects plainly in the first generation. The free use of coffee dates back only one generation in this country. But this I will say, that no person is as stout for three hours after he has drank coffee as he was before.

As long as a person remains endowed with latent constitutional strength he can participate in different vices with seeming impunity—but he is gradually using up his capital and will reach his limit ere his life is fully prolonged. His children and grandchildren will show a degeneration of the family stock, though they doubtless exhibit at present a premature brightness of mind. Children that are allowed to partake freely of coffee will become

restless, fussy and noisy, half wild with mischief. They probably advance in their school studies with abnormal rapidity. But they hate work. At times they are indifferent about education. Their strength goes to the brain. They grow rapidly, but not aright. They develop into men and women three years too soon. Yet their eyes dance with angelic splendor, and their cheeks glow with vermilion, providing that they started in life with robust constitutions. If they began life with puny physiques, however, coffee will make them slim and ghostly, and their eyes and features flat. Coffee will seem to improve those persons only who have a surplus of constitutional vigor. These individuals will seem possessed with forms and faces of marvelous grace and finish, yet they will fade all too soon, and fall into the hands of the doctor. Coffee has a magical effect on the heart and circulatory system, and for a while produces the intoxication which approaches that of opium or cocaine. It causes a swift growth and swift decay. It produces beauty and exhilaration, but not endurance. It gives a sentimental strength—the strength that pertains to runts. The best thing that can be said of coffee is, that it has a tendency, like opium, to make lawless persons tame. It leads not to additional irregularities, like whiskey.

While coffee causes a temporary activity of the digestive system and mind, this is a circumscribed activity—a sentimental or sympathetic fantasy—and not a muscular inspiration and prowess. Coffee eats into the digestive membranes, forcing their glands to pour forth their reserve of juices, thus drying up the fountains of life and leaving in these little urns of vitality the seeds of rheumatism, catarrh, kidney ailment, heart disease, lung infirmity, and abdominal degeneration. Coffee-drinking exhausts the mouth and throat, leaving the face a grinning skeleton, while the body is honeycombed. The penetrative and stimulating qualities of coffee are excessive as well as insidious. But nature abhors anything that leads nature, and will gradually withdraw from it, leaving in the temple of life nothing but a shadow and a name.

Plenty of apparently robust persons will rise up serenely when they read this dissertation, and exclaim: "I have drank coffee forty years, and I am as stout as an ox." Many of the arsenic-eaters of Asia are said to live to great ages, but this is not the case

with the majority of them. It is claimed that opium may be used with very beneficial results by persons who have well-balanced judgment and self poise. Indeed, morphine was regarded not long ago as the long-desired balm of life, the golded specific for a world of ailment. Some men, who simply excell in constitutional vigor, may feel themselves benefited and refined by burning up their daily surplus of vitality with coffee or opium, as they have no taste for expending it for the purpose of acquiring knowledge and wisdom. But the coffee-drinker, however robust he may be, will put on a pair of spectacles at a comparatively early period of his life. Besides, he is all the while enslaving himself to a habit—a fact that is full of foreboding. Again, he is surely approaching a time when his reserve force of vitality will all be prematurely used up—a period in his career that will begin a new volume in the coffee-drinking habit, for every cup of it will now fill him with fire, while his helpless desire for it continues to increase. To a ten-year-old boy of this city I remarked, a few days ago, "You must quit drinking coffee, or else you will never be anything but a runt." He replied, "Oh, no ; I couldn't live without it." In conclusion I will add, in the language of Dr. O'Leary, that "The thing which we think we must have is always that which is killing us."

J. M. HOLADAY.

THE ISSUE OF 1888.

THE issue of the pending National contest is one of approval or disapproval of the existing Federal Administration. Each voter can cast but one electoral ballot, and by that single, supreme expression of his judgment as a sovereign citizen declare his conscientious conviction whether Democratic control of Federal affairs should be continued or Republican direction re-established.

There are many important questions involved in the election, but they must all be determined by the vote according to the balance of opinion of each individual as to whether the Democrats should be ousted and the Republicans re-instated. This general issue is emphasized by the fact that the chief Democratic nominee is the present incumbent of the Presidential office.

It follows that the entire record of the Democratic Administration should be taken into account in considering the issue of 1888, and that comparison should be made with Republican administration during preceding Presidential terms to judge whether on the whole the country would benefit by preventing the continuance and completion of Democratic plans. In estimating the value of what the Democrats have done, the fact that the Republicans still control the Senate and practically hold a veto power, must not be overlooked. If the Senate, as well as the House and the Executive, had been Democratic, the present Administration could be held to stricter accountability than can now be fairly done. In the absence of full control of the legislative branch of the government allowance must be made for partial failure to carry out Democratic pledges, and the Democratic Administration and party must have the benefit not only of what they have succeeded in doing, but also of what they have promised and commenced, but on account of Senatorial opposition failed to fully perform. Should the Democrats prevail in the approaching election, majority control in the Senate will soon follow, and in any case the verdict of the people would prob-

ably avail to place the Senate in practical accord with the President. Shall the experiment of Democratic national government be interrupted before the trial can be full and fair? Are the results of the past three years such that the test should be no further pursued, or should a verdict of approbation of what has been done be rendered in the belief that the future conduct of affairs will be at least equally satisfactory? The votes of some will be controlled by one sort of considerations, and those of others by different ones, but the judgment that must be given is simply yes or no to the question, "Shall the Republicans be put back again, or shall the Democrats have a chance to show whether they can competently administer our national affairs?"

At present one great question mainly occupies the public attention, that of taxation. This far-reaching subject brings the economic question of the effect of taxation and trade regulation upon industry more prominently before the people than has ever before been done in this country. But the tax question is one of those respecting which Democratic Administration has had no opportunity to furnish demonstration of the soundness or unsoundness of its theories. Nothing can be done by way of practical test without the concurrence of the Senate, and such concurrence, if obtained, will be likely to be upon terms that would necessarily modify and to some extent confuse the issue. Nevertheless the public mind is fastened upon the tax issue, and will not be diverted from it, and it is altogether probable that more votes will be influenced by approbation or disapproval of the Democratic plan, as embodied in the Mills bill, than by any other single consideration, or perhaps by all others taken together.

Had the Chicago Convention contented itself with adherence to the system its party created, the Republican position would have been one of defense of the existing protective system pure and simple, and the comparison could have been made by the people directly between what the Republicans have done in the past and what Democrats are now promising to do. But the Chicago platform does not merely stand by the record of the Republican party. It goes beyond all previous economic declarations in our politics, and indeed runs counter to nearly all of them.

It suggests a tariff to check imports, and declares that all internal taxation, including the whiskey tax and the new tax on oleomargarine, enacted to protect the dairy farmers against

fraudulent imitation of their products and brands, should be repealed before any tariff reduction is effected. This novelty introduced by the Republican Convention makes the tax issue not one between what the Republicans have enacted and what the Democrats propose, but between two contrasting propositions, the Democratic idea of reducing receipts by adding to the free list and modifying the schedules of articles continuing to be taxed, and a novel scheme that may fairly be characterized as a system of prohibitory taxation.

The Republicans cannot under these circumstances claim that they are defending a cherished American institution. They are proposing something more radical than their opponents advocate. They ask the country to take a new departure and to adopt the theory of taxing for the sake of controlling and restricting manufacture and commerce in a way that has never heretofore been seriously proposed.

The tax issue between the Republican and Democratic parties is therefore in no sense one between protection and free trade. It is simply one between tariff revision by reducing the number of taxed objects and lowering the rates of taxation, and the erection of a new system of tariff for protection only, in which the amount of money to be collected shall be left altogether out of question, and no heed be taken whether revenues be increased or diminished, or prices go up or down. When the money is collected some way will be found of spending it, or of distributing it, if there be more than can be spent. But we must, according to this theory, continue for time without limit, to collect not merely war tariff taxes, but duties high enough to shut out foreign competition, and to hold our own markets as a self-producing and self-sustaining country.

Mr. Blaine developed one weak point of this position in his Portland speech about the trusts. With a tariff framed primarily to prevent importations, prices would be held at the highest point to which combinations could raise them without fear of check by the competition of articles of foreign make. The only limit to charges would be the ability of the combinations to hold together, or the patience of the people in refraining from violence as the last mode of redress. The theory that trusts cannot control the business in any article used by 60,000,000 people is refuted by the sure demonstration of experience. Trusts do control business in

such articles, and they are getting control of new branches of manufacture almost every day. The case of the trusts makes the issue very plain between reasonable tariff, with a safety valve in the ability to check extortion by importation, and exorbitant customs taxes without any such check. This is only one feature of the many sided question of taxation which the American people are called upon to decide.

But it is entirely safe to say that the effect of Mr. Blaine's Portland speech, contrasted with the anti-trust declarations of President Cleveland's messages, will be so great, that the issue between a policy that would check the trusts, and one that would render any check upon them impossible, will continue to attract public attention until the end of the campaign, whatever the action of Congress may be. It is the issue of anti-monopoly against monopoly presented in the clearest form, and illustrated by the experience of every consumer of the necessaries of life. Were tariff duties made still higher, the complaints against monopoly that now exist would necessarily be multiplied.

The fact that the Republican tariff doctrine of this year is a new departure in the direction of greater protection to monopolies cannot be successfully denied in view of the declarations of the Tariff Commission of 1882, and the speeches and state papers of Republican statesmen from the date of the enactment of the highest war tariff down to the present time. In 1870 Senator Morrill, the official sponsor of the high-tariff rates, said: "It is a mistake of the friends of a sound tariff to insist upon the extreme rates imposed during the war," and the public has recently become very familiar with declarations of the same nature made by Grant, Arthur, Garfield, Blaine, Sherman, McCulloch, Logan, Allison, Oliver P. Morton, Henry Wilson, Kasson, Hawley, Folger, and even the present Republican candidates for President and Vice-President. The fathers of the Republican tariff plank of 1888 are not to be omitted from the list of hostile critics of the system they now advocate. In 1882, Mr. William C. McKinley, of Ohio, said: "The free list might be enlarged without affecting injuriously a single American interest," and in 1886 Mr. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, declared—

"Let the raw material come in. Let us make blankets that will drive out English blankets. Let us make our own 'English frieze' and 'Peterboro' frosted beaver.' Let us be able to rival England and France and other representative nations in making these cloths."

It is, therefore, plain that the Chicago tariff plank is revolutionary of the previous theory of the Republican party as expressed by its leading men, as well as in the tax planks of 1868 and 1884, the first of which declared: "It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be reduced and equalized, and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit," while the second said: "The Republican party pledges itself to correct the inequalities of the tariff and to reduce the surplus."

The new departure of Republicanism causes a singular condidition in the attitudes of the two parties in the great national debate. While in the forum of action the initiative lies with the Democrats and has been assumed by them, in the forum of discussion the affirmative rests upon the Republicans through the necessity of explaining to the country a new proposition which differs far more widely from Republican practices and theories of the past than does anything that the Democrats have proposed or attempted. Mr. Hewitt's epigrammatic letter was the first sound unofficial explanation of the attitudes of the two parties, neither of them proposing to sustain the present protective system, but one advocating revision by reduction, while the other calls for the change from protection to prohibition.

Turning from the field of taxation and finance in which the discussion is necessarily theoretical, the mind of the thoughtful voter will be occupied with the issue of administrative reform. It was upon that question that Tilden obtained the votes of the majority of his countrymen in 1876; and Cleveland's administration has afforded the first opportunity for practical test of the truth of Democratic professions. Here is opportunity to compare, not what the parties are saying, but what they have done, and the people will find no obstacle to a fair comparison of Democratic performance with Republican performance under conditions substantially alike and laws not greatly varied.

Is or is not the tone of the Federal service on the whole better than it was previous to 1885? Is or is not the influence of the general government throughout the country now cast more uniformly and more strongly than heretofore in favor of simple economy and pure administration of public affairs? Have the Democrats when in power tried to keep, and on the whole succeeded fairly well in keeping, their promises to make the government better than it was?

Civil Service Reform was strongly advocated by Tilden in 1876, and, whatever criticisms have been fairly or unfairly made, it is certain that it has been first rendered practical and efficient under Cleveland. That we have on the whole an honest civil service, such as the Democratic platform of 1884 promised, cannot be denied, and no one will question the record that great advance has been made in the methods of competitive examinations, and that the power of appointment to positions covered by the civil service law is exercised through impartial operation of the reform machinery. The difficulties encountered by the President in putting the law into efficient operation have been almost incalculable. But not only has that duty been performed, but the system has been saved from its greatest danger in being taken out of the realm of mere theory and adapted to the conditions and requirements of a vast and complicated administrative system. That such was not the case under Republican federal control is undeniable. The Senate debates show that the Republican civil service was a fraud and a sham, and that there was annually lost to the Government at the port of New York alone more than $20,000,000 by gross delinquencies and neglects of public officers. That the system was partial and administered by connivance is plain from the fact that the percentage of Democrats who obtained positions through the examinations was ridiculously small. That a great change in this respect has been effected is shown by the long continuance in place, during Cleveland's term, of a very large percentage of Republicans, and by the prompt promotion or appointment of men who passed the examinations in spite of their being Republicans. That the public administration at places of greatest importance has substantially improved is shown by the proceedings of the Hale Investigating Committee recently in session at New York, which, formed for the purpose of discrediting Democratic direction of the Custom House, resulted in eliciting a tribute to improved management. Taking the country all through, it is certain that the tone of the federal service has been raised, that the abuse of public office for partisan ends has decreased, and that statutes, which under former administrations were universally defied, are now scrupulously observed. It is plain to every candid inquirer that the Democratic pledge for administrative reform has not been broken, and that there is solid foundation for the assertion of the St. Louis platform that :

"The Democratic party welcome an exacting scrutiny of the administration of the Executive power, which four years ago was committed to its trust in the election of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States; and it challenges the most searching inquiry concerning its fidelity and devotion to the pledges which then invited the suffrages of the people."

The question of the public lands next comes in view, with the record of recovery and approaching restoration to the public domain of more than 130,000,000 acres wrongfully held by favored grantees of Republican rule. The importance to the people of a just execution of the Homestead Laws cannot be overestimated. That the Democrats are executing these laws justly is not denied. It is useless for Republicans to claim that they would have done as well had Blaine been elected. They had abundant opportunity for firm and fearless administration of this great trust, but they did not embrace it. Like most other features of Cleveland's administration, what has been done in respect to the public domain bears the stamp of his individual thought and effort, and the stand he took early in his term, ever since firmly maintained, cannot fail to tell strongly in his favor with the voters of the country.

Respecting pensions the facts and figures are too familiar to call for repetition. The President has been the instrument of doing more for Union veterans than any of his predecessors, or any two of them combined, eager and willing as they undoubtedly were to help the deserving soldier, and the administration of the Pension Office has been marked by reforms which have enabled the recipients of well deserved government aid to realize much larger net results than when the claim agents were in substantial command of that branch of the Interior Department.

In the management of foreign affairs, the Chinese treaty will attract the most attention. It is the unquestioned will of the people that the competition of Mongolian labor with American should be prevented, and that Asiatic barbarism should not be allowed to infringe upon American civilization. Chinese immigration has increased at a very rapid rate. Our laws have not heretofore been executed so as to check it. That the present Administration is laboring zealously to effectively administer these laws is certain. The treaty is not, it is true, in force. And here again comes into play the obstructive veto power of the Senate. Had the convention with China been ratified

as adopted by the contracting powers, a stop would have been put to the Chinese peril. The delay the Senate has caused may render the treaty fruitless, and if this is done the responsibility will rest fairly upon the Republican party, while the Democrats cannot be deprived of the credit of an effort to correct the evil which has elicited tributes of admiration from the statesmen and publicists of Europe. As to the contract labor laws in general, current events furnish abundant proof of the energy and intelligence with which the Democratic administration devotes itself to their enforcement.

In the work of naval construction it is not likely that any voter will hesitate long in choosing between the methods that obtained under Robeson and Chandler, and the intelligent and enterprising management of the present Secretary of the Navy. And so it is with a number of other questions of administrative detail, respecting none of which can it be fairly claimed that Democratic executive work has been inferior to that of Republican administrations.

Hence the Democracy, regarding the whole field of American public affairs, giving due precedence to industrial and fiscal questions and laying proper stress upon the advantage to our manufacturing industries of the admission of raw materials free of duty, has a right to claim from the American people a verdict of approbation of Democratic administration upon the ground of what has been done under existing laws, as well as on the score of what ought to be and, in the event of Democratic success, will be accomplished under statutes framed in accordance with Democratic principles. It is the boast of the Democracy of our day that it is first of all practical and business-like in executive work; that it deals with conditions, not with mere abstract theories, and is bound by its record, its principles and its hopes, to do the best that can be done for the people under the conditions that may from time to time confront it.

In the character and career of Cleveland and of Thurman it tenders to the people guarantees that continued confidence will not be misplaced.

A DEMOCRAT.

THE ASSASSINS OF LINCOLN.

To the Editor North American Review, New York City.

DEAR SIR: The correspondence between Judge Holt and Hon. James Speed, published in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, 1888, does not contain all that should be published. The subject was one which Mr. Speed made up his mind not to speak of, and so had expressed himself to Judge Holt previous to any correspondence. He would only say that in his judgment Judge Holt needed no vindication, and that matters which came to his (Mr. Speed's) knowledge by reason of his position as a cabinet officer he would not detail. Such matters he regarded as confidential, and he would neither write nor talk on the subject.

Notwithstanding Judge Holt's strictures upon this exercise of his judgment, he always had, and expressed, the kindest feelings towards Judge Holt, and he made use, before his death, of an opportunity to express those feelings.

At the annual meeting of the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion, of which Mr. Speed was a member, held at Cincinnati, May 4, 1887, Mr. Speed responded to the toast, "Abraham Lincoln." In his address he said:

"The nation imbibed his magnanimity. The spectacle of so vast a collision, with none brought to punishment, stands alone in history. Only that group of friends who stilled the pulsations of Lincoln's great heart paid the penalty of crime. A maudlin sentiment has sought to cast blame on the officials who dealt out justice to these. One in particular is my distinguished friend, the then Judge Advocate General of the Army. Judge Holt performed his duty kindly and considerately. In every particular he was just and fair. This I know. But Judge Holt needs no vindication from me nor any one else. I only speak, because I know reflections have been made, and because my position enabled me to know the facts, and because I know the perfect purity and uprightness of his conduct."

When he delivered that address Mr. Speed was in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was very feeble at the time. It was his last utterance in public. In less than two months after delivering it he died. It was delivered before more than three hundred of Judge Holt's old comrades. It was published in the daily newspapers. Judge Holt saw it, read it and commented on it to his friends. Mr. Speed's word was all he could give Judge Holt. He gave it as publicly as he could, and it should have been published with the correspondence.

I send you by same mail a marked copy of the address referred to.

I also inclose you an article on the trial of Mrs. Surratt, which Mr. Speed prepared just after the nomination of General Hancock, at your request. After its preparation Mr. Speed decided not to send it on. You may conclude that its historic value is of sufficient importance to publish it now.

Very respectfully, JOHN SPEED.

I would not undertake to give within the compass of a short article the details of the monstrous crime of the assassination of President Lincoln; nor would it be possible in such limits to set forth the facts which demonstrate the guilt of the persons punished for that crime.

But as the nomination of General Hancock has invested this subject with a fresh interest, I will briefly present some of the points connected with it.

Mr. Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865. A few days before this General Lee had surrendered the army of Northern Virginia. But the war was not by any means over at that time. For more than a month afterwards armies of the Rebellion were still in the field, and for many months the angry billows of the war did not entirely subside. For four years the sulphuric atmosphere of actual war had hung over the country. At the national capital no other air was breathed. Four years of fierce bloody conflict raging all around, within sight and hearing, and almost up to its very gates, had constituted Washington practically a military camp. The city was policed by soldiers. The public buildings were guarded by soldiers. The army was the protector as well as defender of the capital. This condition of affairs perfectly answered Lord Coke's definition of war :

"So when, by invasion, insurrection, rebellion or such like, the peaceable course of justice is disturbed and stopped, so the courts of justice be as it were shut up, *et inter arma leges silent*, then it is said to be time of war."

It was in the midst of such a disturbed state of affairs that the assassination took place. The dreadful event, of course, intensified those conditions. The assassins were taken and held to answer for the awful crime. The question arose, Should they be tried by the civil or military courts? The victim was not an ordinary citizen. He was the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Union, which at that time numbered more than a million men. The crime was most extraordinary. The times were equally so. Every substantial consideration of justice and fairness and common-sense demanded that the military arm of the Government should try the accused and deal with them according to the facts.

That Mrs. Surratt had a fairer trial before a military court than she would have had before the civil tribunals at that time is to my mind unquestionable. In the midst of the fearful excitements of that hour the place of greatest calm was military headquarters. The soldiers were the peace-officers of the times. They quelled mobs, they prevented lynchings. Such was the upturned condition of society that judicial calmness was more to be expected from trained and experienced officers of the army than from a civil magistrate and a jury.

In the opinion I gave as Attorney General of the United States upon this question, this language is used:

"It is manifest, from what has been said, that military tribunals exist under and according to the laws and usages of war, in the interest of justice and mercy. They are established to save human life and to prevent cruelty as far as possible."

The following language is also used:

"That the judgments of such tribunals may have been sometimes harsh and sometimes even tyrannical, does not prove that they ought not to exist, nor does it prove that they are not constituted in the interest of justice and mercy. Considering the power that the laws of war give over secret participants in hostilities, such as banditti, guerrillas, spies, etc., the position of a commander would be miserable indeed if he could not call to his aid the judgments of such tribunals. He would become a mere

butcher of men without the power to ascertain justice, and there can be no mercy where there is no justice. War in its mildest form is horrible ; but take away from the contending armies the ability and right to organize what is now known as the Bureau of Military Justice and they would become monster savages, unrestrained by any and all ideas of law and justice. Surely no lover of mankind—no one who respects law and order—no one who has the instincts of justice or who can be softened by mercy, would, in time of war, take away from the commanders the right to organize military tribunals of justice ; and especially such tribunals for the protection of persons charged or suspected with being secret foes and participants in hostilities."

That opinion also set forth that armies have to deal not only with open active enemies in the field, but also with secret enemies, spies, brigands, bushwhackers, assassins ; that the military arm of the United States was put forth to deal with the assassins of the President and Commander-in-Chief of the Army, slain by them in the midst of the very fiercest conflagration of war. For this there could be no complaint. It was proper and humane.

The military commission which tried the assassins of the President was carefully selected. It was composed of men taught by experience and habit to maintain coolness and equanimity in the midst of the most exciting scenes. If it was possible at that period and at that place to have secured a fair trial, the method adopted was the most certain to secure it. That commission certainly had no desire to wantonly and recklessly inflict punishment upon woman. It patiently investigated the case. If Mrs. Surratt had not been guilty, if there had been any reasonable doubt of her guilt, she would have been acquitted as some of the other accused persons were. The Government never showed any disposition to deal severely with any of those guilty of crimes connected with the rebellion. Its military power was exercised mildly and humanely. It was only in a few instances of absolutely hideous crimes that the perpetrators suffered the extreme penalty.

There is no ground for any complaint that the military court was harsh, or unjust, or cruel. There is every ground for the conclusion that it did its duty with judicious calmness and perfect conscientious impartiality. It found the proofs of guilt clear and incontestable, and rendered judgment accordingly.

The propriety of unusual and even extraordinary action on the part of the military arm of our Government when some extraordinary occasion calls for it, has just been most strikingly illustrated in the nomination of General Hancock by the Democratic party. According to every Democratic authority that party claims to be the champion of the principles of military subordination to civil authority, at all times and in all places when war is not flagrant. At the same time, according to every Democratic authority, the grounds upon which the nomination was given to General Hancock are contained in his general order No. 4 promulgated at New Orleans in November, 1867. This was more than two and a half years after the surrender of General Lee. The meritorious part of that order, according to Democratic authority, is as follows :

"The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, and the natural rights of person and the rights of property must be preserved. Free institutions, while they are essential to the prosperity and happiness of the people, always furnish the strongest inducements to peace and order. Crimes and offenses committed in this district must be referred to the consideration and judgment of the regular civil authorities, and *those tribunals will be supported in their lawful jurisdiction.* Should there be violations of existing laws which are not inquired into by the civil magnates, or should failure in the administration of justice by the courts be complained of, *these cases will be reported to these headquarters when such orders will be made as shall be deemed necessary.*

"While the General thus indicates his purpose to respect the liberties of the people, he wishes all to understand that armed insurrection or forcible resistance to the laws *will be instantly suppressed by arms.*"

This order was issued more than two years after the war had closed. The merit claimed for it is that it recognizes the civil authority of the State of Louisiana as the lawful governing authority of that State. And for this reason and on this account the Democratic party has avowedly given General Hancock the nomination for the Presidency. Yet it is perfectly plain that the order in every part of it contemplates the supremacy of his headquarters over the civil authority of the State of Louisiana.

Imagine for a moment such an order at this time in Louisiana or any other State. Imagine General Hancock saying now to the

people of New York (his headquarters now being in that State) that if the civil courts of New York fail to administer justice, complaint can be made at his headquarters and he will issue such orders as the case may require.

This suggests to the mind the patent fact that what is appropriate for one time may not be appropriate at another time. A distinguished soldier is nominated for the Presidency for doing in 1867 that which, if done to-day, would be regarded as the act of a demented person. In the same way that it was proper and laudable for General Hancock in 1867 to hold the army in terrorem over the civil courts of Louisiana, for the humane protection of citizens of that State, so was it right and just and humane to try the assassins of President Lincoln by a military court in 1865.

No one doubts that President Lincoln was assassinated by Wilkes Booth. No one doubts the guilt of his male accomplices. No one complains of the punishment they received. But there is a sentimental idea that there was some sort of injustice done to the woman Mrs. Surratt. It is creditable to the chivalric feelings of the American people that they recoil at the idea of hanging a woman. Yet it is perfectly true that all the crimes in the calendar have at one time or another been perpetrated by females. It was Jezebel who stirred up Ahab, and incited him to commit the foulest murders. Only recently, in the State of Indiana, a woman has been found guilty of the murder of her husband, and is now under sentence of death by hanging. It is needless to cite examples, however.

There was an additional guaranty of the fairness of the proceeding against the assassins of the President in the fact that General Hancock, a disciplined, trained, and accomplished soldier, was in command at Washington at the time. His calmness and equipose in the midst of excitement, cultivated by familiarity with scenes of carnage in the whirlwind of scores of terrific conflicts, would naturally inspire calmness in others. Had the assassins been turned over to the civil courts for trial, the result would doubtless have been the same; and in that case we would have heard a more just complaint perhaps; that instead of a trial by an impartial military tribunal, they were remanded to the mercies of an angry and revengeful mob of passionate civilians from whom it was impossible to obtain a fair jury.

JAMES SPEED.

AMERICANIZED ENGLISHMEN.

DURING the past year, several thousands of Englishmen, who had long resided in the United States without renouncing allegiance to the Crown, have formally assumed the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship; and the movement is still gathering force. Its significance is not to be questioned. Unlike the Irish, who look upon this country as a natural haven from the ills of poverty and coercion, and the Germans, who are eager to embrace an opportunity of escaping, for good and all, from an irksome military régime, it is probable that but few of these Englishmen came here intending to stay. For, in spite of free trade and low wages, England is still a pleasant land to live in; the prospect of a career lies open to the clever and enterprising, and the popular love of the soil is strong. It is, therefore, no uncertain testimony to the attractiveness of American institutions that they should have led these cautious Britons permanently to expatriate themselves. Their action argues no thoughtless abandonment of ancient traditions. On the contrary, they have served a long apprenticeship to Republicanism, being slow to embrace new beliefs, and their education has been gradual but none the less complete; and in now evincing a desire to show what good Democrats they can become, they enjoy the best of all possible qualifications—an enlightened interest in American life and progress, gained from actual residence in the country, and a just appreciation of the forces which direct them.

Yet it is doubtful whether anybody entertains a profounder contempt for these United States than the newly-landed Briton whom curiosity or the want of work has driven across the ocean. The insinuation that he could ever become a "renegade" would evoke his bitterest scorn. He is willing to make as much money as he can and get home again as soon as possible; and while he

remains, nobody is so loyal to his prejudices, or so bent on resisting what the Father of his Country called the "insidious wiles of foreign influence." Every novelty in his surroundings, every apparent eccentricity in the conduct of the people, he accepts as a corroboration of the antique libels which have passed current in England as "the truth about America" since the days of Martin Chuzzlewit; and the fortunate friend at home to whom he unburdens his mind in his letters learns to look upon this benighted land as the stamping ground of a race of mild barbarians, strongly addicted to the whittling of pine sticks and the mastication of bad tobacco, whose favorite expletives are "I swan!" and "gol durn it!" and who never miss an opportunity to declare their ability to "lick creation."

He is scandalized to discover the ease and want of ceremony in social and business intercourse, and, unless he happens to be a prize-fighter or prize-preacher, is puzzled to understand why there should be nobody eager to kowtow to him;—more extraordinary still, why there should be nobody eager to be kowtowed to. In the offensive familiarity and independence of menials, who have actually the effrontery to call their souls their own, he reads symptoms of the true tyranny of democracy, and the sight of so many common people enjoying a condition of "beastly prosperity" is apt to interfere with his own enjoyment of life. The blunt plain-speaking of the newspapers in calling sinners to repentance impresses him as an undue interference with the "sanctities of private life." The "exposures" of crooked politicians and financiers he, of course, accepts as the inevitable result of a vicious social and governmental system, though he thanks his stars that no such revelations are ever necessary in *his* moral country! The army and the navy excite his ridicule. Britannia still rules the waves, and he rejoices that he comes not of a race which takes more interest in railroads and stock-yards and the tariff on glassware and "dress-improvers" than in the attitude of Holy Russia or the complications with the sublime Porte. The unfinished look of the country, the snake fences, the rough, unpainted barns and wooden farm-houses, offend his sense of the picturesque. He misses the cool green lanes and pleasant hedgerows and massy minsters and ivy-covered ruins that adorn the face of rural England. He agrees with Ruskin that there can be but little of virtue in a land which has no castles. And then the courts!

How can he wonder that divorces are common in Chicago, that anarchists hatch their plots undisturbed, that wealthy criminals purchase acquittal, and that "necktie parties" are not unknown in Arkansas and Alabama, when he sees that the forms of the law are shamefully neglected—the association in his mind between the form and the substance being so intimate that he is unable to perceive how one can exist without the other? In place of the solemn circumstance with which the operations of the law are invested in Great Britain, he observes in the American courts an utter absence of the conventional paraphernalia. No coats-of-arms, no tipstaves, no maces, no euphuistic circumlocution in the bouts of contending counsel; judges without ermine, barristers without wigs, ushers without gowns—it is evident these Americans have not yet learned how to live! Their restless energy, their abruptness, their ready and racy speech all irritate him. He is indignant at their want of respect for age, indignant at their persistent practicality, indignant, even, at the wit and satire of their pretty women; and his heart warms towards the glorious old Union Jack as he piously thanks Heaven he was born in a country where other orders reign!

Unless circumstances prevent, he probably shakes the dust of the New World from his feet at the first convenient opportunity, and retires in disgust to the happy land where present evils are condoned and future ones provided for in the name of a romantic past, and, if he does not forthwith perpetrate a book vehemently denouncing this hemisphere and all it contains, is pretty sure to set up as an ardent tory and avowed enemy of Republicanism, hostile from knowledge and implacable from experience. If he does not so return, the chances are that his stay is made under protest, accompanied with much chafing at the restraints which bar him from "civilization," and with the active exercise of John Bull's inalienable right to grumble.

But in time, and by slow degrees, he begins to perceive that the essentials of civilization are here and have been here for some time, even if some of its refinements and elegancies are still lacking. It gradually dawns upon his mediæval intellect that there is some reason in the belief that nine-tenths of the world were not created to be patronized by the other tenth. He is weaned from his petulant hankering after universal homage and his consuming passion for salaams and self-abasement. The superstitious idea

that a title, a ribbon, or a star can endow frail humanity with strengths and dignities that nature withheld, loosens its hold upon his mind. So also do the fatuous delusions that selfish conservatism and exclusiveness are compatible with manly courtesy; that it is a virtue to be the son of one's father; that starch and buckram are things to be loved for themselves; and he learns that true knightliness is consistent even with saw-milling and the handling of grain, and that an Illinois log-cabin may be the home of rarer worth and more genuine greatness than a feudal fortress with two round towers and a moat.

It is because they have learned these truths and because they respect the spirit which battles for them, that so many Englishmen are "declaring their intentions." They have not been led away by the rhetorical twaddle of weak-minded sentimentalists. As their observation has extended, they have found that the blemishes they at first discovered were but as spots on the sun. They have come to the belief that august traditions and splendid memories may be but other names for rapacity and intolerance. The Americans, they see, are an eminently practical people, who have too little leisure for indulgence in schoolboy rivalries and too much intelligence for insisting on distinctions which arbitrarily divide mankind, and exist only that some may enjoy more than their lawful share of power and possession. They see that Jefferson's "aristocracy of virtue and talent" is the real aristocracy which it is an honor to adorn. Their hearts have ceased to yearn for the precious privilege of contributing to the pampering of a growing horde of royal ninnies, while a homeless and famine-stricken crowd huddles at night for refuge on the cold stones of Trafalgar square, uncared for and despised, in the very shadow of the palaces where riot reigns. The hoary institution of primogeniture no longer commands their awe. Their good sense rebels against the meek rendering of tithes, that fat prelates may wax fatter by violating the simple tenets of their faith. They are ready to believe that the world is getting beyond the point where the fostering of the spirit of feudalism and the building up of a stupendous military armament are the most praiseworthy objects of the life of a great nation; and they are even recreant enough to hear without dissatisfaction of the result of an unjust war against the Boers and of the gradual success of the Irish in their struggle for self-government.

Whoso asserts that these transmuted Britons can be organized as a political force against any other body of citizens surely reckons without his host. They seek to help the Union, not to hinder it. They know that all is not perfection. They recognize the need for electoral reform, the necessity of measures for checking mob-rule and for neutralizing the power of unscrupulous corporations. But they know enough to cast their votes on the side of honest government and to look askant at bossism and the machine. And of one thing they are sure—that the nation which transformed itself into an army to fight for principle and not for profit, and peaceably disbanded when the occasion for their services had passed, which sent out the flower of its youth to be martyred for the sake of a degraded negro and then magnanimously extended a universal amnesty to those who betrayed its flag, is a nation capable of the purest patriotism, the sublimest self-denial, and the most heroic sacrifices in the name of justice and truth.

ERNEST LAMBERT.

THE NEW CONSCIENCE.

FOUR hundred years before the workingman of Nazareth in behalf of the toilers of the world came to deliver his message of love and a sword, a new conscience stirred some obscure heart in Greece to speak for liberty for the laborer.

Plato was dreaming of the elevation of man through impossible Republics and preposterous stirpiculture, and had no ear for this new voice. But Aristotle, man of science, knowing that the humblest of opinions may come to be the biggest of facts, puts it on record, though evidently merely as an eccentricity of contemporary thought. "There are some," he says, "who think that it is only the fashion of despotic government which makes one man a slave and another free, and that the tie must be unjust because it is founded in force." His was one of the greatest of minds, but it never divined that in this whisper of the new conscience of a few nameless Greeks lay the full diapason of a cry before which would fall many a wall of citadeled oppression, built on sand because founded on force: unjust and therefore unsound. That still small voice rolls around the world, shaking the oppressor out of his seat, whether king, priest, man-stealer or monopolist. To the accompaniment of the guns of Fort Sumter and the Wilderness it sang the chorus of union and liberty which Lincoln in 1861 heard sounding forth from the mystic chords of the American heart. Those unknown Greeks were the first Abolitionists. Lincoln signed only a chapter of the emancipation which they proclaimed, and that not the last chapter. Ceaseless growth means ceaseless emancipation. The symphony Lincoln heard plays on. One by one the cries of imprisoned and imprisoner blend into the strains of a widening freedom.

It is the fashion of scholars to speak of the Greek intellect, the Roman will, the Hebrew conscience. The Hebrew had a conscience, not because he was a Hebrew, but because he was a

man. The same birthright belongs to the Greek and to all of us. It was the voice of conscience, "that prophetic sign of my divine monitor," which always spoke to Socrates when what he was about to do would be wrong, and by the same revelation God wrote the Ten Commandments on the hearts of men before they were graven on the tables of stone.

Fichte says that the greater the wealth and rank the greater the vice. Seldom does the new conscience, when it seeks a teacher to declare to men that what is is wrong, find him in the dignitaries of the church, the state, the culture, that is. The higher the rank the closer the tie that binds those to what is, but ought not to be. It is the tramp, Christ, who has not where to lay his head, the peasant Luther, the poor mechanic William Lloyd Garrison, who are free to listen to new truth, and brave and free to speak the words that lead men out of old church, and old state, and old industry. The new conscience which warns civilizations to do justice to the workingmen has always encountered the opposition of the mighty ones of earth. If this spirit of love and liberty stirred in the heart of any Jews of the old dispensation, their priests, unlike the scientific observer of Athens, let the fact find no record in their scriptures. Aristotle declared that no man could be a workingman and lead a life of virtue. In ancient times, learned, pious, patriotic, noble, all agreed that the victor who had the right to kill had the right to command, and that he who was given his life had no right to demand his liberty. Lawyers invented the doctrine that the slave could not buy his freedom, for the money he proffered for it must be his master's. The early Christian Church did not so much disapprove of slavery as of the enslavement of its own members. In the United States religious synods voted that the slavery agitation should be suppressed by laying on the table, unread, all petitions, resolutions, and other papers about it, and Evangelical Alliances forbade young people to dance, but refused to declare it sinful for a bishop to hold slaves. Boston hissed the fanatic who declared that the theatre would receive the gospel of anti-slavery truth earlier than the churches. But in two years slaves on the stage in "Uncle Tom" shot their hunters amid loud applause, while the pulpit remained silent or hostile. As for property, its broadcloth mobs attacked meetings of women for proclaiming the new freedom, dragged

Garrison through the streets of Boston to hang him for maintaining the right of the black workingman to fuller growth, and its Presidents and Supreme Court Judges ran with the bloodhounds to catch the fugitive laborer. The courts then, as now, made many things successful which they can never make respectable.

When the subject of the extension of slavery in the territories was before Congress, a Southern member arose and told how he loved his black "mammy." He had been nursed at her breast with her own black baby. "I love that black mammy," the Southern member fervently exclaimed, "and when I go into Nebraska I want to take her with me." "We do not object," said Ben Wade, "to your taking your black mammy with you to Nebraska; but we don't mean to let you flog her or sell her when you get there." Pro-Slavery law and order easily proved that to buy and sell workingmen in the market was constitutional, pious, profitable, based on contract, benign. All that the new conscience could reply was: "Hear the whistling of that lash, that drip of blood, the cries of that mother, the cries of the children; see those empty homes, those human faces twisted out of shape, master's as well as man's."

It was ridiculous, was it not, to meet those judges and bishops and millionaires and great editors with this talk about the lash, and blood, and the sacredness of the persons of working men and working women? There was no argument in it, only sentiment. The gravestones of Arlington and Gettysburg prove that sentiment can force a hearing.

There came a day when the black mammy could not be sold or flogged, at home or abroad, when families could not be torn asunder at the auction block, when the great brothel was closed where half a million of women were flogged to prostitution, or worse still, degraded to believe it honorable, when a professedly Christian nation ceased to deny, by statute, the Bible to every sixth man and woman of its population. This was what the new conscience did for the slaves with the help of religion, but against the opposition of the church; with the help of the spirit of justice, but against the opposition of lawyers, judges and legislatures; with the help of the true science of labor, but against the efforts of the economists and capitalists. After all is over, lawyer, priest, professor, and money-maker find that they were wrong and conscience right, that the theory that treated men and brothers as chattels or

goods was illegal, unjust, irreligious, uneconomical, and wealth-destroying.

For twenty-three hundred years the argument never reached a higher plane than that attained by the forgotten Greeks, who held that they were unnatural ties which were founded on force. This revolt against ties founded on force finds another echo in the aspirations and ideals of those who are to-day seeking for themselves and others the right to work in secure tenure of employment, to live as long a life as their neighbors live, to live it as freely and to rear heathfully and happily children to live after them.

It was the force of battle that overcame the laborer of the old régime ; it is the force of the market that subdues the laborer of to-day. The tie between the laborer and the master is still one of force, although it is not now one of visible chains. You say, "The laborer is free, he consents." Yes, free as the captive was —to work for what he can get or die. Like him he consents to save his life, or, more accurately, a part of his life. The Congressional committee investigating the strike of the Reading Railroad's men asked General Manager Whiting, as reported by the Associated Press : "Have you made no effort to supply the places of the striking miners ?"

"No, sir."

"Why ?"

"Because we desire and expect our old men to come back."

"On your own terms ?"

"At the old rates, yes."

"What force do you rely upon to bring these men back !"

"Well, sir, their necessities."

It is not by free will that the workingmen of to-day work ten, twelve or fourteen hours, take competitive wages, live in poor tenements at high rents, spend their days as the mere servants or grooms of machinery, and, sending out their little boys and girls, and their pregnant wives to work, sacrifice almost everything that makes family life for you and me so sweet. They do not submit by consent to live a life not much above half the average length of that of the prosperous. Workingmen the world over are struggling to free themselves by every means of strikes, protest, organization, even to the desperation of physical violence. Singular behavior, is it not, for men who are only doing what they want to do ? They are kept down by force, by the force of

competition instead of conquest, by the strategy of the generals of supply and demand. Once it was the force of the warrior, now it is the force of the capitalist. It was their weakness and the strength of others which formerly made the workingmen merchandise, and force still keeps them at the mercy of the markets. But the unresting heart of man is always in revolt against ties founded on force. Yesterday it declared that government is the control of man by man, and that the rights of rulers are drawn from the consent of the governed. To-day it avows that property is the control of man by man. That the rights of the ruled are the source of the rights of the rulers in property as much as in government. That if the common people can be allowed to vote in government, they can be allowed to vote in that other government, property. That if they do not insist upon their right to vote upon all affairs of property, they will lose their right to vote in matters of government. That there is no conscience, new or old, which compels the many to die undeveloped in order that the few may live misdeveloped.

What stirred the warrior's heart to spare the captive instead of killing him was the first beat of a new conscience. When it grew stronger it said: He is more than a commodity. Grown stronger still, it says to us: His labor is more than a commodity. The central doctrine of the slave-power was that the laborer was merely merchandise. The central doctrine of the money-power is that labor is merely merchandise. Society supports the latter, as it did the former, with the consolidated array of all its institutions and laws. But both doctrines, and all that is built upon them, are absolutely destructive of the liberties of the laborer not only, but of the liberties of all. The conscience that said the laborer shall not be a commodity though despised of the builders is now a cornerstone. A new conscience takes its stand before all our institutions, and says to them: Labor shall not be a commodity, for the labor is the laborer.

Under the theory of merchantable man the employer said: My workmen. Under the labor commodity theory the employer says: My workmen. Neither means my sheep to feed, but my sheep to shear. Congressman Hutton, of Missouri, says about the Reading strike: "I am tired of reading about strikes. Capital should be at liberty to pay whatever it sees fit for labor, and to employ whom it chooses." An iron manufacturer lately said:

"If you employed on a large scale you would soon find that you ceased to look at your men as men. They are simply so much producing power."

If the Captains of Industry can reduce ore to iron only on these terms of reducing men to units of power, the sooner the Captains of Industry are discharged, and their places filled by Brothers of Industry, the better.

Henry Ward Beecher, after the Emancipation of Slavery, said, amid enthusiastic applause, "We have struck the shackles from the slave, and made him free and a citizen. Now he must take care of himself, and work out his own social and industrial salvation." "Why?" asked the new conscience. Is he not still your brother? Because you have abolished one of the wrongs done him by you, does that give you the right to maintain the other wrongs? Are you not still his neighbor? When you work with him, and divide proceeds into profits and wages, will the God of Plymouth Church considerately turn his back, so as not to see whether you love your neighbor as yourself? The remark of the great pulpit-orator epitomizes the whole spirit of our civilization towards the laborer.

The ancients bought and sold men; we buy and sell the heart-beats only. The new theory that though the workingman is not a thing, his labor is a thing, marks but a slight advance on the old. It means that the labor can be bought and sold regardless of the man behind it; that the buyer, the employer, can take any advantage of the seller, provided he does it under the formulas of supply and demand; that to buy his life of him cheap and sell it dear is all we have to do with the laborer; that the only conscience the buyer needs is to observe the rules of the market; that he can depress or raise prices without moral responsibility for the backs bent or hearts broken by his manipulations; that he can take more than he gives, regardless that the "goods" he gets are the lives of workers who cannot survive if they receive less than they give; that buyer and seller have a right to deal with each other as if they were business animals, instead of business men. The labor is the laborer, because the man has to live twenty-four hours in order to be able to work eight or ten. His heart and head, his thoughts, his wants, his aspirations, all co-operate to produce the so-called commodity which, at the sound of the factory bell, is ready to begin the work of the day. When the man leaves

the factory, he but takes the "commodity" away to recuperate his wasted energies for another day. That which he has left within those walls is not a thing. It is himself. "The great fundamental principle of anti-slavery is that man cannot hold property in man," said Garrison. The doctrine that "labor is a commodity" gives man property in man, and is therefore iniquitous and void. If labor is a commodity, the laborer is a commodity, and chattel-slavery still exists, freed only of all its Biblical and patriarchal restraints, possessed of powers for abuse more dangerous because indirectly exerted.

If you shall not buy the whole man, you shall not buy or sell part of a man. You shall not count into your purses the ruddy drops, from morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve, and then say, I know not whence they came, nor how. We who "buy" labor, who take all the expenditure of life that labor can part with, and do not return to the laborer that share in the produce of labor which will permit him to repair his vitality, maintain a family, attend to his political duties, save enough for sickness and old age, have enough for such play and rest as will enable him to live to his allotted span, are, in the words of the Bible, "man-stealers." In our day and civilization such a man-stealer is as bad and wicked as the slave-holder in his. We who take from any business profits or interest on capital while any of our employés are suffering for want of means for full growth as individuals or citizens are man-stealers, and we as man-stealers are to-day, as of old, robbing children of their years of joy, men of their prime, and mothers of their motherhood. It is no excuse for merchant or manufacturer or mine owner or railroad corporation that the "system" permits, even commands, such wrongs. Mankind and God never separate the sinner and the sin. The sinners will go down with the "system" if they don't change it. The money power so contracts with the working man, working woman, or working child that it gets the whole of him or her or it, as Wordsworth says, "health, body, mind, and soul,"—it gets the whole twenty-four hours of him, her or it,—and says, "I cannot share with you enough to let you live at the rate of twenty-four hours a day for a natural life. I and my system can find others in the free labor market so wretched that by themselves they cannot live a week. They are willing to give me outright ten hours a day if I will but pay them enough to live at the rate of fourteen hours a day for

the few years their bodies can stand it. As you know our God is a God of competition, supply and demand, "free" contract. You must take the wages the other man will take, or yield to him your "sacred right to work." This may seem hard to you, but you must admit that it is right, for all our good and brave business men and their college professors will easily prove to you that you are not a man, but merely a seller in the market, and your labor is not your life, only a commodity. When the employer, the nation, the world of employers sit in comfort, and the employed are massed in the tenements whence comes the bitter cry of the outcast, and where poverty, prostitution, intemperance and premature death are chronic, are they on one side any less the oppressors, are those on the other side any less the victims of force, because the fashionable world says, "Labor is a commodity?" The incantations of political economists cannot cure disease. Conscience cares nothing for the fine phrases of professors, statesmen, lawyers, clergy, employers, for their theories and philosophy of business. It says, "What have you done?" What are the results? Bother your theories and doctrines of rights! Show me the facts, not the formulas! It looks at Chicago and New York, at Cain in his palaces and Abel in the slums, at the profits of one "brother" and the wages of the other. It does not ask what church do you go to on Sunday, nor who were your professors in political economy. No, it only repeats the question asked under similar circumstances some thousands of years ago, What hast thou done? Where is thy brother?

Let us listen while a delegation from the Money-power remonstrates with the new conscience for its unreasonable sentiments and ideas. Here they come, one by one, and range themselves about. First speaks the Merchant prince:

I have a right to buy where I can buy cheapest.

Conscience.—See these little stunted hollow-eyed girls coming out of that factory!

Lawyer.—Wages are settled by contract.

Conscience.—Where can I find white-haired workingmen?

Capitalist.—Every man has a right to do what he will with his own.

Conscience.—What is the price of a Senatorship to-day?

Statistician.—Never were food, fuel, clothing so cheap.

Conscience.—Little Mary Mitchell works in Waterbury's rope-

works five days a week, from six in the evening till six in the morning.

Railroad King.—Every man makes his own career. I was a workingman myself twenty years ago, and now I keep a carriage, a butler, and several judges and legislators "in four States," and—

Conscience.—That tired-looking man is a railway conductor of a company owned by half a dozen men worth $300,000,000, which is not enough for them, so they squeeze a few more dollars a month out of him by making him on every alternate trip do twenty-eight and a half hours' continuous work without sleep.

Banker.—Our wealth is increasing one billion dollars a year. We have boards of trades, the best railroads in the world, packing houses that can kill ten thousand hogs.

Conscience.—The sickening stench, the blistered air, the foul sights of the tenements, and the motherhood and the childhood choking there!

Conservative.—This is the best government in the world. America is good enough for me.

Conscience.—Listen to that "tramp, tramp, tramp" of a million men out of work.

Philanthropist.—The church is renewing its youth. We give millions of dollars for hospitals and foreign work and domestic missions to carry the gospel to the poor of all nations.

Conscience.—I hear a voice in the Abbey that cries, We do not want charity; give us work.

Manufacturer.—Without this system of industry the subjugation of North America to civilization would have been impossible—we could never have shown the world the magnificent spectacle of—

Conscience.—There is a little boy standing ten hours a day up to his ankles in the water in the coal mine!

Coal Monopolist.—I have a statistician who can prove—he can prove anything—that the workingman is a great deal better off than he ever was, that he makes more than I do, that small incomes are increasing and large ones decreasing and there is no involuntary poverty, and that the workingman could live on twenty-five cents each a day, and buy up the United States with their savings—and—

Conscience.—How long shall it be cheaper to run over work-

ing men and women at the railroad crossings in the cities than to put up gates?

Clergyman.—The poor we are to have with us always.

Conscience.—That sewing woman you see pawning her shawl has lived this winter with her two children in a room without fire. Are you wearing one of the shirts she finished?

Statesman.—The workingman has the ballot and the newspapers. He is a free citizen.

Conscience.—As the nights grow colder see how the number of girls on the streets increases!

Now what can a man of affairs, a business man, a reasonable man, one who understands political economy and the Constitution of the United States and all that do with such a disputant as this? The more the pride of America points to its magnificence, and boasts of its Declaration of Independence, the more does the new conscience point to the wrongs and sufferings of these miserable men, women and children—and so few of them too!

All extreme cases, you say? Just so. It was the possibility of its extreme cases that destroyed slavery. The possibility of such extreme cases as these demands the abolition of the system and the philosophy which permits them.

Upon the false theory that men cease to be brothers when they buy and sell, upon the theory that employer and employé are not fellow-men, but merely dealers in a non-human market, is built up the false society in which we live. The new industry and finance have put the labor of mankind under the control of the Money Power, which declares its right to deal on all sides with men according to the rules of a prize-ring called Supply and Demand. Conscienceless and greedy as the old slave power, its competitive rents give us the slums. Its competitive wages leave women the choice between suicide of body or suicide of soul, and tempt men to find in the stimulant of drink a substitute for the stimulant of food. Professing the gospel of competition, it imports contract labor, breaks up trade-unions, employs and disemploys labor in order to buy cheap of men who have no commodity but themselves to sell. But when it turns about as seller, it confronts the buyer with pools, trusts and combinations denying competition. The revolution of the new industry and the concentration of wealth have given the Money Power unlimited means to buy, and the morals which permit it to buy men as commodities, permit it to

buy everything, even the things once held too sacred for traffic. The system that denies the manhood of man in the most sacred function of all, laborer, must deny it in all the relations based on this foundation. The system which permits the welfare of the laborer to be settled by competition, the law of the market, the false claim of property to do what it will with its own, must allow all welfare to be settled by the same philosophy. If the Money Power can make life and the means of life mere commodities, it makes it right to buy life as cheap as possible, to sell it as dear as possible. It makes it, when bought, the buyer's own. Hence the capitalist's claim of a right to do as he will with his own is the claim of a right to do as he will with human lives. Such a system, and it is exactly ours, has no moral reserves with which to meet the Money Power when it applies these principles as it is doing to-day in every direction to the moral ruin of society. Just this result is being worked out. The Money Power with its huge fortunes and corporations built up on the right to treat life as a mere commodity, more and more treats everything else as a mere commodity,—from the virtue of employés to that of trustees, public and private. It refuses to respond when called to account. It simply asserts its right to buy cheap and sell dear, and to do what it will with its own. Andrew Carnegie, before the Nineteenth Century Club, dismisses the labor agitation by saying in effect, "Since no man in the United States need be a pauper unless by his own deliberate act, there is no labor question." Must American citizens wait to redress their wrongs until they have been made veritable paupers by the Steel Rail Trust and its confederate price conspiracies? That was not the way of the fathers. The price of tea in the American Colonies was cheaper after the imposition of the tax than before. Nothing could be so light as that—a burden of less than nothing. But Justice Dana, in the presence of a great assemblage of the angry townspeople of Boston, standing under the Liberty Tree, administered an oath to Mr. Secretary Oliver that he had not distributed and would not distribute the odious stamps.

The people of Boston did not wait until they had been made paupers. "Enslave but one human being," said Garrison, "and the liberties of the world are put in peril." Surrender to the Money Power the right to make but one price, the control of all prices will surely follow. They who control the prices of a nation

control the liberties of its markets, and will come to control all its other liberties.

The conservative cries out, "You are going to destroy society."

Did it destroy society to abolish slavery?

The conservative cries out, "This is a revolution!"

No, it is the remedy.

During the last century has come the realization of the vision of the ancient Greek poet who foresaw a time when "the shuttle would weave and the lyre would play of itself."

That is the revolution.

Time was when judges sent men to jail for forestalling, cornering the markets. That was in the "dark ages." Now the money power establishes "trusts" in everything, and our judges tell us that the burden of monopoly is "light."

That is the revolution.

The new industry has broken up the brotherhoods of the old industry, and has swung the few strongest and cleverest of the workingmen into palaces, and front pews, so far away from their old comrades and fellow workers that, as one of them said: "I have no time to remember their faces, much less their names."

That is the revolution.

It is the revolution that has capped the new industry with the high finance, and tied up the people in the paper chains of charters, contracts, and stock-exchange securities. "The time is coming," said the Earl of Derby not long ago, "when the people of Europe will repudiate their national debts, which now take eight hundred million dollars a year from them."

That is the revolution. And the gospel of the revolution is the doctrine that you can do anything with your fellow-man provided you do it in the market.

The remedy is in the new conscience, which says simply that a man shall never be so much of a buyer or seller as to cease to be a brother, and that labor shall not be made a market thing.

Before us is the practical question, What is the next step? The next step, like the first step, is more liberty for the laborer. His emancipation still invokes us. Conscience has freed him from frightful abuses, but frightful abuses remain. His growth is not yet full and free. A gospel of hatred is rising in classes and masses which hates employers, hates employés, hates household ser-

vice, hates household servants, hates foreigners, hates pools, hates trades-unions, hates the grangers, hates reformers, hates politics. All these are symptoms of a high fever. But a new mankind has been conceived and will be born—a winged beauty out of the earth-measuring worm—which will not know force, and fraud, and hatred, and will let love, their natural tie, bind men and nations together.

Churches come and go, but there has ever been but one religion. The only religion has been that which clears off one by one from the face of man the earth-stains that hide the God imprisoned in the flesh, which breaks down one by one every barrier which incarnation has put in the way of the growth of the God within in the likeness of the God without. In the sight of the new conscience wherever man walks, there is the Holy Land, and it raises the cross of the new crusade which shall deliver it from the infidels who deny the divine right of the people that the will of God shall be done on earth as in heaven. It insists that every question between men is a religious question, a question of moral economy before it becomes one of political economy, and will make all political, industrial, and social activities functions of a new Church—a church of the deed as well as of the creed—a church that will not only preach Christ but do Christ—a church where science, the revelation of what has been, will never be at war with religion, the revelation of what ought to be—a church which will make its worshipers share this world as well as the next world—a church which will recognize no vested right of property in man except the right to love and be loved—a church which will declare that the difference in the death rate between the classes and the masses is evidence of murder done for money—a church which will look upon idleness by the side of industry, wealth by the side of poverty, luxury by the side of want, health by the side of disease, as impious and profane in the highest degree, the real sins of the Holy Ghost—a church which will stop the manufacture of poor houses, because it will stop the manufacture of poverty—a church which will not let any man offer charity to those to whom he refuses justice—a church which will not help the poor, but will set them to helping themselves, and will slay the infidel in the path—a church which will abolish all middlemen in morals, and will make every man doubly guilty who grinds the face of his fellow by an agent, guilty for himself and guilty for

the agent—a church that will offer not even the lowliest member of the communion of mankind crumbs from the table, but a seat at the table and a full meal three times a day every day—a church that will consider it more practical to keep its buildings open and its congregation at work in relays night and day than to let "brothers" starve and freeze or go astray for want of sympathy or advice—a church which will persecute the heretics who give the highest bidder the best pews in the churches and the best chance in the courts—a church which will teach that the life eternal is the life we are living now—a church which will not let the poor give up all of this world on the unsecured promise of the rich to divide the next world—a church that will judge civilization not by the six million dollar cathedral on Murray Hill, but by the children in the back alleys—a church that will "dine with the poor and preach to the rich," until there are no more poor—a church which says that those who are to be brothers hereafter must be brothers here—a church that will know what its members believe only by what they do—a church which recognizes nothing as love which does not bear justice as the fruit—a church of law and order, but the law is for the rich as well as for the poor, and the order is to be peaceful growth for the least of these little ones—a church which will prevent the anarchy from below by punishing the anarchy from above—a church which will deny the right of infanticide to the employer, now denied by society only to the parents—a church which declares the sacred right to work to mean that he who works a full day shall live a full day, and that employment is a right not a charity—a church which will restore reverence to men by giving them leaders in church, state and business worthy of reverence—a church which will make every social wrong a moral wrong, and every moral wrong a legal wrong—a church which will teach men to turn the other cheek when they can do it as free men, not as slaves—a church which will deliver with the message of peace, the message of a scourge for the money-changers in the temple—a church which will tell the merchant-prince that between him and his ruined competitors, and between him and his employés there is a moral question greater than the question of markets—a church which will abolish the merchant-prince, and the factory corporation sooner than let them abolish the childhood of children—a church which will not let the employers profess on the fourth of

July that all men are born equal, and then fatten the rest of the year on the advantages of organization which they deny to the employé—a church in which God will be natural and men supernatural—a church which will abolish charity and philanthropy, for these cannot be between brothers, and need not be where justice is—a church in which no man will have a right to do with his own what he will, but only a right to do what is right—a church which will take the weak and despised out of the earthly Inferno of dirt, and want, and ignorance, to which they have been condemned by the oppressor—a church which will keep a hell hot in this world to punish the oppressors here for every blow they strike at God through his image, man—a church which will tell the sinner that repentance fit for heaven only begins by restitution and reparation on earth—a church which will teach that brothers must share both the mess of pottage and the birthright—a church which will worship God through all his sons made in his image, through a mediator, Mankind, which, having suffered all and sinned all, can sympathize with all, and will carry all the weak and weary ones safe in its bosom—a church which will realize the vision of Carlyle of a Human Catholic Church.

HENRY D. LLOYD.

"COMMON-SENSE AT LAST."

[FROM A LETTER BY A BRITISH PEER.]

My Dear ——— : I have just come from the Carleton Club, where I found your letter dated at Washington, and a copy of the Mills Bill which you were so good as to send me.

I took the liberty of reading your letter and the bill to a number of Cobden Club men, and it may interest you to learn that their *unanimous* verdict was that America has come to common-sense at last.

The Mills Bill, on a careful examination, I find to be a somewhat timid and tottering advance to Free Trade ; but it shows that America has turned her back at last to the mischievous teachings of your Websters and Clays, whose preposterous "American system" (as they called the Protective system) has so long taxed your native population for what ? For the benefit, really, of an insignificantly small class of American manufacturers and a horde of foreigners of the lower classes (chiefly Irish) who form the bulk of your manufacturing artisans, or "mill hands." But the Irishman of New York, if I am not wrongly informed, is coming gradually to his senses and will vote largely at the coming election for Cleveland and Free Trade. If this be true, England will verily have been well repaid for her tolerance of Ireland and the Irish. I congratulate you on at last having come to understand that the common-sense policy for nations is the same policy that leads to individual prosperity—namely, taking care of "Number One" ; that there should be no sentimentality in business ; that the wise man buys in the cheapest market and sells in the dearest, and keeps his business and his patriotism (to use an American expression) "in separate bottles."

We English have long been amazed at the commercial blindness of America to her true interests. You forbid your capitalists

to buy our ships, although we can build them much cheaper than you can do, and you have sought by a protective tariff to keep out our manufactures in order to "build up" a class of traders whose existence would depend on their power to demand and command higher prices for their goods, by reason of the tariff, than our traders could well afford to sell you the same articles for. England owes her commercial supremacy to a policy of enlightened self-interest rigidly adhered to. She buys raw materials wherever she can buy them cheapest, and she has often saved her *adult* industries, when threatened by the demands for higher wages by trades unions, by importing labor from Belgium and other continental countries, and thus enabling her to defy the combinations and domination of workingmen, who now seem to rule your industrial world.

And after all to what good end do your high wages tend? Is the laborer or his family any better off for a piano in his room or silken fineries for his wife and daughters? Do not these mock luxuries tend to dangerous discontent? Do not high wages encourage these poor people to live above their station and to look for the real and unattainable luxuries of the rich?

It seems strange to us English that your people should have been willing to make such wasteful and foolish sacrifices to stimulate "home production." What difference does it make to the consumer where, or by whom, the goods he buys are made, provided that he obtains them at the world's lowest market rates? Is it an unwise sentimentalism which prefers to "patronize" the home manufacturer when, if foreign made goods were used, a number—perhaps an equal or even larger number—of manufacturers now employed in production, when displaced would be employed in *distribution*—as importers, transporters and sellers of foreign goods at a lower price to the consumer.

I do not find your newspapers "uninteresting," which Mr. Matthew Arnold declares to be the chief defect in your civilization. I find it extremely interesting to see the enthusiasm of your Republican papers in favor of the tariff mode of indirect taxation of the whole people in favor of a single class and section; while equally amusing is the fierce denial of your Democratic journals that their's is a free trade party or that they are inclined to become free traders. Yet nothing seems to us more inevitable than that the logic of events will force the Democratic party to

take decisive grounds in favor of absolute free trade. But this seems an American trait—to deny, when honestly reforming, any intention to be virtuous. Your Republican party, I remember, used to protest quite fiercely that it did not intend to "interfere" with slavery in the States, yet it now "points with pride," I notice, to its great work in abolishing slavery. So must it be with your Democratic party. It has taken the first step that counts, and we shall watch here with interest the impending contest, sure to end, I think, in the triumph of the free trade party, led by your present President—a man who, in the soundness of his views, reminds me of the best type of English statesmanship.

Sentimentality—the specious plea of "building up" "home" industry—and prejudice against England—to which I am told is largely due the maintenance of protection in America—will be sure to disappear before the relentless and resistless advance of the great principle of self-interest, whose motto is the wise, if not the philanthropic, maxim: Buy cheap, sell dear.

Of course, England will be greatly benefited by free trade with America. It will stimulate our manufacturing interests to a wonderful degree. But this result to us can only come, Americans should remember, by our continued capacity to sell our goods at lower prices in your own markets than your own tradesmen can sell with a profit, with all the advantages in their favor of being on the ground and without transportation charges to defray before reaching the consumer.

I need not say also that the abolition of unfriendly custom-houses will do more than any other one thing to promote the growth of international good will between the two countries and cement the Union of the great race which seems destined to dominate the world during the coming centuries.

Another point: Experience, as well as political economy, teaches that wealth has been largely created by the division of labor. This principle needs to be extended. It has produced beneficent results wherever tried—on a small scale—and it should now be extended over the globe. We need a *territorial division of labor*. Let each nation do what it best can do in its present condition, and the result will be beneficial to every nation. America, with her vast and fertile virgin territory, but her comparatively limited cash capital, seems destined by nature to be the great producer

of the good of the world—the chief farmer of the nations. She can now produce more food, and better food, and at less cost, than any country in the Old World. Her farmers ask for no protection, and need none. Nature has protected them by giving them the richest soil in the world, unlimited mineral wealth, and great lakes and rivers to render transportation easy and cheap. Let America devote her marvelous energy to increasing her crops and extending her market for them. England, on the other hand, with limitless capital, with a vast population of mechanics trained by generations of experience, accustomed to comparatively low wages and industries, both by habit and necessity—England, incapable of raising food for her people—is essentially fitted to be the chief manufacturer of the world, and, therefore, necessarily must continue to be the chief customer of America for her natural products.

Why, then, by an obstructive policy—as obnoxious in commerce as in politics—continue to urge measures which are calculated to turn aside into alien industries—industries, I mean, not the natural growth of existing circumstances—the energy that should be exclusively devoted to the development of what I may term the natural order of national development?

As we admit your corn free of duty (to the manifest advantage of all our people excepting the land owners) why should not you admit our goods free of all duty to the manifest advantage of all your people excepting the mill-owners?

But the true policy of America seems to us so self-evident that I can hardly justify myself in wasting time, even in this informal writing, in stating or urging it. *Let America grow and England manufacture:* that, in my judgment, expresses the true policy of both of the great branches of our Anglo-Saxon race. Pardon my long letter; but I have never before taken so much interest in any American problem, and I know you will pardon me. Here we regard Mr. Cleveland as the ablest and bravest President in all your "royal line," if you will permit that, I confess, rather undemocratic expression. * * *

Yours very truly,

*

LONDON, * * 1888.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

If total abstinence from intoxicating drinks were not a wise policy for the individual it would be impossible to show that prohibition of the liquor traffic is a wise policy for the State. The life assurance societies, however, have demonstrated that the total abstainer has at least a third better chance for long life than the moderate drinker. The question as to the advisability of total abstinence is a closed issue. It is no longer in debate among enlightened men. For nearly half a century life assurance societies in Great Britain, Australia, Canada and the United States have many of them been accustomed to insure total abstainers in one section and moderate drinkers in another. The result has been that a *bonus*, a premium of 15, 20 and sometimes 23 and 25 per cent. has been paid to the total abstinence section in contrast with the other. Recent laws in a majority of the States of the Republic require that instruction in the latest inculcations of science in regard to temperance shall be given in the common schools on penalty of a withdrawal of the public funds. All the approved text-books for this instruction inculcate total abstinence.

With any political measure less stern than prohibition, the chief mischiefs of the liquor traffic fail of correction. Centuries of experience have proved that license, high or low, is powerless as a remedy. Whiskey syndicates all over the land clamor for high license in preference to prohibition. The income which the State receives from high license entrenches the traffic behind the cupidity of taxpayers, and so hinders prohibition and makes the population at large a participator in the profits of an infamous business. High license gilds the saloon. It transforms the gin-hole into the gin-palace. It tends to produce a combination of the liquor saloon, the gambling hell and the brothel under one roof in each establishment. As Herrick Johnson has said: "Low license asks for your son; high license for your daughter also." All license of the liquor traffic means state permission to a man, for a consideration, to poison his neighbors and manufacture drunkards, paupers, criminals, taxes, ruined homes, and lost souls.

If the liquor traffic becomes a public menace, its suppression becomes a public necessity. No doubt it injures the Republic now every year more than slavery did in any one year before the war. As far as the liquor traffic does harm, so far its suppression would do good. It is the notorious testimony of statisticians, judges, publicists and competent observers of every class that it is the direct or indirect cause of seven-tenths of the pauperism and crime of Anglo-Saxon nations. According to Mr. Gladstone, intemperance has injured those nations worse than war, pestilence and famine. As total abstinence is a wise policy for the individual, and as any measure less stern than prohibition is ineffective in correcting the mis-

chiefs of the liquor traffic, the wisdom of prohibition is as evident as that of curing the pauperism, crime and political corruption which the liquor traffic causes.

Prohibition of the liquor traffic on Sundays is now mandatory in every State and territory of the Republic. The reasons which make prohibition a wise policy on Sundays make it such on all other days of the week.

The Supreme Court of the United States has recently affirmed the complete constitutionality of the principle of prohibition.

All the churches of the country, except the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal, have declared themselves in favor of prohibition. The Methodist church teaches that the liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin. The Presbyterian church refuses church-membership to rum sellers.

A drunken people cannot be a free people. Under universal suffrage, prohibition is a political necessity, because without it the liquor traffic, as experience indicates, is sure to become a predominant power in municipal, State, and National politics. Every political party that is afraid to offend the whiskey vote is in bondage to the saloon. But the sovereignty of the saloon in great cities is the sovereignty of the slums. Until prohibition succeeds, average municipal politics will be kept in bondage to the criminal classes. When the path to political preferment leads through the gin-mills, free government is a farce and its future is likely to be a tragedy.

To be successful in the United States, the suppression of the liquor traffic must be political and national. Only the arm of the National Government will be found strong enough to break up the whiskey ring. It is a great advantage to secure prohibition in single States; but, unless the nation forbids inter-State commerce in liquor and ceases to be a partner in its manufacture, and destroys the traffic in the territories and other quarters under national control, that advantage is largely lost. The perils of the future will make prohibition prohibit. Political necessity overthrew slavery. Political necessity will yet make the liquor traffic an outlaw by both State and National enactment. The sovereignty of the saloon is incompatible with the safety of popular self-government. A nation that would not submit to the South in the saddle will not permanently submit to the saloon in the saddle.

JOSEPH COOK.

II.

A YANKEE PYTHAGORAS.

MR. A. BRONSON ALCOTT, in honor of whom the Concord School of Philosophy held this year a single-day session, ought some day to have his life painted, exactly as it was, by the side of the lives of his wife and his daughter Louisa. He was in some aspects at the level of Plato; yet in others hardly more than a crank: singularly gifted in speculative insight, in ethical refinement and in flawless integrity, but as empty of practical sense, as destitute of practical energy, and as wild in fantastic whims and worthless in every day work, as any mere tramp on the high road of modern culture.

On a delightful October day more than twenty years since, wandering about the pleasant paths of Sleepy Hollow and the vicinity, Mr. Alcott related to the present writer the story of his eccentric career, in the mood of a man who has lived to smile at his own folly. The turning-point, as he related it, was when he was trying to carry out some of his absurd theories of labor and diet, etc., and Mrs. Alcott finally told him that, although it might do for him, it would not do for her and the children. Loftily grieved at this decision of the most excellent of practical women, the philosopher withdrew to solitude, as to a crucifixion, re

solved to eat no more, and to give himself a martyr to the cause. Ignorant of the unrevealed possibilities of which Tanner was the prophet, the apostle of bran and water expected an early interview with the angel of death, and was rather disappointed at the end of three days to find nothing happening except some self-assertion of appetite, the sting of which brought a suggestion of sense, which said, "What better will it be if I die? Is it not better to live for what can be done, even if all cannot be accomplished?" Thus reasoning, the martyr came out of his seclusion and had something to eat, and henceforth became a moony talker about the battle which he had failed to organize.

The earliest example we can recall of his much vaunted gift in conversation was an evening at the hospitable Quincy home in Park street, Boston, where the hostess had gathered a large company, at fifty cents each, to hear an Alcott conversation and put a little money in the philosopher's pocket. The occasion was to be an illustration of conversation on the high plane of a conception formed by Mr. Alcott, and on which he had taken a patent under favor of the admiration of his friends. The lofty point of the new theory was, that in genuine conversation we speak by inspiration, and on this sky-piercing theory a large and brilliant company found Mr. Alcott impaled speechless. He stated the theory and restated it, but could get no farther, and seemed serenely happy at letting us see (at fifty cents apiece) that without inspiration no conversation was possible.

It was a point of the theory that apt inquiry from the disciple might serve to tap the master's inspiration. So Mr. Emerson, the most practical of fine dreamers, humbly casting eyes of beautiful discipleship up to the master on the tripod, sought by apt inquiry to tickle the great soul into talk, but absolutely without the slightest effect. The master was serenely indifferent to everything but the very small mouse which the new Mt. Sinai had brought forth, and we went our way without our money at the door, a concession cheerfully made to the most interesting of objects of charity.

It was soon enough, however, that Mr. Alcott got down from his theory and talked so readily, so fluently and freely and so aimlessly to all ordinary purpose, that unless he had the whole occasion, it was hardly safe to get him started. Of his fine spirit, his beautiful simplicity and purity of character, his deep wisdom in things of the spirit, and his measurably conservative temper among radical thinkers who regarded him as a leader, there could be no doubt. But very much that he said rose so far into the air of vague speculation as to lose all value and even lack all interest, and there remains little result of his long and singular life, except a name as perhaps a Yankee Pythagoras, who, for some rare thoughts and fine words, will have the fame of a philosopher with very little philosophy to show for it. His practical daughter did a work and made a mark a hundred fold better and deeper than that of her speculative and unpractical father.

E. C. TOWNE.

III.

THE PEOPLE'S BANKS.

EVERY impulse of the wage-earners of our country toward the promotion of thrifty habits among themselves, and also the well-meant assistance of those outside of the above classification in forming societies for this purpose, should meet with hearty encouragement. So the reference in the letter of Henry Melrose, in the July REVIEW, to postal savings banks, is timely. No doubt such a system of banking would be of great benefit to our workers; but without waiting for further legislation, they are themselves establishing banks in considerable numbers,

on a system already proved beneficial. I refer to the building and loan associations which are enjoying such a vogue at present. Just what has brought about this revival of interest in these institutions it would be interesting to inquire ; but without going into that, one can easily see the influence they exert over the habits and relations of working people.

A significant fact, perhaps not far removed from the distrust of corporations noted in the letter above referred to, is that these associations, in many instances, are made up, from their presiding officer to the last member registered, of working people. Much, I think, may be expected from the experience in conducting business enterprises which will in these societies be gained by men whose opportunities have naturally been limited. This is a good school in which to take lessons in the property-rights of the citizen and in commercial usages. These societies hold weekly meetings for receiving the payments of their members, and this union for a common purpose, the feeling of responsibility for the success of the enterprise, and the prospect of becoming a householder, are powerful levers to hold the members up to their work.

While societies of this kind prove so attractive to people of small incomes, and accomplish so much in improving their condition and adding to the number of houseowners, they will do much to increase that body of conservative, law-abiding citizens, which is the best fruit and the hope of a republic.

CHARLES B. GILLETTE.

IV.

WANTED—A TEST FOR PAUPERISM.

HUMAN nature is very much the same the world over, even down to those parasites upon society, the paupers. In France, as in England and in America, the question, What constitutes pauperism ? seems to be equally difficult of solution, and to present precisely the same difficulties in every case. The labor test was recently applied in France, with results unusually significant.

It is Pastor Theodore Monod who tells the story. The experiment was tried by an acquaintance of his, a gentleman of means and of wide business connections. He entered into an understanding with various head of business houses, manufacturers and others, by which they agreed to furnish three consecutive days employment at four francs a day, to any man who came to them with a letter from him. Four francs a day, being the highest price paid in Paris for unskilled labor, is, as Mr. Monod observes, "life assured, with dignity."

The student of this problem of pauperism then turned his attention to the street beggars. In eight months' time he was accosted by 727 sturdy beggars, every one of whom urged want of work as the cause of their mendicity. To each applicant the offer was made of a letter which would insure him work; he had but to present himself at a certain place at a certain hour to receive it, and to procure employment at four francs a day. More than half the number, 415, did not even apply for the letter. Of the remaining 312, 138 took the letter but did not present it, 156 received the letter, obtained employment, worked half a day, demanded their two francs, and departed to be seen no more. *Eighteen* out of the whole number, or a fraction less than one in forty, were still at work at the end of the three days. The conclusion was inevitable, after a trial extending over a long period and including hundreds of individuals, that in Paris, at least, not more than two and a half per cent. of able-bodied men who ask for alms are worthy of a moment's consideration.

This being measurably true in all large cities, the question arises, how are we

to discern the worthy poor, whom the last necessity has driven to appeal to public charity, and who therefore need, and should have, immediate relief? Mr. Robert Treat Paine, whose life and fortune have been given to the study and practice of the best methods of charity, calls this the question of the hour: "To evolve a law or test by which the worthy and needy poor may be distinguished from the willing pauper," the pauper by profession. Perhaps the surest test would be by elimination; starving the pauper out. But such a test, besides being cruel to those who do not deserve starvation, can never be depended on so long as free lunch counters exist, and indolent self-indulgence chooses to bring immunity from the pain of sympathy at the price of a glass of beer. Some other method than starvation must therefore be sought. May it be found speedily.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

V.

THOSE QUEER WORDS.

IN your June number, "Notes and Comments," Mr. E. M. Day, on the word "brottus," says its use was limited to the city of Savannah. This is a mistake. I remember well the word was in common use in Charleston and all the low country of South Carolina. I always entertained the opinion that it was a corruption of "gratis," conveying as it does the same meaning.

Mr. D. also mentions the words "buccra" and "goober" as of unknown etymology. I suggest "buccra" is from the Spanish "vaquero," a cowherder, and by the common people pronounced "buck-*a*-ro." "Goober" is probably from the Italian "gobba," a hunchback, and applied to the ground nut from its peculiar shape.

There is no obscure word that I ever heard of which survived from African sources.

S. HEYDENFELDT.

VI.

A GOOD PLACE TO BEGIN REFORM.

EITHER the veto power is a kingly prerogative, such as ought not to exist in a republic like ours, or else it is grossly misunderstood and criminally abused. There have been presidents, governors and mayors who have used it as if they supposed their personal interests and preferences to be the highest consideration in all legislation. Again, it has been used as an important factor in political plots, like Buchanan's veto of the Homestead bill; and, again, some executives have conceived the idea, in apparent innocence, that they ought to veto all measures for which they would not have voted had they been members of the legislative body. There have been few presidents and governors that have not been quick to resent anything that looked like an encroachment of the legislative upon the executive domain; yet great numbers of vetoes are essentially encroachments upon the province of the legislature, which cannot be resented unless the majority in favor of the vetoed measure happens to be two-thirds. It seems never to occur to the minority that in welcoming the assistance of an arbitrary power, arbitrarily used, they are lowering their own dignity and abrogating their own rights, collectively, as representatives of the people, and that it would be infinitely better, in case of an improper veto, for them to sacrifice their immediate advantage by voting with the majority to make the necessary two-thirds. There are circumstances in which one should "stand by his order." The only proper occasion for a veto is when the

measure contravenes a provision of the constitution, or when the executive has information not accessible to the legislative body, or when some occurrence after the passage of the bill renders it probable that the legislature would no longer consider it favorably, as, for instance, if General Sheridan had died after Congress passed the bill reviving the grade of general, and before the bill could be signed and the commission issued. It was to cover such contingencies, and to protect the constitution from infringement, that the veto power was instituted; and it could not have been anticipated that any executive would assume to know more of the merits of each particular measure than the committees that had carefully sifted the evidence and spent days or weeks in considering the arguments. Such an assumption is a piece of effrontery that can never be too strongly rebuked, without reference to the intrinsic character of the measure under consideration. When our government was organized, it was supposed that the presidents could be chosen in a non-partisan manner; hence the machinery of the electoral college. With a non-partisan president, the provision that a veto can only be overridden by a two-thirds majority has some reason, since it may serve to check extreme partisan legislation. But that part of the Federal apparatus has not worked as was expected, and our presidents are generally our strongest partisans. The absurdity now of giving to the individual executive a legislative power equal to two-thirds of that possessed by the two houses of the legislature, is so glaring as not to admit of the slightest debate. The remedy appears to me to be simple. The executive should certainly have the privilege of returning a bill with his objections; but if it is again passed by any majority at all—or, at the least, if by the same majority as before—it should become a law in spite of the veto. If the objections thus formally presented fail to convince enough of the legislators to turn a minority into a majority, it is fair to assume that the objections are not sound. Meanwhile, until such constitutional amendment can be made, if legislators were wise and patriotic they would vote to override every arbitary veto, no matter on which side of the question they stood when the measure was passed.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

VII.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE IN CANADA.

THE day when the question could be asked with some semblance of sense—who reads an American book?—has long since passed; but if you will substitute Canadian for American you may still have your fling at New World contributions to the library table. The literary barrenness of Canada was commented upon in the *Critic* about a year ago, and the writer of the article attributed it chiefly to the lack of true national life and sentiment. More recently a writer in one of the leading Canadian journals ventured another explanation, to wit, the absence of a first-class Canadian magazine. According to him a good magazine would develop a distinctively Canadian literature, in which the long awaited national novel would take a foremost place, and the reproach of Canada be removed.

Assuming for the sake of argument that the latter theory comes nearer the truth than the former, we are brought at once face to face with the question—why is there no first-class magazine published within the borders of the Dominion of Canada? Were one disposed to quibble a bit over this question, an easy way to begin would be by arguing that Canada was not yet big enough to have a magazine of her own, for she can count but five millions of people, whereas her sister nation to the south had at least six times that many before she could boast a maga-

zine worthy of the name. There is about as much force in this objection, however, as there would be in the reasoning that because the United States had no railways or telephones until their census totalled so many millions, therefore, Canada must await the same stage of development before indulging in these vitally necessary appliances. The question clearly enough is not one of population at all, and some better excuse must be sought for the Dominion's deficiencies.

Is there then no magazine because there would be nothing to fill its pages? The experience of the editors of the principal American periodicals could readily furnish an answer to this question, for there *is* hardly one that has not scores of MSS. sent him from across the boundary line every year, and who is not now and then well pleased to accept a Canadian contribution. Were merely the "accepted addresses" from Canada during a single year to be gathered together they would undoubtedly be found sufficient in quantity as well as in quality and variety to keep an ordinary magazine well supplied for the same period.

Can it be then that the Canadians do not possess sufficient enterprise to start a magazine, and consequently will leave the undertaking unessayed until some bright American steps over the border and does it for them with the pleasant result of reaping a rich reward for himself? To this very natural inquiry let the volumes of the *Canadian Monthly*, *Stewart's Quarterly*, *Maritime Monthly*, *Provincial*, and other pathetic memorials of profitless publishing make reply. Each one of these periodicals, and especially the first two, possessed merits that made them worthy of a happier fate. But the history of all was the same, a more or less agonizing and vain struggle against neglect and indifference. Out of the many ventures that have been made only one at present survives, the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, and it owes its vigorous resistance partly to the unique talent of its editor for obtaining material both literary and illustrative without cost, and partly to the fact of its being in some sense the organ of the largest Protestant body in the land.

The simple fact of the matter is that Canada possesses no magazine of her own, because she has such an unceasing flood of English and American periodicals poured upon her that any domestic enterprise must infallibly be drowned beneath its waves. So far as my observation enables me to judge, I would hazard the assertion that as many copies of the leading American periodicals are sold in the larger Canadian cities as in cities of corresponding size in the United States. The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, may be had at any first-class book-store, and one or more will be found in every home where there is the least pretension to culture. This being the case, upon what could the domestic magazine build its hopes of success in competing with so many formidable rivals? Upon superiority of contents? That were hardly possible, even though a syndicate of Crœsuses should put their purses at its editor's command, for the literary genius of both the Old and New Worlds is already under tribute to supply the "great monthlies," and how would surpassing or even corresponding attractions be secured? Then might the magazine depend upon the loyalty of Canadians to patronize the home product in preference to the imported article? The state of affairs in England does not give much encouragement in this direction, for it may with truth be said that there, at the present time, while the home periodicals sell by thousands, the American monthlies, ay, and weeklies too, go off by the tens of thousands, and if this be the case amongst the most sturdily loyal nation in the world, what may be expected of a people admittedly lacking in true national life and sentiment?

The conclusion seems to be inevitable that there are only two ways in which a distinctively Canadian periodical can be established. Either the policy of protec-

tion must be extended to it, as it has been with success to the sugar and cotton industries, and outside competition made impracticable, or some one of the millionaires, whose numbers are pleasantly increasing in our midst, shall have to adopt the establishment of a magazine as his form of benefaction in preference to endowing a hospital or founding a college for women.

The first method would be suicidal to the intellectual interests of Canada, the second is eminently Utopian, and so the summing up of the whole matter seems to be that there is slight prospect of Canada having a representative national periodical within the near future.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

VIII.

THE PHYSICAL DANGERS OF CIVILIZATION.

THE character of civilization is quite as plainly indicated in the common everyday perils which people run as by its laws, its social institutions, or other indices. In the neolithic age, such as our copper-colored predecessors on this continent enjoyed, the careless wayfarer stood in imminent danger of being tomahawked and scalped. In the days of chivalry, when the Christian graces and the sense of personal honor, with all its noble attendant virtues, had begun to dominate men, the hand had not yet ceased to find its most important function in taking care of the head. Midst the splendors of the Italian Renaissance the individual paid the price of prominence in continual risk of the bravo's dagger or the cup of poisoned wine. So one may go on to specialize the current dangers threatening men in different epochs. The dangers which lie in daily ambush for us today are so notably different from those of the earlier periods of civilization that they invite comment. We have become the victims of our own conveniences. This is peculiarly the age of machinery and science applied as art, and we have to pay the penalty in physical risks to life formerly non-existent. We have ceased to stand in much peril of lawless violence except when we travel by coach or rail in Texas or Arizona. Our dangers are railway and steamer accidents, the crush of vehicles in crowded streets, the grip of swiftly running machinery on the careless workman, the dangling electric wire, the treacherous bobtail car, and the like. "The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense," remarked the cynical Hamlet of the gravedigger, tossing up skulls with many a quip. The citizen's callous indifference in rushing through a mass of crowded vehicles is well contrasted with the timidity of the rustic, who hesitates long before so perilling his life. Use blunts the edge of perception, and it is only some unusually startling accident that gives us pause. If one could measurably apply the calculus of chances to the risks he undergoes in an active day in the streets of New York he would probably be amazed at the result. Even in this day of still-hunting for news and hunger for a paragraph, not all the accidents are reported. Manufacturers whose operatives are snatched up by a belt, or railway companies whose brakemen slip off the top of a freight car, do their best to suppress such matters. The law of compensation requires us to pay the price for the increased luxuries and facilities offered by the age of science. The problem of social economy is to lower the price to its minimum, as in the case of active commodities. Public attention has been slowly awakened to this question. There is much more disposition than ever before to hold railways responsible in case of accidents to passengers, if official carelessness or neglect can be shown. Boiler inspections are strictly enforced with more and more rigor. The companies, who have harnessed the electrical demon to some man, are held as trustees of very dangerous, if of very useful

powers. Municipal legislation in large cities has been stirred up to exact a close responsibility in such matters. The lively and public spirited mayor of New York has taken the earliest opportunity to attack the bob-tail car nuisance. A hundred examples could be cited to illustrate the growing tendency. But after all the difficulty is not so much in the lack of law to provide for cases of criminal neglect in the administration of the organized conveniences, which science has given us, as in good natured indifference to its enforcement. A little spurt of indignation is followed by quick forgetfulness, till the occurrence of the next tragedy. This is all owing to the lazy, *laissez faire*, happy-go-lucky disposition of the great American public. It is not disposed to be vigilant in prevention, and to insist on its rights in season and out of season. Our English cousins are far more prompt and severe in their assertion of that sense of individual importance which crystallizes into public spirit. Our own evolution is in the right direction, but we must grow not a little yet before we shall succeed in properly abating the perils and nuisances now characteristics of great cities.

G. T. FERRIS.

IX.

PERIPATETIC LEGISLATURES.

THERE are, I believe, several instances in the histories of the different States of the Union where, at one time or another, there have been dual capitals. Rhode Island alone still divides the honors, narrow as her territory is, and Connecticut has only lately terminated the long fight which resulted in the centralization of her government at Hartford, leaving New Haven to her elm trees and her venerable university. To the average citizen it may seem that one state capital is enough ; sometimes even that is one too many. The older and bigger and richer a State grows the more do corrupt influences flourish and concentrate about the seat of government. Why will not some progressive State that has not yet erected costly public buildings, or whose buildings have comfortably fallen in pieces—why will not such a State inaugurate a purely American method and set up a peripatetic capital? The world has studied the art of war more assiduously than any other, and, upon the whole, more successfully. The problem of providing quarters in the field for any number of men is simple and comparatively inexpensive. The legislatures of very few of the States exceed three hundred, all told; but let us say that the total number to be provided for averages one thousand men, the equivalent of a single infantry regiment. Some salubrious location could be selected, perhaps, by the governor a few weeks in advance of the time for meeting. A severe penalty could be set upon the sale of liquors within a mile of the camp. The State could provide tents for quarters, with larger ones for the daily sessions of the two houses and large wall tents for the committees. Rations would be furnished at cost in suitable mess tents. Obviously, under such circumstances, a dangerously powerful lobby would be out of the question. Members would have nothing to do but attend to the public business, finish the season's work and go home as soon as possible. By changing the location of the camp every year, different parts of the State would have the Legislature at their doors in alternation, and a very simple system of badges, passes, and police guards would keep the camp clear of all interlopers. It is safe to say that the duration of the session would be reduced to the time absolutely necessary for the transaction of public business, and that the expense to the State would be reduced by at least two-thirds.

OLIVER PRIOR.

X.

THE LONELY SENTINEL.

OFF the coast of Florida, like the dot to an I, lies the island of East Key, and connected with the island by a long causeway is a giant fortress. This fortress, lying midway as it does between Cuba and the United States, commands, on the south, the approach to the whole Eastern seaboard. This fortress, vast and stately, is garrisoned by *one man*. The utter loneliness of Sergeant McKenna's life I can compare to nothing but that of a state prisoner sentenced to solitary confinement.

Sergeant McKenna is both garrison and commander rolled into one, and being a soldier every inch of him, has a high sense of his duties.

Therefore Sergeant McKenna tries to fulfill in his one person the duties of the manifold personages he represents. Thus, he keeps guard, and when the usual four hours are up, though completely exhausted, he will "relieve" himself by a fresh guard mount. To do the honors of the garrison to himself as Commander-in-chief is difficult, but at stated intervals he calls out the guard to himself, and regularly on Sundays he has dress inspection of himself.

Evening parade, too, is seldom neglected, but the crowning achievement of Sergeant McKenna's efforts appropriately to garrison single handed one of the greatest fortresses of his country is, strange to say, accomplished with his—foot.

Sergeant McKenna, by an ingenious arrangement of strings and pulleys, touched at the proper moment by his foot, manages to let off the sunset gun and to pull down the standard, and this, too, without leaving his beat as sentinel the while. To a casual observer who notices this threefold performance, who sees the smoke circling upward from one part of the fort, who sees the stately stars and stripes descending the flagstaff in another, and yet who notices the soldierly figure of the sentinel unconcernedly pacing his beat on still a third part of the fortress, nothing seems amiss. He would therefore be ignorant at what a terrible cost in time, thought, and ingenuity this had been accomplished. It is even stated that a member of Congress once sailing by was struck by the lavish extravagance of Uncle Samuel in maintaining a garrison at this distant point, and on his return to Washington demanded an investigation. A commission, it is said, went down at $5,000 per year each man, sat on Sergeant McKenna, and since they could not very well cut him off, they cut off his powder.

From that day Sergeant McKenna's spirits began to flag. Sergeant McKenna, though garrisoning the fortress, has always boarded at Mrs. Ayres'. Mrs. Ayres lives in the village of East Key, and the fortress, as we know, is connected with the village by a bridge. This bridge is some six hundred feet long, and when the tide is in the fortress is an island. Now the boys of East Key, quick to notice the changed demeanor of the Sergeant, would wait at the town end of the bridge to observe his comings and goings to and from Mrs. Ayres', and, as is the wont of boys, would chaff him, shout at him, ask him how the garrison was feeling, and how much Uncle Sam allowed for powder.

At first Sergeant McKenna treated these taunts with the contempt they deserved, he would unlock, or relock as the case might be, the padlock of the wooden gate of the bridge, deposit the key of the fort in his pocket, and go his way. But once when the youths, thinking the garrison was absent, scaled this wooden gate, and attempted to carry the fortress by storm, Sergeant McKenna unexpectedly sallied forth, charged down upon them, and vowed he'd fill them so full of shot that their mothers wouldn't know them. Then the boys' feelings underwent a sudden change, and from contempt, they began to feel respect for the Sergeant.

As time went on, they even got to lend him their assistance in cleaning the guns, and keeping up the appearance of things generally about the fort, actually at last depriving themselves of their tops and marbles, as is the nature of boys, to pay for the gun polish and blacking their country was too poor to supply, as any late visitor to East Key will testify. Nevertheless, in spite of these evidences of devotion, the Sergeant has been lately growing morose. Though not an alarmist, he has begun to feel it in his bones that war is possible. Each day, therefore, after returning from Mrs. Ayres', he sweeps the horizon with his glass and watches for the enemy whose coming he predicts.

Sergeant McKenna is not only losing his spirits but is losing his flesh, and his bones are the best indices left to him.

Yet smile as you may, there is something grand in the spectacle of this poor old man standing by the government that has so cruelly neglected him.

Tattered and torn, hungry and sorrowful, the butt of ridicule for all men—and yet some $136,000,000 of surplus. The late patriotic demands on his pocket have made serious inroads on his stomach, he pays half board, and gets half fare at Mrs. Ayres'. A reef in his belt for breakfast, a long walk for dinner, and a sweep of the glass for supper, will constitute before long his sole apology for rations.

But there he stands, a monument to the generosity of a great people, especially suggestive at this very moment when fortification bills and army bills have to struggle so hard for mere consideration on the floors of Congress.

Yes, there stands the Sergeant, and probably there he will stand until he answers "Here" to the last roll-call which summons us all to that longer campaign.

LLOYD S. BRYCE.

XI.

SENTIMENTAL VANDALISM.

THE mania for the removal of noted ancient monuments and buildings, in some way connected with historical associations, or with the lives of great men, seems to be a quite recent disorder, and it seems, too, to be on the increase. When the Elgin marbles were brought to England many years ago there was a definite reason which could be urged in justification of the proceeding. They were works of art of such a remarkable character that their esthetic value alone, as educators, palliated, in a measure, whatever sin there might have been in a despoilment, certainly not mercenary, and, in a way, related to dime museum emotions. The act, blamed at the time, has been long since cleared—if not of regret—of absolute ruthlessness.

But can we put this plea forward on behalf of a coarse obelisk or column, which is interesting, to be sure, but which has no refinement of art, and which is mainly interesting coupled with its necessary environment.

One obelisk will not reproduce for us Egypt, nor would the Pyramid of Gizeh, if it could be easily transplanted to a Western shore. It is fortunate that it cannot be moved, and fortunate that the Sphinx, which is reported to have said to Emerson when they met, "You are another," cannot be moved either, so deeply is it enmountained in the drifted sands. Still, if there were the slightest hope that these things could be procured and transplanted, there are persons ready to undertake the task at once, and they would do it without the slightest compunction.

In this country the house in which General Grant was born has been moved for a vulgar show, and an unsuccessful effort was made not long since to trans-

port Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago. Sentimentalism which takes one to see things where they are rooted, and with their surroundings, has something in it worthy of respect; but the feeling which prompts their removal, or which would give them a rotation like a circus, is every way vulgar and despicable. As to Libby Prison, it was nothing but a ridiculously plain brick tobacco warehouse, into which a ghastly history went; but when I stood before it and before Castle Thunder at the end of the war, there was scarcely a physical thing about either that was capable of recalling the mind to the former horrible realities. It needed the James River and the city and everything about them to eke out one's imagination. To remove and try to keep alive such embers as these would be of a gigantic civil strife long since hushed by honorable peace and re-established national union, would have been something worse than vandalism, and meaner than mere vulgarity.

Just now, I observe, the English people are being appealed to by a voluminous woman novelist for funds with which to ravish Egypt once more. The offense will not be quite like the one last referred to ; but, if committed, will pass into the saucer-eyed Dime Museum category. The effort put forth in this instance is to remove from Egypt to England certain "colossal sculptures" of the great Temple of Bubastes. They are said to have no scientific value, and reproductions of them would serve every purpose of the originals themselves. But as Egypt has not put its foot down—or cannot—as Greece and Turkey have on transportations of this sort, lack of funds only can prevent their removal.

There ought to be a bitter punishment, however, in the reflection that you don't get the thing after all which is intended by this sort of detachment. As it was with the bird's nest in Emerson's verses, and the shells on the seashore, they cease, when brought away, to give their original satisfaction. For without their background and environment they are essentially different things. When the first idle curiosity has passed, they fade into a very common light, and public interest vanishes. It would be well now, if some law, both national and international, could be enacted to diminish, if not extirpate, all these various efforts of senseless spoliation.

JOEL BENTON.

XII.

TENDENCY OF OUR EDUCATION.

MUCH is expected from the new education. Its advocates foretell for us an age of intellectual growth and intellectual achievement heretofore unknown and undreamed of. Illiteracy and ignorance are to fade before it. Vice and squalor will hide their faces, not in the heart of some great city, but in the realm of perpetual shades, from the dazzling brightness of the new education. Nor are we, the enlightened, to be the only benefited ; on the contrary, it may penetrate even to the deepest wilds of Africa, to the jungles of the Bushman. The heathen, half-barbaric hordes of the East and the North are to feel its thrill and respond to its inspiration.

But we pause at this category. Very naturally the question comes, Is this logically to be expected ? and who are its advocates ? and, finally, how much truth is there in it ? Let our aim be candidly to seek the truth ; to tolerate nothing else.

It is further claimed by the disciples of the new education, in their confidence and honesty, that it is to dawn upon us as a revolution! This is largely what has been claimed for it, together with its panacean qualities; for not a single formula of the new education has so far been finally determined. We are led to question

the actuality of any revolution in the domain of letters or of education. We may ask, Has there been any revolution in these particular fields in the Church? There has been a reformation and a renaissance. But both are revolutionary in their development. The domains of letters, the church and the school, have never been free from changes of this nature. Logically, we are led to inquire what has led up to the present situation in education, and to explore its history and science for the solution.

History of education throws a light upon the subject that ought to remove this intellectual strabismus with which many seem to view it, for it shows them parallel situations, while in its pages may be read the winnowing method by which truth is reached; and it teaches the greater truth that extremes are not stable; it further teaches that this truth lies as far as possible from both extremes, and is, therefore, midway between. From their careful study I draw the following conclusions:

Education had its conception in empiricism. Therefore, for ages it dealt only with the objective. The ancient Greeks were educated in the arena; gymnastics and the art of expression were the sum total of the Athenian curriculum. This is more incontestably true of an earlier age still. Philosophy and Political Economy were held in less veneration by the class of state than was oratory; book learning did not add to their repute.

Being wholly empirical, the age was extreme, and, therefore, unstable. Socrates saw it and protested; Plato wrote to correct it. A reaction set in. The trend was towards the ideal. Quintilian was conscious of this and gave his impressions to the world; the educational pendulum was on the swing.

The move culminated in the time of the Renaissance, in an education as extremely subjective as the other had been empirical. Tales of the cloister speak to us of this. The Natural Sciences went not into the laboratory or the field. Whole meaningless sections of Horace were rendered *verbatim et literatim*. This condition proved unstable, and once more the oscillation was on. This time it was back towards the empirical. The move had its instruments and advocates.

The names of Luther, Sturm, Ratke, Comenius, are lights along its dark path, blazing the way. Inertia asserted itself, the truth was passed, and now this swing is culminating in an extreme of empiricism bidding fair to rival the Socratean age. The Kindergarten is an evidence; Manual Training is a further outcome; the New Education is proclaimed as its climax. This condition will not endure; the sequence is plain; Milton or Bacon might have foretold it!

Then the purely empirical is sentiment, as is the purely ideal. As to what we ought to strive for, such a perfect man as Plato pictured should be our *beau ideal*. This condition will be gained by resting in the truth which is midway between these extremes. But the process by which we must reach it is necessarily slow. It is a winnowing process. But we may hope some day to rest in this truth; that the swings will grow shorter and shorter, and finally cease altogether.

This condition may be hastened by a diffusion of the history and the science of education. Then will the youth be made a man before he is fashioned an instrument. Then teachers will go from college to their first task of instruction thinkers and observers, and not crammed with method. Then the epithet, teachers made in six weeks, will not be censoriously flung at the normal school door. Then will man know himself as well as the world. This ought to be the New Education.

HERBERT TIDD BRADLEY.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

ALEXANDER VERESTCHAGIN is not widely known to fame, but he is entitled to thanks for the very interesting, though rather lengthy and sometimes tedious, story of his life and adventures as a well-born Russian and soldier.* The first part of this book is taken up with an account of the author's childhood and youth; the second with his adventures as an *aide* to the impetuous Skobeloff in the late Danubian war; the third part furnishes us with some particulars of the Tekke expedition formed for the reduction of a trans-Caspian tribe of Turcomans who had proved themselves valiant and troublesome foes of Russia in her dispute with Turkey about the provinces. The reader will derive a great deal of information from these pages about Russian people and Russian ways of fighting. The author does not pose as a celebrity, on the contrary, he sometimes rather needlessly belittles himself, and writes very modestly of his personal achievements. By reading such books as this one gets a better idea of a foreign country and people than many persons could do by months of travel; hence there is a value to a truthfully descriptive and ingenuous work of this order far exceeding the intrinsic worth of the facts recorded.

II.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOWARD SEELY—whether a genuine name or *nom de plume* we know not—writes a pleasant story,† in which some features of Western frontier life are vividly sketched. The author is evidently a keen and close observer. This fact, indeed, gives the greatest value and interest to the book, for the plot and plan of the story are both weak and commonplace. A gentleman ranchman somewhere out on the Colorado River, falls in by accident with a pretty and pert maiden, the untutored and unsophisticated daughter of an old settler. The girl speaks frontier language, and is charmingly ignorant of conventionalities, but is a girl of pluck and daring, and her attractions are sufficient in our hero's eyes to make him break off an incipient courtship with a fascinating young lady of his own social class. The author's literary tact and skill are shown in the purely descriptive passages, such as the turkey hunt on the Texas prairie, and the murder trial before Judge Pemberton and a jury of the town of Oskaloo, which are faithful and character-

*"At Home and in War, 1853-1881." Reminiscences and Anecdotes. By Alexander Verestchagin. Translated by Isabel Hapgood. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

†"A Nymph of the West." A novel. By Howard Seely. D. Appleton & Co.

istic sketches. We would suggest greater study of the plan and general features of novel writing, and an assiduous cultivation of descriptive writing from a close study of humanity and nature.

Mr. Richard Dowling, in his collection of papers styled "Ignorant Essays,"* does not impress us as being possessed of any remarkable powers of observation, or as being entitled to special attention for his novel or piquant criticisms. As a man of general culture and literary experience, his particular opinions and views are sure to be of some interest, and as sure to be well expressed; and there is also abundant range, in the free and off-hand irony, for the play of fancy and the exercise of memory and of the critical faculty. The author has availed himself of this freedom to skip from topic to topic in the most approved style of light and airy gossip; but the result is neither very entertaining nor specially striking, and after reading two or three essays we find it difficult to proceed. The fact is that this style of essay writing, with its continuous use of the first personal pronoun, demands a great deal of brain and brilliancy, or it soon becomes wearisome; and in these essays the constant use of the pronoun I is really the most noticeable feature, and, in the absence of other important qualities, condemns the book. In his essay on Allegory the author kills the "Pilgrim's Progress" in this style: "I am writing in an off-hand way, and I will not pause to examine the question nicely; but is there any such thing as a successful allegory? I have no experience of one. I seem to hear a loud shout of 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' Well, I never could read the book through, and I have tried at least twenty times. I have put the reading of that book before myself in the most solemn manner. I have told myself over and over again that I ought to read it as an educational exercise. In vain. How any man with imagination can bear the book I do not know." This kind of essay writing reminds us of a young ranchman, who, after a prolonged struggle with a colt who was an unwilling subject of the lariat rope, described his sensations as suggesting a contest with a demon with a thousand eyes and a thousand limbs in perpetual motion.

Mr. Adee's fanciful romance† does credit to his inventive talents, and proves his ability to make the most of matter of fact materials. The story is dated at a period so recent as to make it appear almost a piece of contemporary history. It deals with a certain mystery connected with a New York family,—fictitious, of course,—victims of a belief in Voodooism, and it minutely describes the methods taken to unravel the mystery and expose the criminalities believed to be interwoven therewith. Many persons are said to have been inveigled into this house on some pretext or other and to have thenceforward disappeared from view. In following up certain clues, discoveries are made which throw light upon the hidden and horrible rite of snake worship, and at the same time reveal the tricks and rascalities of a couple of fascinating women. A love story is delicately interwoven with these matters. Despite a little prolixity in the details, the book has a certain fascination for the lovers of the marvelous, and has a quiet vein of humor about it which makes it wholesome vacation reading.

The life of Constans L. Goodell‡ is the record of an earnest, broad-minded, God-fearing man, whose years were spent in successful Christian work, first as

* "Ignorant Essays." By Richard Dowling. D. Appleton & Co.

† "No. 19 State Street." By David Graham Adee Cassell & Co.

‡ "The Life of Constans L. Goodell, D.D." By A. H. Currier, D.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

pastor of the South Church in New Britain, Conn., and later, till the close of his life, in the Pilgrim Church of St. Louis. In the hands of Dr. Currier, of Oberlin, this record of a noble life is presented in a most acceptable manner. The style is simple, direct, and unassuming. There is little that is purely eulogistic. The facts are clearly stated, and the reader is allowed to draw his own conclusions. It is safe to say that all who love righteousness, and honor Christian faithfulness, as well as those who enjoy well-written biography, will accord a welcome to this excellent book. Numerous graphic and entertaining letters, written during the five journeys which Dr. Goodell made abroad, diversify the pages, and show us a genial, home-loving man.

The hero of Mohammed Benani* is a Russian gentleman of fortune who expatriates himself, and, with his wife, who is rather the abler person of the two, seeks a home in Northern Africa, because he is depressed by the sight of so much wretchedness in his own country which he is unable to relieve. His overflowing benevolence, however, soon finds a broad field of labor in the cause of the oppressed natives in the land of his adoption. The main issues of the story are sometimes obscured by tedious by-play, but the episodes of Eftomah and Casimir; the unhappy duel whose final catastrophe has no satisfactory explanation, and the night attack on Medoura, have sufficient dramatic interest to carry the reader through considerable less entertaining matter. The opening scenes occur at Mauritania, but the arrest of Paulovitch transfers us temporarily to Russia, and there is a characteristic encounter with Russian officials, including the "white Czar" himself. No author's name appears on the title-page, but the book is understood to be the work of Mr. Ion Perdicaris (the son of a Greek refugee of 1830, a former professor at Yale College), who is now residing in London, though the preface is dated from Tangiers.

Dr. Barrows' disquisition on the Indian question† is a re-presentation of a theme not new, but not too frequently discussed so long as the important problem remains unsolved. The same task has been more satisfactorily accomplished by others, but many who have not the leisure for a more extended work will welcome this, which is brought within such limits as to attract the attention of busy people. Dr. Barrows evidently does not consider the main question: What shall be done with the Indian, but, How shall we secure honest white men to administer the good laws enacted at Washington, and How restrain the iniquitous examples of the corrupt inhabitants of the border. Incoherency of statement and inexact language mar certain portions of the book, but it is calculated to throw light on a dark page of our history, and it will undoubtedly be successful.

No daintier volume of verse has lately been produced than the collection‡ of ballads, rondeaus, chants royal, triolets and other quaint and musical forms of poetry, imitated from the time of the Troubadours by modern authors, and brought together in a happy arrangement by Mr. Gleeson White. It is an excellent selection for the summer lounger in the hammock or on the beach. Each poem is brief; no style is so continuous as to become monotonous; and airy, graceful fancies trickle lightly through the harmonious measures. A well-written and

* "The Case of Mohammed Benani." A story of to-day. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† "The Indian's side of the Indian Question." By William Barrows, D.D. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

‡ "Ballads and Rondeaus, Chants Royal, Sestinas, Villanelles, etc." Selected, with chapter on the Various Forms, by Gleeson White. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

valuable sketch of the early French lyric poetry, and the rules governing their construction precedes the verses, which, it may be said, are taken from a great variety of sources, from English, French, and American authors, and are fittingly clothed in a dress of Gobelin blue and gold. Here is a specimen verse from "The Pipes of Pan":

"In these prosaic days
Of politics and trade,
Where seldom fancy lays
Her touch on man or maid,
The sounds are fled that strayed
Along sweet streams that ran;
Of song the world's afraid;
Where are the Pipes of Pan?

Several interesting incidents of Revolutionary times are woven together to form a small volume * in the "Classics for Home and School" series. The work is not a classic from whatever standpoint it is considered. Numerous rhetorical errors are found; the style is often involved and ambiguous, and the vocabulary extremely commonplace. If the children for whom it is written are too young to discover these blemishes, they will find the thrilling stories of life in war time very entertaining.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co.

Ninette. An Idyll of Provence. By the author of "Vera."
A Virginia Inheritance. A novel by Edmund Pendleton.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Tariff History of the United States. F. W. Taussig.
Industrial Liberty. John M. Bonham.
The Independent in Politics. James Russell Lowell.

Lee & Shepard.

The Boston Tea Party and other stories. Henry C. Watson.
Mexico. Picturesque, Political, Progressive. Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan.

L. K. Strouse.

The Civil Service Law. William Harrison Clark.

Bloch & Co.

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* "Noble Deeds of Our Fathers. As Told by Soldiers of the Revolution Gathered Around the Old Bell of Independence." Revised and adapted from Henry C. Watson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

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OLD SHADY, WITH A MORAL.

I NOTICED recently that General Ben Harrison, a candidate for President of the United States, found himself called on to deny a charge of having said that a dollar-a-day was all that an American laborer should expect. I remember when I, myself, worked for half a dollar a day—Sundays, holidays and rainy days excepted—and we all remember when Congress enacted thirteen dollars a month with a ration per day, full compensation for an able-bodied soldier who had to work twenty-four hours a day, Sundays and holidays included, with the chance of getting killed or wounded thrown in gratis.

We should be above such demagoguery now, and I am sure the people of the United States are not to be deceived by such nonsense. Still this circumstance calls to my memory a little episode which may explain the matter even to the satisfaction of the most prejudiced.

July 4, 1863, the Union Army captured the city of Vicksburg. In the siege were three corps d'armée: The Thirteenth, McClernand; the Fifteenth, Sherman; and Sixteenth, McPherson. After the surrender, the Thirteenth Corps was sent by General Grant down the Mississippi to assist at Port Hudson and the Lower River towns; the Fifteenth, Sherman, was dispatched inland to Jackson and Raymond to drive the rebels well out of Mississippi, and the Sixteenth, McPherson, remained in Vicksburg as a permanent garrison.

A great many negroes, slaves, had escaped within the Union lines. Some were employed as servants by the officers, who paid them regular wages; some were employed by the Quartermaster; and the larger number went north, free, in the Government chartered steamboats.

Among the first class named was a fine hearty "darkey," known as "Old Shady," who was employed by General McPherson as steward and cook at his headquarters in Mrs. Edwards' house in Vicksburg. Hundreds still living, among whom I may safely name General W. E. Strong, of Chicago; General Hickenlooper, of Cincinnati, Mrs. General Grant, Fred Grant, Mrs. Sherman and myself, well remember "Old Shady." After supper he used to assemble his chorus of "Darkies," and sing for our pleasure the songs of the period, among them one personal to himself, and, as I then understood, composed by himself. It was then entitled the "Day of Jubilee," but is now recorded as simply "Old Shady"; and I do believe that since the Prophet Jeremiah bade the Jews "to sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout among the chief of the nations," because of their deliverance from the house of bondage, that no truer or purer thought ever ascended from the lips of man than did at Vicksburg in the summer of 1863, when "Old Shady" sang for us in a voice of pure melody his own song of deliverance from the bonds of slavery. Here it is, not in full, for other verses have been added, but I give it entire as it *then* was:

OLD SHADY.

Yah! Yah! Yah! Come laugh wid me,
De white folks say Old Shady am free,
I 'spec de year of ju-be-lee
Am a coming, am a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer.
Den away, den away, for I am going home.

REPEAT.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer,
Den away, den away, for I am going home.

Old massa got scared, and so did his lady;
Dis chile break for old Uncle Aby.
Open the door, for here's Old Shady
A coming, a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Good-bye, Mass Jeff; good-bye, Mass Stephens.
'Scuse dis nigger for taking his leavins.
I 'spec by-and by you'll see Uncle Abraham
A coming, a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Good-bye, hard work without any pay,
I'se going up North where de white folks say
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
Am a coming, am a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Oh! I'se got a wife and a nice little baby,
Way up North in the lower Canady,
Won't they shout when they see Old Shady
A coming, a coming.
Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Now it is plain to me that "Old Shady" is responsible for the saying that white wheat bread and a dollar a day were all the old slave hoped for. I have no doubt that General Harrison has helped us sing that song with an emphasis amounting to an indorsement, just as Generals Grant, Sherman, McPherson, Logan, Strong, Hickenlooper, etc., have often done. After the war I met Old Shady on a steamboat on the upper Mississippi, when he sang for us on the hurricane deck that good old song, which brought tears to the eyes of the passengers; and more recently I heard of him far up in Dakota, near the "Lower Canady," toward which he seemed to lean as the coigne of safety, where his wife and "nice little baby" had sought and obtained refuge. I believe him now to be dead, but living or dead, he has the love and respect of the old army of the Tennessee which gave him freedom. "Good bye, Mass Jeff; good bye, Massa Stephens," was a beautiful expression of the faithful family servant who yearned for freedom and a "dollar a day." And yet "Old Shady" was only one of the tens of thousands of slaves who escaped from bondage to freedom in the days of our National struggle. More than two millions of slaves were practically free before Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Freedom. That proclamation was simply the notice by the high sheriff of the nation of a

concluded fact. I saw the whole process of emancipation from beginning to end. I have attended the auction sales of slaves in the rotunda of the St. Louis Hotel, New Orleans, of which Colonel Mudge, of Illinois, was the proprietor and landlord. I have seen old men, women, and children put up at auction and sold like animals; the father to one, mother to another, children to a third, and so on. I have seen young girls in new calico dresses inspected by men buyers as critically as would be a horse by a purchaser—eyes, hair, teeth, limbs, muscles, etc., etc.—and have seen spirited bidding for a wench of handsome form and figure by men of respectable standing. Such things were then common—not so now; and say what we may, we are more the creatures of habit than of original thought.

My firm belief is that domestic slavery at the South before the war was not cruel and inhuman. As a rule the family servants were treated as well as the average hired servants of to-day—but the "field hands" were regarded and treated as animals; and it is one of the most extraordinary anomalies in political history, that the owners of these slaves, who were not one-twentieth of the whole population, should have ruled their fellow citizens with despotic severity. They controlled the fashions of their neighbors, dictated to the counties or parishes and States, and were even arrogant to the United States of America in Congress assembled.

Looking back on the condition of facts in 1861, we are simply amazed that such things could be. I well remember when the merit of an army officer was measured in the inverse ratio of the distance of his birthplace from Fairfax Court House, and when Lieut. Braxton Bragg, in 1840, at Governor's Island, New York Harbor, under orders for the Florida war, asked leave to go by land instead of by sailing vessel to visit en route and at his own expense his old, sick father, premised his written application thus: "I was not lucky enough to be born in Virginia, but I was born in a county of North Carolina, bordering on Virginia—and *therefore* I ask leave to proceed by land to Florida, etc., etc." Of course, he got prompt orders to embark at once with the first batch of recruits by sea to St. Augustine. Again, on another occasion, at Fort Moultrie, S. C., in 1845, the officers gave a Fourth of July banquet to the citizens, among them one Stewart of the Charleston *Mercury*, the impersonation of the fire-eating secession class. With him the United States of America was the sov-

ereign State of South Carolina, into which confederation he grudgingly admitted Virginia with qualifications. Responding to his toast he spoke most disrespectfully of North Carolina, and described it as a "strip of land lying between two States," viz., Carolina and Virginia. Bragg, who was present, was bound to resent this indignitv to his native State—high words and a challenge passed—pistols for two, coffee for one the next morning—but John F. Reynolds and I, from remote and obscure regions like Pennsylvania and Ohio, were chosen peacemakers, and succeeded in getting Stewart to admit that North Carolina was a State in the Union, claiming to be a Carolina, though not comparable with *South* Carolina. At all events we postponed the battle. In truth, at that period, 1845, old Blackburn Madeira and Scotch whiskey were more plentiful at Charleston than now, and will account for the silly quarrels and pretensions of that day. I think I knew Bragg as well as any living man, appreciated his good qualities, and had charity for his weaknesses. His heart was never in the Rebel cause. He was of Scotch descent, was austere, severe, stern, of great integrity, and had he followed the example of his best friend, George H. Thomas, might have transmitted an honorable name to posterity.

But I must return to the negro race. They still form one-tenth of our aggregate population. They were once slaves, but are now free ; not only free, but entitled by the Constitution and law to all the privileges of American citizenship. They are a kindly, domestic and inoffensive race, and since the world began no higher virtue was ever exercised than by these lowly people, who toiled in the fields to raise corn and food for the Rebel armies in Virginia and Georgia whom they knew to be employed to perpetuate their own bondage. Every Southern gentlemen who has a spark of knighthood left in his nature should take off his hat to the old bondsman who staid at home to care for his mistress and the young ladies while he was himself away fighting to destroy his own government, and to strengthen the fetters which bound his slave to the master. That bondsman is now free, and by the Constitution and laws of his land is entitled to a vote as though he were born a free white man ; but we all knew then, as we know now, that Constitutions and laws are idle winds. People are governed by usages, customs, and not by laws.

The negro is not permitted to vote if the vote disturbs the

judgment of the white majority; and if it changes the verdict of their former masters, it is not counted.

What is the use of shutting our eyes to a well-known fact? We did so from 1850 to 1860, and have paid the penalty. The next war may be avoided by reason and common sense, and if I can help to avert it, I will feel more honored than in past victories and triumphs. I say to the South, Let the negro vote, and count his vote honestly. It will not disturb, but, on the contrary, will hasten your prosperity and stability as a people. There is no use of talking to me about "Bloody Shirts"—I have seen enough of them; yea, coats and overcoats ensanguined by the heart's blood of the best men who ever lived. I begged and implored my friends in Louisiana, in 1861, not to arouse the enmity of the sleeping lion of the North. Ever since the beginning of time, Southern people have been quick to anger, but not enduring. The Northern people, per contra, are slow to anger, but once aroused are not easy to allay. The Northern people will not long permit the negro vote to be suppressed, and yet be counted in the political game *against* them. Better meet the question honestly. Ask the abrogration of Article XIV. of the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, or allow the negro to vote, and count his vote. Otherwise, so sure as there is a God in Heaven, you will have another war, more cruel than the last, when the torch and dagger will take the place of the muskets of well-ordered battalions. The negro is gaining in experience and intelligence every day, and he has read Byron: "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?" Should the negro strike that blow, in seeming justice, there will be millions to assist them. Were I to-day a citizen of Louisiana, as I was in 1861, I would far prefer "Old Shady" as a voter than any of the Bohemians who reach Castle Garden by thousands every day of the year. I know my Southern friends will answer, why not leave us alone? "We are now all agreed—we are 'solid.'" So they were in 1861, when a tithe of their number, united by self-interest, made the whole mass to sacrifice their lives and wealth for the alleged protection of the slave property of the few.

I confess that I feel partial to the colored people of the United States. During the war they had a difficult part to play. They understood from beginning to end their status in our community.

They were faithful to their masters and mistresses. They never betrayed the confidence of a poor Union soldier who had escaped from his prison and was trying to reach "God's country." They knew the geography of the country in which we were operating, and always answered our questions honestly and truthfully, which is more than their white masters did; and best of all, in the crisis of their fate, they did *not* resort to the torch and the dagger, as their race had done in San Domingo.

I remember well that Henry Clay often asserted that his colored boy, ———, was the most accomplished gentleman in America. I myself have seen General Persifer F. Smith, of Louisiana, take off his cap and make a profound bow to every colored man whom he met in San Francico in 1849, because, he said, they were the only gentlemen who kept their promises. And I here assert that Henry Sampson, of San Francisco, a slave to Colonel Chambers, of Rapides Parish, La., who paid through *me* twelve hundred dollars for his freedom, though the law would not have enforced one cent, was as well qualified to exercise the great American right of suffrage as any single man now resident in the State of Louisiana. What more beautiful sentiment than that of my acquaintance "Old Shady": "Good-bye, Massa Jeff; good-bye, Massa Stephens; 'scuse dis nigger for takin' his leavin's"—polite and gentle to the end. Burns never said anything better.

When the army I had the honor to command from "Atlanta to the Sea" reached Savannah, the first essential step was to carry, by assault, Fort McAlister, in order to open up communication with the fleet sent in anticipation with supplies. The work was promptly and genteelly done by the Second Division of the Fifteenth Corps, commanded by General W. B. Hazen. I was watching the assault from a rice mill across the Ogeechee, but as soon as I saw the Rebel flag go down and "Old Glory" go up on the flagstaff, I jumped into an oyster boat and pulled down. Reaching the McAlister plantation after dark, I was conducted to the overseer's house, where General Hazen and his officers were taking supper. I, General Howard, and the few officers with me were invited in, an invitation promptly accepted, because we had had nothing to eat since daylight. General Hazen, who sat at the head of the (kitchen) table, remarked: "General Sherman! Major Anderson who commanded the captured garrison is now a

prisoner of war out in the 'corral.' He is a gentleman. May I invite him to share our supper?" "Of course, this is your table, and I am only your guest; certainly bring the major in." An aide-de-camp was sent, and soon entered Major Anderson in handsome dress of approved gray, with decorations on the collar to indicate his rank. He was courteously received by General Hazen, introduced to me and the others, and shown to a seat opposite me at that (kitchen) table. He looked at me hard to discover the horns and talons of the devil, for at that time my reputation was not good at the South; but, like myself, being hungry, he lay to on the ham, hard bread and coffee served out to us by our host. He was naturally somewhat oppressed at the thought that his post had been carried by assault, and I attempted to compliment him on his gallant defense. In time he finished his first cup of coffee, and turned to the servant in waiting with the familiar coffee-pot, and recognized his own boy "Bob," who had been his own servant and slave two hours before in Fort McAlister. He seemed overwhelmed at the recognition, and turned to me. "General Sherman, may I speak to this individual?" "Certainly," I answered; "but, Bob, remember you are now a free man; answer the gentleman truly and politely, without fear or favor." "Bob," said Major Anderson, "is it possible that you have run away to the Yankees?" "Oh!" answered Bob, "I'm working for Mr. Hazen." Here was a black man who two hours before was the slave of Major Anderson in the rebel Fort McAlister now working cheerily for wages with *Mr.* Hazen. We never construed a negro as a prisoner of war. Anderson, after receiving his cup of coffee from his former slave, "Bob," said: "General, it looks to me as though the game was up." "Yes," I answered, "the game is up. Slavery is gone, and the Southern Confederacy a thing of the past."

I believe that the game *was* up, long before Appomattox. The American Union is as firmly established on the basis of equality of citizenship and personal freedom of action as any nation on earth. Let us freely accord to the Negro his fair share of influence and power, trusting the perpetuity of our institutions to the everlasting principles of human nature which tolerate all races and all colors, leaving each human being to seek in his own sphere "the enjoyment of life, liberty and happiness."

W. T. SHERMAN.

ARTIUM MAGISTER.

WITHIN the precincts of most American colleges modern doubts and questionings have found lodgment. Some minor misgivings as to the Pentateuch and a manifest uneasiness regarding Joshua are noticeable, even among theological dons and students, but the plenary inspiration of the classical curriculum has been accepted with childlike faith.

Until thirty years ago the course based upon abundant classics, limited mathematics, and a feeble administration of physical and metaphysical science, in high homœopathic dilutions, constituted liberal education, and ever since the modern invasion of the universities by special schools of science, the old department of arts has been held to rank all others in honor and prestige. Its faculty and its alumni have ordinarily been able to control university policy, or at least, by the force of assumption and tradition, to sustain the pretensions of their guild. This assumed superiority of the American academic professor and student was neither idle vanity nor sophomorical conceit, but the natural outgrowth of a conviction that had come down unchallenged since European universities ceased to be mere schools of disputation at the close of the Middle Ages, and gave themselves over to the revival of classical literature, thought, and feeling.

It is a simple and natural survival of the Renaissance idea that classical learning was the only learning; a belief only justifiable then because Europe was utterly unconscious of *Arab* knowledge, and irritatingly droll to-day in full sight of the glorious progress of modern science. The difference between educated and uneducated Europeans three hundred years ago lay in a knowledge of that rare, subtle race-genius which had so clarified the Greek mind and tongue, as to make them once and perhaps forever the perfect home of art and letters; and in

a true understanding of that coarse, robust, but grand Roman people, who in their time were the builders, law givers, and governors of the world. Intellectual culture in the days of the Revival could only be achieved by straining the keen ear of youth till it heard, across the gulf of silent ages, some faint echo of Roman oratory or dying vibration of Greek song; for Europe had little of contemporary value or interest wherewith to feed the keen minds whose birth secured for them the advantages of university education. Their age could only blind them to the future and deafen them to the present, and point them back to the dim past, to the lives and achievements of two absolutely extinct civilizations, and say:

"Here is your repast, feed and grow strong on the immortal beauty and deathless wit of ages ago, for to-day offers you nothing. Fear not because all this body of classical remains is old, or because the genius that gives it eternal life can never again inform a modern race nor speak through living lips. None the less it is the most vital, fresh, young, and sparkling creation of the human brain, and the highest dedication of which youth is capable is to quench its happy thirst from the limpid fountains of Hellas and bathe its strong limbs in the yellow flow of Tiber."

All this claim was solemnly true; there was nothing better, there was even nothing else. Greek poetry and art were, and are, and always will be, as fresh as flowers gathered at dawn with the night-damp still upon their petals. No softest shade of color has faded, nor perfumed exhalation been lost. Matchless in the limpid purity of their artistic impulses, bold with the archaic simplicity of emotions not yet "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," rendered in form of word or marble with a fluent ease never in other time or place distantly approached, what wonder if high classic literature and art became a curriculum.

And because four hundred years ago an Italian youth, having nothing else to study, opened his heart and head to the splendid illumination of classical learning and was conscious of his superiority over the ignorant dolt of his day, therefore, an American professor of a classical subject felt entitled twenty-five years ago to look down upon a teacher of natural science, and by the same quaint sort of logic the Yale academic students excluded "scientifics" from boat and fence.

It was only after an army of classical graduates had vainly tried to equal the practical achievements of men trained in scientific knowledge of laws that underlie and govern a vast number of pursuits and labors of life, that the arrogance of the academic people began to give way to a somewhat dazed consciousness that there really was a prodigious new department of human activity founded upon this inferior and half despised thing—science, and that their whole laborious and solemn ten years of pottering with two dead languages had fitted them to cope with this fresh life about as much as a cup of five o'clock tea would have done.

With this conviction came the sudden growth of the true university spirit, and a consequent breaking of the classical idol; and now the academic faculties are falling back in line with the other co-ordinate parts of their institutions, and struggling like good fellows to keep anywhere near in time with the stalwart stride of science. If the college classicist no longer pretends to be the only educated man, if he has submitted without a murmur to be reduced to the ranks, he still indulges in more or less quiet, modest talk concerning an intellectual polish which is the exclusive privilege of his curriculum, and an aristocracy of "finish." Scientific faculties are content if they can get a man's brains to begin. It is only the classicists who aim to put the epitaph "finished" on a young mind.

In whichever of the three ways we may value classical education—whether for the general good it can do the mind, for a positive working knowledge of two languages, or for that far loftier purpose, the engrafting of classical method and genius so as to make them a living part of the modern spirit and character—in order to achieve anything great, a radical reform in the present American mode of dealing out instruction is needed. That reform is beginning, but only beginning. American professors are learning many good things at the Athens school, and many others from the really advanced home universities, and in time we may fairly hope that American classical scholarship and teaching will be lifted to the level of European vitality and productiveness.

Honestly set forth, the classical claim to usefulness and honor in the field of education would just now sound something in this wise: "We have renounced the old notion that a devotion of ten years to classics is the sole pathway to learning. We admit that an avalanche of materialistic and scientific activity has burst in

upon human progress, overwhelming society, demanding a new race of scholars, and a new mode of particular education. Yet while society has changed in the past fifty years more than in any other five hundred, the native capabilities and qualities of the human mind are unchanged; and we hold firm to the faith of the Renaissance that the old classical curriculum is the only one competent to build the atoms of the brain into an organ of order and beauty, molded upon lines of the noblest models, and embellished with that elegant sense of form and power of precise expression which may only be taken by a sort of studious contagion from long contact with the best work of the Greeks and Romans.

"There is no learning equal in its own qualities of positive value to the classical learning. The higher Greek and Roman poets, orators, statesmen and artists differ in kind from all others, and their kind is the greatest. Mind for mind, theirs was the most symmetrical, the most harmonious, the world has known. Hence the study of this highest order of human genius and of these most finished works of man is not only the surest but the only way to acquire the method of truest thinking and choicest expression.

"Therefore, young men, we invite you to enter in at the classical gate, and we promise to impart to you something of these supreme qualities of mind. You, beyond graduates of other curricula, shall inherit the glorious domain of literature and art, for to you we propose to unveil the genius of grace and beauty, the very soul and spirit of Greek 'music.' You shall know how tragedy is made to cut its lines into the depths of the human heart: you may learn to feel the almost holy subtleties of Greek art. You only can gather intellectual weight from the massive brain of Rome. By degrees your very nature will grow into a fair reproduction of Greek and Roman shape and finish.

"So when you go out into the world of America and undertake to do something, no matter what (for we don't pretend to fit you for anything in particular), you ought at least to succeed in doing it in a quasi-classical mode; your deeds, if intelligently scrutinized, will be seen to have about them a little air of distinction, which the lamented Arnold justly told us was sadly lacking hereabouts. Even if you don't reach such an outward and discernable condition as distinction, within your own soul will abide the private and personal joy that you are of the company of the illumined. There-

after if in active life you sink below the surface of mediocrity and achieve positively nothing, as is, alas, the case with most alumni; if the little classical polish we are able to impart is scratched off by the vulgar attrition of democratic society, and in ten years you forget your Greek alphabet, and the last traces of the aroma of scholarship evaporate from your academic robe, at least you will possess a degree in arts, and that is a treasure you will value even more as time rolls on and you forget how to translate it."

But unfortunately for the young man who accepts this invitation he will soon find that our method of classical training has steadily declined until at last its force is mainly wasted upon analysis. Gradually, instructors have turned from the *art of language* to the *science of grammar*. Hence the only authors whose utterances have found a real and permanent lodgment in the undergraduate mind are those mighty lamps of the grand dark heaven of antiquity, Messrs. Andrews & Stoddard, Harkness, and the other children of Dionysius Thrax. Sophocles and Plato, Horace and Juvenal, are from the American university point of view almost valueless of themselves, but if skillfully used by a clever and practiced tutor they can be made to light up the glories of that laureled hellenist, Albert Harkness, and the rest of the company of compilers.

No art can be taught by analysis. Art is learned only in the doing; and the reason why American classical culture and the literary life that should be the outgrowth of ten years of literary study are so sterile and dry is that the languages are left as dead as they are found. Not only are Greek and Latin dead at the hour of graduation, but painfully soon they are buried and forgotten. When lately it was discovered by an inquisitive member of a New York club of graduates that a Greek motto attached to their polite and erudite institution, how many of the first dozen classical graduates could make head or tail of it, till one, more practical than the rest, dug it quietly out, like a boy of fifteen, by the aid of a lexicon?

Suppose a strange archaic barge should land to-morrow at the Battery, and the morning papers, if they could find room between crime, base-ball, and politics to make the usual modest announcement which they permit themselves concerning literary matters, should say that "one Charon had ferried over the shades of Theocritus and Horace from transstygian fields?" Naturally

some A. M. with keen relish for a practical joke would "put them up" with ten-day cards at that most appropriate of all American houses, the University Club. Yet how many of this company of a thousand alumni, the most of whom devoted the great force of their educational life to the languages of these two eminently clubable gentlemen, would be able to sustain a two-minutes' conversation with either ?

It is hard to imagine two bards more charmingly fit for a bright after-dinner chat, two men whose *savoir vivre* and wit, whose artistic perceptions and easy mastery of social art, should insure them a heartier and more intimate welcome, and crowd the elegant apartments of the Madison avenue illuminati. Yet it is doubtful if two pronounced cases of confluent smallpox would more effectually clear the building of classical graduates; and if a casual country member should accidentally happen in, is it likely he would get much further than to unveil to the strangers the rites of a *cauda galli?* Certain it is that no two-edged sword will ever drive these alumni out of the Eden of Madison Square for having eaten too freely of the tree of classical knowledge.

A free and joyous flow of language, the subtle ceremony of marrying words to ideas so that they forever go hand in hand as one, can no more be taught by grammatical analysis, than the secret of life can be learned among the severed fragments of a dissecting-room.

Imagine a people who all the summer days, by every river bank, along the cool marge of crystal lakes, and wherever sand and sea-coves found each other, were gravely to maintain costly schools of *analytical* swimming, where instructors, year by year, went through the solemn farce of teaching the picked youth of a nation to swim on tables. The command of the academic curriculum to-day is: "plunge not in the cool flood ; float not in the gay ripples of the softly moving ebb ; dive not down into the olive-dark shadows under canopy of river-loving trees ; but solemnly and all together, in divisions and classes, under the eye and according to the will of pedagogues who have never even been ducked, put your young stomachs on the regulation pine-table, wait for the tutor to call your name, then kick ! swim ! struggle ! go through the prescribed motions, till the next victim be signaled." Is there a professor of them all who dares to dream that the Greeks gained their splendid mastery of literature by any such

stultifying process? Pity the poor boys whom custom has compelled to squander the best of their educational life without one plunge into the real waters of classic art!

"Ye shall know them by their fruits," is the Divine test. It is also the only real human test of men and institutions. When the faculty of a university offers to receive a boy of sensitive age and unformed mind and fit him for a high life, we have a right to subject its work to this judgment and calmly and seriously examine the harvest. What fruits are to-day ripening on the tree of American classical culture, red and amber in the sunshine, filled with fresh, lively juices, or perfumed with the rare, delicate aroma that once scented the sunny slopes of Attica; what fruit painted with the dyes that aforetime purpled the vintage of the Roman mind?

To keep within the actualities, what contribution to permanent literature has this nation received from the tens of thousands of men whose youthful force and intellectual freshness and first enthusiasm were sacrificed to this ghastly tread-mill during the past twenty years. Since the war, over fifty thousand youths have been dedicated to literary education, and yet literature can hardly be said to exist in the present young generation; and of the few who strive to burn a lamp still fewer show by the subtlest analysis a chemical trace of that unmistakable classic element which is to art what gold is to coinage.

The university requirements are now for entrance what they were fifty years ago for graduation, and the average age of matriculation is now above eighteen years, the time at which our grandfathers were graduated. In consequence college life is carried on into maturer years than formerly; yet, notwithstanding this, in nearly every American college recitations are maintained. After seventeen a recitation is a stultification. To be forced to stand up before a class division and run the gauntlet of one of those prosecuting attorneys of education, the cross-questioning tutor or professor, whose chief object seems to be to exercise a certain impish acuteness which is the crown and reward of his years of dull drudging, and disgrace a student if he can, is a humiliation that no boy is likely to suffer in after life, unless under criminal indictment. As a mode of teaching the noble arts of language and literature, it would be ludicrous if it were not sad and full of shame.

The most serious manifestation of American letters is undeniably the Boston school of Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and Channing. Their average time of graduation was eighteen; or, to express it otherwise, they escaped before the strangulation process was complete, or, as the dons would say, the "standards" were not then "raised."

Of the modern school of new writers who have grasped their pen since the war, it would be no treason to say that their many charming and pretty successes are certainly free from any classical taint. In fiction, for example, we have Bret Harte, James, Howells, Cable, Aldrich, Egbert Craddock, and Mrs. Burnett, not one of whom suffered the classical curriculum. And among other writers of contemporary American fiction, how many who are masters of art on parchment are really masters on paper? Of the Chesterian and Groverian bards of New York, Stedman escaped from college while yet a sophomore, and Stoddard and Gilder escaped altogether.

The classical curriculum has been vaunted as making the best average all-round cultivated mind, as (whatever may be its failures) stimulating a love and appreciation of the intellectual life, and thus, in a vague general way, justifying its claims to beneficence. It is held that Bachelors and Masters, even if fumbling and clumsy failures in their own proper sphere of *arts*, carry the marks of their superior mental condition into the arenas of the various learned professions; that a lawyer is far better at the bar for his disused Greek and half-forgotten Latin; that a surgeon does his tracheotomy with a certain recognizable sense of finish, because for eight years he was prevented by a bad method from learning two dead languages; that a divine can render the faith more clear and touch the erring human heart more gently for knowing all the rules and most of the exceptions in Greek and Latin grammar. The classicists are welcome to all the comfort they can derive from the modest amount of truth underlying this claim. But the great fact remains that within the field of literary art is the region where we have right and reason to look for the achievements of these Bachelors and Masters of arts made in annual thousands by American colleges. Yet just there we find the most arid and barren desert within the circumference of American life.

Every other profession and each technical department is throb-

bing with real life and is full of men who, with greater or less success, carry out and accomplish the purpose of their special training; who, in other words, make practical use of their education. But where are the writings of these men of special training; where are the results of this attempt through eight or ten years to remold the brain on the classical pattern and infuse that fine and perfect style which in Greek time came from nature and the practice of one's own art, but which now is expected to result from drudgery and analysis of the art of others; where is the evidence of that quick, correct taste which it is the first business of literary culture to implant and nurture, that fresh, discriminating sensitiveness of soul, without which no man is *master*, no, nor the humblest *slave* of *art?*

Genuine love is the only lasting incentive to any art, but that very *love* of letters is the last thing the American drudgemaster succeeds in implanting. Isocrates, who knew what true teaching was and is, had carved in golden letters over the door of his school Ἐὰν ᾖς φιλομαθής, εὖ πολυμαθής. And stout old Roger Ascham, who found the straight road to the teacher's goal, wrote: "In mine opinion the school-house should be, indeed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure and not of fear and bondage." No one, even in irony, calls an American school a *ludus literarius.*

Dull respectability is about as high as the generality of alumni reach in the realm of literary art. And this, in the writer's belief, is because of the curious distortion of classical education from an art pleasure to a peculiarly dry pedantic torture. It is because an education is joyless and grinding and barren, which makes a boy parse instead of feel Æschylus, and scan rather than discern Virgil. Before a slow fire of analysis he has been stuffed with syntax till like a Strasburg goose his poor engorged faculties are beyond recovery. Taken at a sensitive age, he is systematically worried and finally ruined for polite letters or high art.

There can hardly be conceived a greater calamity befalling a young man born with a talent for literature than to have him elaborately and expensively spoiled in an American classical college. Better far that he should be a cowboy, with the Bible and Shakespeare in his saddle-bags, the constellations his tent, the horse his brother, than to have life, originality, and the bounding spirit of youthful imagination stamped out of him

by a competent and conscientious corps of badgering grammarians.

The writer, although an indifferent classic, yields to none in his earnest and respectful devotion to classic letters and arts. They are to him an ever flowing, ever refreshing fountain, whose waters are among the best for quenching the intellectual thirst. It is only the American *method* that he laments and pities.

This astounding over-valuation and over-use of grammatical analysis sharply recalls Alexandria during the Ptolemies, when formal grammar, although not positively a new invention, first rose into prominence, and made a bold push to fill the void in intellectual interest left by the great departed writers. It was a science that seemed to give pleasure to the Sophists, though it never occupied the minds of original thinkers, and belongs to that class of hopelessly second-hand subjects, like the science of war, concerning which conquerors seem to have interested themselves only by way of afterthought. Halleck arose from editing and translating Jomini, but he failed to gather a single laurel leaf when glory was plenty. Grant got up out of a tan-yard and dealt disaster wherever his sword fell. That is the difference between the science and the art of war. The science of war is a very interesting thing in time of peace and is chiefly the privilege of historians.

Alexandria, through its long history from Ptolemy Soter to the days of the Arab conquest, always took scientific views of things. Her record in mathematics, physics, medicine, and astronomy is most creditable. Hers was the day of questionings, not of creations; and beyond scientific achievement her chief distinction was that she took the first great downward steps from more than one summit of human achievement, and retreated shamelessly from the greatest struggles of the human soul. Under her voluptuous, cruel, elegant and witty society, the pure, direct religion of Christ sank into all manner of fantastic exaggeration, and every phase of philosophic trifling, till little was left but that characteristic Alexandrian product, the Theology of the "Fathers." The methods and ideal standards of Greek builders and sculptors and painters, were gradually abandoned for the coquettish and the decorative; but art criticism and prating, and the idle, voluptuous use of art as a narcotic and a stimulant, took the place of high creative impulse.

So in pure literature. Alexandrian life produced no engendering minds, her one figure is Theocritus, who tuned his voice to soft Doric melody while lying in the sun on the thymy slopes of Sicily, getting all the inspiration of his life from man and nature before he became a courtier at the artificial Egyptian capital. The eager students of Alexandria will have difficulty in their efforts to exhume and exhalt Callimachus. Theocritus, the Tennyson of his period (to put the debt between them in the most delicate way), did create the idyl, and a lovely form it is, as Tennyson has again shown us in those brilliant and passionate strains which fell from his lips before he followed the example of his Sicilian prototype, and unsatisfied with being peerless became peer. The gaping centuries of Alexandrian life show only one moderately great poet, but grammarians positively swarmed. Over the dead body of literary art followers of Aristarchus and Crates held a sort of jackal fight, with the normal amount of din and casualties.

Poor Alexandria! she spun the cobwebs of theology across the one window that Christianity had opened for the soul to look unto Heaven, and invented the "Fathers" in place of the Apostles, while in letters she set the pedant on the vacant pedestal of the poet. She had infinite grammar, but no art. Just so, as a result of the pestilent American classical system, which neglects art and exalts grammar, there are countless young Americans who can attack Greek and Latin poetry with military precision, can form in a hollow syntactical square, and successfully receive the determined and bitter charge of attacking tutors; but where is there one whose lips have a single note of response to the melodies of the past; one young writer who has learned to drape the graceful garment of language around the firm body of an idea?

Certainly we cannot conclude that the classical alumni are born dull and barren, for they are drawn from every grade of American life, and from the whole wide range of the continent. Nor is there any crushing uniformity in the structure and make-up of American colleges. There are institutions where the glories of Hellas are unveiled from an Orthodox Congregational point of view, or where classic art may be surveyed across a Hard-Shell Baptist foreground. You may take your Plato under the stern eye of Calvin, or drain the cup of ancient literature beneath the benediction of an exclusive sequence of apostolic succession.

Cheap colleges there are where rusticity and shabbiness will pass unnoticed, or among the sons of plutocrats, with their yachts and drags and squanderings, there is another sort of classical atmosphere to be had at, say, a thousand a month. The choice is certainly wide enough. Yet out of them all not a laureled young brow, not a poet's voice, not a solitary, mortal man with the grace and glory of the classics upon him; not even a Yankee Pindar to "pluck from the peg the Doric lyre" and sing his Ἐπινίκια in honor of a college foot-ball team, returning covered with mud, gore, and glory from a victory of knockdowns and touchdowns, of dash and dislocation.

It is not likely that any attempt to graft the dry cork of a Lafitte bottle on the native American grape-vine would result in a vintage of noble wine; and if you want to graft Greek art on the bright Yankee mind, do not go on decade after decade trying to make dead chips that grammarians have hacked from the tree of Greek life draw sap and grow. As an experiment, try the living, the deathless things; give, for a change, the grace and vitality of the classics.

It is not so with other curricula. Engineers graduated from American schools justify and reflect honor on their instructors. They have hung their Bessemer cobwebs in the upper air and made millions walk dry shod over tide and river. Railways and mines, structures and surveys, attest the steady, magnificent progress of their professional success. Medicine and surgery are daily pushing out into that vacant, unmapped land beyond the verge of human experience and planting lone outposts, which will serve as the base for new discovery. Lawyers can make the scales of justice turn. The clergy are not dumb. It is only graduates in letters who are smitten to a man with the curse of sterility. Will the universities, which are the authors and finishers of this mock culture, kindly inform us of what *arts* their children are master? "*Ars est celare artem.*" It is alas too evident that the particular and only art of which they are masters is the art of concealing every trace of literary power or classical impulse.

Perhaps the sacredly kept silence of the literary graduates is because of their usual curious lack of acquaintance or facility with that fine old form of speech, the English language. The word and thought being, as Max Muller so brilliantly maintains, if he does not prove, one and inseparable, perhaps these masters of

esoteric arts have no thoughts which easily attach to a mere living idiom. Feelings they must have, as young men and Americans. High thoughts and classical impulses they ought to have, as finished products of the alleged highest mind-leading. Perhaps they could if they liked speak the fullness of their hearts in Lesbio-Æolic or later Attic, or some other tongue dead enough for college purposes. What we are waiting for is their Attic wisdom or wit, and we shall be only too glad to welcome it in the particular dialect in which they are least dumb.

Not only have we in America the right to complain that college alumni are living monuments of the crass stupidity of the methods of their classical educators, but we have equally the duty of observing that the classical professors themselves, the very men who stand before our national world as representatives of what they claim to be the loftiest life of the ages, are, with a few delightful exceptions, as silent as oysters. What original work have they done in the years they have occupied American chairs? A few grammars, a handful of translations; most of them mere "ponies," one or two brilliantly good, like Goodwin's Plutarch and the series of Socratic studies from which an accomplished scholar veils her name; some learnedly commented texts; and here and there a lean volume of college lectures or fugitive essays of mild value and not oppressive originality. Almost the whole American contribution to classical culture can be packed in a portmanteau. Why is it that our scholars do not, like Droysen and Couat and Mahaffy or Overbeck, or five hundred other Europeans, shake off the enfeebling pedantry of the class-room and do something? Perhaps their most signal success at the present moment is in the department of biblical exegesis, and exactly what proportion of the really distinguished achievements in this field are due to undergraduate study, and how much to instruction in theological seminaries, only exegesists themselves can decide.

Science is but fifty years old in America, and already the fresh, strong, living, new contributions are searched and used and honored by every specialist in Europe. If the most prejudiced reader is inclined to doubt the fairness of this criticism, let him betake himself to the nearest library and examine the indices of the last fifty volumes of English or continental contributions to classical knowledge, and see how many American names or works are cited, and then let him look over any dozen recent books of

European astronomy, physics, geology, mineralogy, or chemistry, and he will find them alive and bristling with citations, quotations, and discussion of American scientific achievements.

It is not the purpose of this criticism to lay the whole blame of our melancholy failure in literature on the shoulders of academic faculties. Enough justly belongs to them without loading them down with the back-breaking weight of our dull *zeitgeist*.

This is a land of materialism and the age of realism. Even in what there is of literary art, the school of the realists holds absolute sway. In fiction, for example, we are in the detective-camera period, the day of little snap-shots and instantaneous pictures of the petty realities of common social life. Whatever of excellence writers of this modern school possess, comes from the scientific exactness of their observation, and their frank contentment with the actual. Almost to a man, writers of the present American generation work wholly from the practical and realistic point of view. Theirs is a searching, level glance, aimed and fixed upon particulars, which they report and discuss often with extraordinary ability. A thousand years hence all that is well done of this body of realistic literature will be moved from the alcoves of belles lettres, where its form now causes it to be placed, and carried over to the shelves dedicated to scientific sociology. What the realists are practicing is science, not art. As examples of the clever and scientific use of language, however, it must be frankly admitted that they stand eminent. Even on that Boffin's dust-heap, the daily press, where the good and bad of American life are flung side by side among the reeking exhalations of bad morals and shocking taste, lie absolute pearls of literary style, articles which for terseness, cogency, and lucidity cannot be excelled. Criticism would be baffled to point out a blemish in their masterly display of method. It is fine, but it is not classical; it is all nineteenth-century realism, part and parcel of the practical mundane spirit of this age of science and business.

If, instead of practicing their method on human brains, American colleges had all gone down to the Atlantic edge and printed the stamp of their classical idealism on low-tide sands, it could have not been more promptly, more generally, or more eternally effaced.

Many Americans would think it a debatable question whether,

even in the field of art, the tireless curiosity of man does not gain more from realism, where our end of the pendulum-swing indicates the genius of to-day, than from Greek idealism, which marks the maximum deviation at the other extremity of the arc of human thought. But, consider the heroines of realistic fiction for the past thirty years ; all, it is to be assumed, more or less true to the human model. Think of the stunted and petty women and their incredible meanness ; of the primeval, monkey-scale of their average intelligence; remember how few wholesome, sweet, strong women are found in that army of distorted, diseased creatures who march between the covers of English fiction, laden down as they go with all the tragi-comic foibles flesh is heir to, and all the conceivable deviations from noble and normal womanhood ; and then reflect how French realism has flung woman naked in the ditch and left her there scorned of men, and grinning in cynical and shameless levity over her own dishonor. Or, to come nearer home, recall the pretty, brightish, smug little people who are made with inimitable skill to illustrate the sawdust stuffing of middle-class democratic society.

Out of it all is there one figure for weary eyes to linger upon : one type of large and satisfying womanhood ; natural in the rare and ravishing charm of a perfect body ; sweet with the endowment of a warm, quick, sympathetic temperament ; sound and bright in intellect ; pure and spiritual, with a soul in whose pellucid depths fixed stars of the moral heaven reflect themselves, undimmed by mists of earth, untrembling from the jar of modern conflict ? Is there any more womanhood in them all, English, French, and American put together and fused into one, than can be learned in a single hour before that Greek Venus in the Louvre, who is only perfect goddess because she is perfect woman ? Is there not in this one ideal, with her rich femininity, her Doric strength, the calm warmth of her countenance, the supple pose of her vital body, and that irradiating aura of love which enfolds her with its mysterious veil, more of human nature than one can patch together out of all the thousands of photographic portraits of actual, but distorted and incomplete character, that crowd modern fiction ?

Ours is a vulgar, but remarkably active civilization, given over for the most part to the energetic pursuit of personal prosperity and the struggle for material good. Of all ages and all lands this

is the one where for the mind's and soul's sake a brilliant struggle must be made to stem the almost irresistible current of sodden materialism. After that highest of all ideals and idealizing forces, a pure and spiritual religion, there is nothing comparable to the classics for the exaltation of intellectual and artistic standards which forever transcend that crushed, distorted, warped and blasted thing; that sweet, splendid, grotesque, droll, dreadful, thing—the real.

Taught as they might be, learned as they should be, so that not the mechanism of dialects only, but the splendid ideality of antique thought and feeling may become a part of the young nation, the lofty classics of the Greeks and Romans can be made of inestimable value in the creation of American character. Then the university parchment may cease to add irony to ignorance. Then will come some man whom the world will recognize as ARTIUM MAGISTER.

CLARENCE KING.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

THE President's letter of acceptance (so long delayed that it was in danger of being forgotten) has a tinge of melancholy, a shade of sombre sadness. It illustrates most plainly one of the results of that second candidacy, which Mr. Cleveland in full flush of youthful virtue, when he had not been corrupted by the pomp and pride of power, thought so dangerous to the Republic. It lacks ingenuousness and directness. It shows a willingness to obscure by phrases the very issue he himself has helped to raise.

But, fortunately for the country, Mr. Cleveland's beliefs are so strong and his convictions so deeply rooted that he cannot himself disguise them. It is a misfortune to his own fame that he has made the attempt.

To be so unacquainted with the feeling of his countrymen as to undertake a crusade for free trade when there was no occasion therefor; to be so unskillful as to disrupt the party he belonged to and to which alone he owed the distinguished place he occupies among men, might have been a misfortune, but it need not have been a discredit.

To be a free trader, open and avowed, is to be in reputable company, though misguided, small and select. To be a protectionist is to have the support and company of nearly all the great statesmen and nations of the earth.

To be suspended between the two doctrines, between earth and heaven, is to resemble the corpse in Mahomet's coffin, without either its sanctity or its hope of resurrection.

The American people might have felt it their duty to overturn a brave man misguided, but they would have done it with regret and reluctance. In dealing with a man who reiterates all the doctrines of Free Trade and then loses himself in vague asseverations to the contrary, they will feel neither reluctance nor regret, but a calm and peaceful joy. Already the indications are so

plain that we may see the coming day. Oregon, on the Pacific coast, with her varied industries all threatened by what the President calls "the extreme moderation" of Mr. Mills' bill, has given her opinion with a candor and an emphasis which has delighted our friends and silenced our enemies. Vermont, the majorities of which seemed already so great that they could not be increased without bereaving the state of a due quota of Democratic federal officials, has given her views of free raw material in figures that cannot be disputed. Maine (for whose election the very letter we are discussing was specially reserved) replied in such fashion that all the explanatory ingenuity of the Democratic press proper, and of the independent press, called so because that is not its name, has wasted itself thereon so vainly that the explanations after the election are as unconvincing as the money spent before.

The President thinks that his purposes and objects have been misrepresented, and evidently fears lest the people should be misled. He need give himself no uneasiness upon these points. He is going to be completely understood, and the purposes of himself and his friends perfectly comprehended. The eyes of sixty million people see all that can be seen in their day and generation, and the wisdom of the many will always be found sufficient for a crisis like this. In order to assist in this understanding and comprehension, we must analyze a little this new declaration of the President's faith. After a suitable and reverential recognition of his own feelings as President, which is a condensation of that spontaneous and multitudinous tribute to the personal pronoun of the first person in all its forms which he orally addressed to the Hon. Patrick Collins, at the White House, when the news of his nomination first reached him, he proceeds to develop the principles, the name of which he takes so much pains afterward to deny. These principles are universally recognized by every one but their distinguished author as the principles on which Great Britain has desired since 1840 to conduct the business of the outside world. They are not positive in their form, but negative. They do not declare on one side but negative the other. They so state "tariff taxation and its effects" as to render protection impossible for any one who honestly believes them. Free trade, so far as it concerns our people, is an opinion, not a phrase. It is a doctrine, not a name. It is a

method of doing business, not a catch word. If the President were as eager to eschew the doctrine as he is to avoid the name, he might have spared us one whole message and more than three-quarters of his letter of acceptance.

Let any man ask himself: What is the severest accusation which any political economist has brought against Protection? What sums up all the supposed disadvantages of that system? There can be nothing stronger than the declaration that the consumer pays the tariff tax precisely, and that the purchaser of domestic protected goods pays a price for such goods enhanced by nearly or quite the like sum. No free trader can be brought forward who can make any stronger statement of his case, and yet this is exactly the statement which the President makes in his Message, and re-echoes somewhat less pointedly in his letter. That this may not rest on my assertion, let the President's own words speak for him. In the Message he says, speaking of tariff laws:

"These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty, by precisely the sum paid for such duties."

and later,

"Those who buy imports pay the duty charged thereon into the public treasury, but the great majority of our citizens, who buy domestic articles of the same class, pay a sum at least approximately equal to this duty to the home manufacturer."

In the letter he spreads it out more thinly, as follows:

"I suppose it is needless to explain that all these duties and assessments are added to the price of the articles upon which they are levied, and thus become a tax upon all those who buy these articles for use and consumption. I suppose, too, it is well understood that the effect of this tariff taxation is not limited to the consumers of imported articles, but that the duties imposed upon such articles permit a corresponding increase in prices to be laid upon domestic productions of the same kind, which increase, paid by all our people and consumers of home productions, and entering every American home, constitutes a form of taxation as certain and inevitable as though the amount was annually paid into the hand of the tax-gatherer."

Now what do these assertions thus reiterated mean? What is the practical import of them, and what is and must be the effect of them on the business of the country if they be true? It is not needful for me to answer these questions, for Judge Thurman has

replied to them under the inspiration of the Canadian air wafted over the border at Port Huron with far more vigor than he exhibited farther east. Judge Thurman declares that, under protection, for every dollar that goes into the treasury of the United States five dollars go into the pockets of the bloated manufacturers, and, broadening his calculations, further declares that one thousand millions of dollars every year are garnered in by the same reprehensible persons. If the candidate for the Presidency believes what the candidate for the Vice-Presidency says, and Mr. Cleveland's principles buttress and support Judge Thurman's words, why does Mr. Cleveland claim he has been misrepresented? If protection, for every dollar it puts into the Treasury takes five other unnecessary dollars out of the pockets of the people, and if the whole sum taken uselessly out of all the people is one thousand millions of dollars every year, what excuse has Mr. Cleveland to offer for not being against protection? If he believes in the principles he enunciates how can he justify himself in not "entering upon a crusade of free trade"?

When Mr. Cleveland gets himself into that "quiet calm which follows a complete and solemn self-consecration by the people's chosen President of every faculty and endeavor to the service of a confiding and generous nation of freemen," and finds by Judge Thurman's speech that that "confiding and generous nation of freemen" are yearly robbed of one thousand millions of dollars, and finds that Judge Thurman's speech has the sanction of his own message, will he not rouse himself even from that blissful "calm," and try to rescue this "nation of freemen" thus "generous" and "confiding" from a system so baleful? Surely it cannot be that the President, whose moral tone is so high on Civil Service Reform that even after performance has failed to follow proclamation he still commands the fealty of Mr. George William Curtis, can be refusing to fling to the breeze his true colors because they are unpopular? Alas! it is to be feared that the fine gold has been dimmed of that President who at the outset of his swinging march toward "reform" would not encumber himself with even the hope of a second term lest he should in aught be tempted to make unto himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

The surplus, it will be seen, still plays a considerable part in the

letter; by which I mean that it uses up a great many words. Nevertheless you will notice that it is not now occupying the public mind. Last year at this time all the world was stirred by it. If any one complains that the administration has not this year made as skillful a use of it as last year he must bear in mind that the question of manœuvring the surplus is now more difficult. You can have conscientious scruples against buying bonds under a plain law even to the extent of risking a panic during an off year, but it would be worse than dangerous to have them a Presidential year. Hence, under precisely the same law, the administration last year bought bonds only when driven to it, and this year bids the money market be of good cheer at whatever price the bonds may rule. This, of course, is only right. It is also natural. For the Democratic party, now in power, having neglected to pass such a refunding act as would have made all the bonds payable at government option, having failed to repeal the tobacco tax and such other taxes as all would have consented to, having, in a word, staked its whole endeavor on the attack on the tariff, its administration would not care to add the money centres to its list of enemies, already inconveniently large. This is wise action, and would seem to show that a desire for re-election is at least useful in dissipating such Presidential scruples as have proved to be unfounded and disastrous to the country.

Perhaps if there be one thing in this campaign more deceptive than any other, it is the cry for free raw material. Coupled with that other delusion, "the markets of the world," it completes the circuit of Presidential thought. Free raw material is now and always has been the stock argument in any "crusade of free trade." It was the precursor and attendant of Robert J. Walker's period, and has always been in the mouths of all opponents of the existing system. It is a very taking argument so long as it rests in generalities. Surely it must be wise to admit free the substances which human labor fashions into the shapes and forms which contribute to our comfort and to the luxury of contented living. Such a freedom of import can hurt no one, and must greatly stimulate the employment of human beings. The fallacy of all this lies in the double meaning of the term "raw material." When we are indulging the day dream that we shall employ all our workmen and fill up with our surplus products the imaginary markets of the world, which are supposed to

be awaiting us with an enthusiasm as open-mouthed as the big fish waiting for Jonah, free raw material must mean something or other on which human labor has not yet been bestowed. When we turn ourselves from messages and letters of acceptance and stump oratory generally, and begin to make laws, we find there is no such thing on earth as raw material in that sense—no such thing except the earth itself as substances on which no labor has been bestowed. The "raw material" of one man is the finished product of the other, and while it may not yet be ready for human wear and use, it has yet had the labor bestowed which was as absolutely essential to its final destiny as the finishing polish which makes it comely and attractive to the buyer. On products of America, where will you draw the line? Will you say to the yarn maker, we will sacrifice you and your product; we will discharge your workmen and shut up your shop in order that we may enable the cloth and fabric maker to hire more men and go forth to capture the markets of the world? What would be the gain to the yarn maker, and what to the country? If you tell me that you mean wool and lumber, cheap clothing and cheap homes, my reply is twofold. You and your party have always proclaimed that Protection was an individual benefit to whoever made or raised a protected article. How can you justify, in your search for cheap clothing and cheap homes, the individual benefit you give manufacturers and which you refuse to the lumbermen and the farmers?

What argument can you urge against taxed wools that you cannot urge against taxed woolens? Does not the consumer ultimately use them both? My other reply, as to wool, is that your orators, headed by Mr. Springer—*facile princeps*—are just now soothing the farmers by statistical proof that wool will be dearer, and your Ottawa Consul, Mr. Hotchkiss, in a letter which Mr. Bayard has not hastened to publish, has just proved that Canadian pine lumber will be raised in price until it equals the price now paid for American lumber, and cheap homes for our people vanish into the Canadian treasury. For he makes it very clear that the Canadian pine lumber cuts no figure in fixing the American price, and that the raising of the sum which has to be then paid to the government for the right to cut will be as certain as the needs of the Dominion Treasury; what we take off they are sure to put on, what is pushed out

of our treasury is pushed into theirs. We lose one million dollars paid by the Canadians and their government gains it, yet the "people's chosen President," in a state of "complete and solemn self-consecration of every faculty and endeavor to the service of a confiding and generous nation of freemen," seven months after one of his own officers shows him this truth, and he knows it, piles up words about the grievous and intolerable burdens of taxation of our nation, "confiding and generous" as aforesaid, and talks about "the extreme moderation" of Mr. Mills' bill, which lifts this particular taxation not from us but from the Canadians.

"Extreme moderation"! If the throwing away of one million dollars, the passing of that large sum from our treasury into the treasury of Canada be "the extreme moderation" of "the first step in the right direction," how long will it be before the statesmanship of revenue reform pays more than our fair share of the expenses of the Dominion government? Sir Charles Tupper can already reckon on items amounting to one million eight hundred thousand dollars, and publicly and complacently claims that sum as one of the trophies of diplomacy. When we add to this the fact that every increase of Canadian lumber imports takes just so much from the opportunities of labor among ourselves and causes a proportionate loss in dollars transferred from our treasury to theirs, no one can doubt that this is carrying the doctrine of free raw materials far beyond the hopes even of believers.

No better test can be given of the delusiveness of this craze than the question asked Mr. Mills in Connecticut to which he made the reply which has become historic. If free raw materials will enable us to conquer the markets of the world, why have we not done it in the article of cotton goods; for we not only have the materials free but on the spot. And yet we supply the markets of the world with less than fifteen million dollars' worth of cotton goods, while England exports more than three hundred million dollars' worth. We can compete only in coarse goods which require the minimum of human labor. So slight is the labor proportion that it is made up by the advantage we have in growing our material here. Some cotton goods exported from my own district enjoy an Eastern market simply because they maintain their excellence while the English haste in "the career of cheap and nasty" has made their goods a by-word among even the heathen.

No wonder that Mr. Mills after keeping the three balls of "free raw materials," "markets of the world" and "labor cost" deftly in the air for a whole evening lost his temper when he found all three come rattling about his head when the cotton question was asked him. It is a misfortune that there should be any doubt as to his reply. The one originally attributed to him had a wild, southwestern beauty. The rectified one indicated a sad yielding to the softness of Eastern civilization.

Of course the President has the usual discourse upon "trusts." It is the natural complement of the rest of the letter. Doubtless when we get out of the smoke of political battle we shall find out definitely what evils there are in "trusts" and remedy them. Meantime the public mind ought not to be misled by mere outcry, and ought to know where the blame of non-action rests, if it rests anywhere outside the inherent difficulties of the case itself. When the present session of Congress was begun a section or sort of flying squadron of the majority of Ways and Means was made part of the Committee on Manufactures, and was set to work to elaborate this new weapon from which they promise themselves so much in their warfare against the tariff.

Whoever will examine the President's language with care will see how utterly vague and unsatisfying that language is, and be prepared to ask him the question why his friends in the House of Representatives have not acted with promptitude and vigor. They alone possess the power and the jurisdiction of this question, and they alone are laggard. They alone have the initiative and have failed to move. Only the other day did Mr. Cain, of Texas, enumerate the many bills to suppress "trusts" already before the committees controlled by the President's friends, on none of which had action been taken. He even wished to add to the farce of the situation by endowing still another committee with power.

If the party in power in the House had seen fit, they have all along had the right (and have alone had the privilege) of presenting and proposing such legislation as they deemed fitting to carry out their views. But they "care for none of these things." To their minds, as to the President's, only one cure is possible for any of the evils of this world, and that is reduction of the tariff. The surplus might have ceased to be an evil by the payment of our debts, but presidential scruples prevented. Legislation might

easily have been had on trusts; but the President—and his friends—have had no real use for either surplus or trusts, except as against the tariff.

If this mania continues for exhibiting revenue reform as a panacea for all that goes awry in the Republic, the President will soon be reluctant to use any other remedy against the yellow fever.

There is one expression in the candidate's letter which deserves our hearty sympathy. "While we cannot avoid," he says, "partisan misrepresentation, our position upon the question of revenue reform should be so plainly stated as to admit of no misunderstanding."

That is absolutely desirable, and this article is a contribution to the great work of helping the candidate to avoid "misrepresentation" and to render "misunderstanding" impossible.

Lest, however, anything here said be set down to partisanship or attributed to political opposition, the testimony should be quoted of a devoted admirer of Mr. Cleveland, a devout and sonorous supporter of his ideas. Mr. Henry George cannot be accused of malice or of spite or of any desire to injure the fair fame or future prospects of his leader. Yet, singularly enough, his views of the letter agree with those presented in this article, except that they are more vigorous and epigramatic in expression and more pointed in application:

"Free Trade Democrats and Democrats unreleased from the superstitions of protection can find in the Letter what suits their relative intellectual development—the argument for the one, *some phrases for the other.*"

It was always thus; whenever, in the tents of the Philistines, were corn and oil, the Southern Free Trade Democrat always had the nutriment and the Northern Protectionist Democrat the husks and scum.

THOMAS B. REED.

ROME, OR REASON?

A REPLY TO CARDINAL MANNING.

Superstition "has ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision."

PART I.

CARDINAL MANNING has stated the claims of the Roman Catholic Church with great clearness, and apparently without reserve. The age, position and learning of this man give a certain weight to his words, apart from their worth. He represents the oldest of the Christian churches. The questions involved are among the most important that can engage the human mind. No one having the slightest regard for that superb thing known as intellectual honesty, will avoid the issues tendered, or seek in any way to gain a victory over truth.

Without candor, discussion, in the highest sense, is impossible. All have the same interest, whether they know it or not, in the establishment of facts. All have the same to gain, the same to lose. He loads the dice against himself who scores a point against the right.

Absolute honesty is to the intellectual perception what light is to the eyes. Prejudice and passion cloud the mind. In each disputant should be blended the advocate and judge.

In this spirit, having in view only the ascertainment of the truth, let us examine the arguments, or rather the statements and conclusions, of Cardinal Manning.

The proposition is that "The Church itself, by its marvelous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, is a vast and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own divine legation."

The reasons given as supporting this proposition, are:

That the Catholic Church interpenetrates all the nations

of the civilized world; that it is extranational and independent in a supernational unity; that it is the same in every place; that it speaks all languages in the civilized world; that it is obedient to one head; that as many as seven hundred bishops have knelt before the pope; that pilgrims from all nations have brought gifts to Rome, and that all these things set forth in the most self-evident way the unity and universality of the Roman Church.

It is also asserted that "men see the Head of the Church year by year speaking to the nations of the world, treating with Empires, Republics and Governments;" that "there is no other man on earth that can so bear himself," and that "neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople can such a voice go forth to which rulers and people listen."

It is also claimed that the Catholic Church has enlightened and purified the world; that it has given us the peace and purity of domestic life; that it has destroyed idolatry and demonology; that it gave us a body of law from a higher source than man; that it has produced the civilization of Christendom; that the popes were the greatest of statesmen and rulers; that celibacy is better than marriage, and that the revolutions and reformations of the last three hundred years have been destructive and calamitous.

We will examine these assertions as well as some others.

No one will dispute that the Catholic Church is the best witness of its own existence. The same is true of every thing that exists—of every church, great and small, of every man, and of every insect.

But it is contended that the marvelous growth or propagation of the Church is evidence of its divine origin. Can it be said that success is supernatural? All success in this world is relative. Majorities are not necessarily right. If anything is known—if anything can be known—we are sure that very large bodies of men have frequently been wrong. We believe in what is called the progress of mankind. Progress, for the most part, consists in finding new truths and getting rid of old errors—that is to say, getting nearer and nearer in harmony with the facts of nature, seeing with greater clearness the conditions of well-being.

There is no nation in which a majority leads the way. In the progress of mankind, the few have been the nearest right. There have been centuries in which the light seemed to emanate only from a handful of men, while the rest of the world was enveloped

in darkness. Some great man leads the way—he becomes the morning star, the prophet of a coming day. Afterwards, many millions accept his views. But there are still heights above and beyond; there are other pioneers, and the old day, in comparison with the new, becomes a night. So, we cannot say that success demonstrates either divine origin or supernatural aid.

We know, if we know anything, that wisdom has often been trampled beneath the feet of the multitude. We know that the torch of science has been blown out by the breath of the hydra-headed. We know that the whole intellectual heaven has been darkened again and again. The truth or falsity of a proposition cannot be determined by ascertaining the number of those who assert, or of those who deny.

If the marvelous propagation of the Catholic Church proves its divine origin, what shall we say of the marvelous propagation of Mohammedanism?

Nothing can be clearer than that Christianity arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire—that is to say, the ruins of Paganism. And it is equally clear that Mohammedanism arose out of the wreck and ruin of Catholicism.

After Mohammed came upon the stage, "Christianity was forever expelled from its most glorious seats—from Palestine, the scene of its most sacred recollections; from Asia Minor, that of its first churches; from Egypt, whence issued the great doctrine of Trinitarian Orthodoxy, and from Carthage, who imposed her belief on Europe." Before that time "the ecclesiastical chiefs of Rome, of Constantinople, and of Alexandria were engaged in a desperate struggle for supremacy, carrying out their purposes by weapons and in ways revolting to the conscience of man. Bishops were concerned in assassinations, poisonings, adulteries, blindings, riots, treasons, civil war. Patriarchs and primates were excommunicating and anathematizing one another in their rivalries for earthly power—bribing eunuchs with gold and courtesans and royal females with concessions of episcopal love. Among legions of monks who carried terror into the imperial armies and riot into the great cities arose hideous clamors for theological dogmas, but never a voice for intellectual liberty or the outraged rights of man.

"Under these circumstances, amid these atrocities and crimes, Mohammed arose, and raised his own nation from Fetichism, the

adoration of the meteoric stone, and from the basest idol worship, and irrevocably wrenched from Christianity more than half—and that by far the best half—of her possessions, since it included the Holy Land, the birth-place of the Christian faith, and Africa, which had imparted to it its Latin form; and now, after a lapse of more than a thousand years that continent, and a very large part of Asia, remain permanently attached to the Arabian doctrine."

It may be interesting in this connection to say that the Mohammedan now proves the divine mission of his Apostle by appealing to the marvelous propagation of the faith. If the argument is good in the mouth of a Catholic, is it not good in the mouth of a Moslem? Let us see if it is not better.

According to Cardinal Manning, the Catholic Church triumphed only over the institutions of men—triumphed only over religions that had been established by men,—by wicked and ignorant men. But Mohammed triumphed not only over the religions of men, but over the religion of God. This ignorant driver of camels, this poor, unknown, unlettered boy, unassisted by God, unenlightened by supernatural means, drove the armies of the true cross before him as the winter's storm drives withered leaves. At his name, priests, bishops and cardinals fled with white faces—popes trembled, and the armies of God, fighting for the true faith, were conquered on a thousand fields.

If the success of a church proves its divinity, and after that another church arises and defeats the first, what does that prove?

Let us put this question in a milder form: Suppose the second church lives and flourishes in spite of the first, what does that prove?

As a matter of fact, however, no church rises with everything against it. Something is favorable to it, or it could not exist. If it succeeds and grows, it is absolutely certain that the conditions are favorable. If it spreads rapidly, it simply shows that the conditions are exceedingly favorable, and that the forces in opposition are weak and easily overcome.

Here, in my own country, within a few years, has arisen a new religion. Its foundations were laid in an intelligent community, having had the advantages of what is known as modern civilization. Yet this new faith—founded on the grossest absurd-

ities, as gross as we find in the Scriptures—in spite of all opposition began to grow, and kept growing. It was subjected to persecution, and the persecution increased its strength. It was driven from State to State by the believers in universal love, until it left what was called civilization, crossed the wide plains, and took up its abode on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. It continued to grow. Its founder, as he declared, had frequent conversations with God, and received directions from that source. Hundreds of miracles were performed—multitudes upon the desert were miraculously fed—the sick were cured—the dead were raised, and the Mormon Church continued to grow, until now, less than half a century after the death of its founder, there are several hundred thousand believers in the new faith.

Do you think that men enough could join this church to prove the truth of its creed?

Joseph Smith said that he found certain golden plates that had been buried for many generations, and upon these plates, in some unknown language, had been engraved this new revelation, and I think he insisted that by the use of miraculous mirrors this language was translated. If there should be Mormon bishops in all the countries of the world, eighteen hundred years from now, do you think a cardinal of that faith could prove the truth of the golden plates simply by the fact that the faith had spread and that seven hundred bishops had knelt before the head of that church?

It seems to me that a "supernatural" religion—that is to say, a religion that is claimed to have been divinely founded and to be authenticated by miracle, is much easier to establish among an ignorant people than any other—and the more ignorant the people, the easier such a religion could be established. The reason for this is plain. All ignorant tribes, all savage men, believe in the miraculous, in the supernatural. The conception of uniformity, of what may be called the eternal consistency of nature, is an idea far above their comprehension. They are forced to think in accordance with their minds, and as a consequence they account for all phenomena by the acts of superior beings—that is to say, by the supernatural. In other words, that religion having most in common with the savage, having most that was satisfactory to his mind, or to his lack of mind, would stand the best chance of success.

It is probably safe to say that at one time, or during one phase

of the development of man, everything was miraculous. After a time, the mind slowly developing, certain phenomena, always happening under like conditions, were called "natural," and none suspected any special interference. The domain of the miraculous grew less and less—the domain of the natural larger; that is to say, the common became the natural, but the uncommon was still regarded as the miraculous. The rising and setting of the sun ceased to excite the wonder of mankind—there was no miracle about that; but an eclipse of the sun was miraculous. Men did not then know that eclipses are periodical, that they happen with the same certainty that the sun rises. It took many observations through many generations to arrive at this conclusion. Ordinary rains became "natural," floods remained "miraculous."

But it can all be summed up in this: The average man regards the common as natural, the uncommon as supernatural. The educated man—and by that I mean the developed man—is satisfied that all phenomena are natural, and that the supernatural does not and can not exist.

As a rule, an individual is egotistic in the proportion that he lacks intelligence. The same is true of nations and races. The barbarian is egotistic enough to suppose that an Infinite Being is constantly doing something, or failing to do something, on his account. But as man rises in the scale of civilization, as he becomes really great, he comes to the conclusion that nothing in Nature happens on his account—that he is hardly great enough to disturb the motions of the planets.

Let us make an application of this: To me, the success of Mormonism is no evidence of its truth, because it has succeeded only with the superstitious. It has been recruited from communities brutalized by other forms of superstition. To me, the success of Mohammed does not tend to show that he was right—for the reason that he triumphed only over the ignorant, over the superstitious. The same is true of the Catholic Church. Its seeds were planted in darkness. It was accepted by the credulous, by men incapable of reasoning upon such questions. It did not, it has not, it can not triumph over the intellectual world. To count its many millions does not tend to prove the truth of its creed. On the contrary, a creed that delights the credulous gives evidence against itself.

Questions of fact or philosophy cannot be settled simply by numbers. There was a time when the Copernican system of astronomy had but few supporters—the multitude being on the other side. There was a time when the rotation of the earth was not believed by the majority.

Let us press this idea further. There was a time when Christianity was not in the majority, anywhere. Let us suppose that the first Christian missionary had met a prelate of the Pagan faith, and suppose this prelate had used against the Christian missionary the Cardinal's argument—how could the missionary have answered if the Cardinal's argument is good ?

But, after all, is the success of the Catholic Church a marvel? If this Church is of divine origin, if it has been under the especial care, protection and guidance of an Infinite Being, is not its failure far more wonderful than its success? For eighteen centuries it has persecuted and preached, and the salvation of the world is still remote. This is the result, and it may be asked whether it is worth while to try to convert the world to Catholicism.

Are Catholics better than Protestants? Are they nearer honest, nearer just, more charitable? Are Catholic nations better than Protestant? Do the Catholic nations move in the van of progress? Within their jurisdiction are life, liberty and property safer than anywhere else? Is Spain the first nation of the world ?

Let me ask another question : Are Catholics or Protestants better than Freethinkers ? Has the Catholic Church produced a greater man than Humboldt ? Has the Protestant produced a greater than Darwin ? Was not Emerson, so far as purity of life is concerned, the equal of any true believer ? Was Pius IX., or any other Vicar of Christ, superior to Abraham Lincoln ?

But it is claimed that the Catholic Church is universal, and that its universality demonstrates its divine origin.

According to the bible, the Apostles were ordered to go into all the world and preach the gospel—yet not one of them, nor one of their converts at any time, nor one of the Vicars of God, for fifteen hundred years afterward, knew of the existence of the Western Hemisphere. During all that time, can it be said that the Catholic Church was universal ? At the close of the fifteenth century, there was one-half of the world in which the Catholic faith had never been preached, and in the

other half not one person in ten had ever heard of it, and of those who had heard of it, not one in ten believed it. Certainly the Catholic Church was not then universal.

Is it universal now? What impression has Catholicism made upon the many millions of China, of Japan, of India, of Africa? Can it truthfully be said that the Catholic Church is now universal? When any church becomes universal, it will be the only church. There cannot be two universal churches, neither can there be one universal church and any other.

The Cardinal next tries to prove that the Catholic Church is divine, "by its eminent sanctity and its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things."

And here let me admit that there are many millions of good Catholics—that is, of good men and women who are Catholics. It is unnecessary to charge universal dishonesty or hypocrisy, for the reason that this would be only a kind of personality. Many thousands of heroes have died in defense of the faith, and millions of Catholics have killed and been killed for the sake of their religion.

And here it may be well enough to say that martyrdom does not even tend to prove the truth of a religion. The man who dies in flames, standing by what he believes to be true, establishes, not the truth of what he believes, but his sincerity.

Without calling in question the intentions of the Catholic Church, we can ascertain whether it has been "inexhaustibly fruitful in all good things," and whether it has been "eminent for its sanctity."

In the first place, nothing can be better than goodness. Nothing is more sacred, or can be more sacred, than the well-being of man. All things that tend to increase or preserve the happiness of the human race are good—that is to say, they are sacred. All things that tend to the destruction of man's well-being, that tend to his unhappiness, are bad, no matter by whom they are taught or done.

It is perfectly certain that the Catholic Church has taught, and still teaches, that intellectual liberty is dangerous—that it should not be allowed. It was driven to take this position because it had taken another. It taught, and still teaches, that a certain belief is necessary to salvation. It has always known that investigation and inquiry led, or might lead, to doubt; that doubt leads,

or may lead, to heresy, and that heresy leads to hell. In other words, the Catholic Church has something more important than this world, more important than the well-being of man here. It regards this life as an opportunity for joining that Church, for accepting that creed, and for the saving of your soul.

If the Catholic Church is right in its premises, it is right in its conclusion. If it is necessary to believe the Catholic creed in order to obtain eternal joy, then, of course, nothing else in this world is, comparatively speaking, of the slightest importance. Consequently, the Catholic Church has been, and still is, the enemy of intellectual freedom, of investigation, of inquiry—in other words, the enemy of progress in secular things.

The result of this was an effort to compel all men to accept the belief necessary to salvation. This effort naturally divided itself into persuasion and persecution.

It will be admitted that the good man is kind, merciful, charitable, forgiving and just. A church must be judged by the same standard. Has the Church been merciful? Has it been "fruitful in the good things" of justice, charity and forgiveness? Can a good man, believing a good doctrine, persecute for opinion's sake? If the Church imprisons a man for the expression of an honest opinion, is it not certain, either that the doctrine of the Church is wrong, or that the Church is bad? Both cannot be good. "Sanctity" without goodness is impossible. Thousands of "saints" have been the most malicious of the human race. If the history of the world proves anything, it proves that the Catholic Church was for many centuries the most merciless institution that ever existed among men. I cannot believe that the instruments of persecution were made and used by the eminently good; neither can I believe that honest people were imprisoned, tortured, and burned at the stake by a Church that was "inexhaustibly fruitful in all good things."

And let me say here that I have no Protestant prejudices against Catholicism, and have no Catholic prejudices against Protestantism. I regard all religions either without prejudice or with the same prejudice. They were all, according to my belief, devised by men, and all have for a foundation ignorance of this world and fear of the next. All the Gods have been made by men. They are all equally powerful and equally useless. I like some of them better than I do others,

for the same reason that I admire some characters in fiction more than I do others. I prefer Miranda to Caliban, but have not the slightest idea that either of them existed. So I prefer Jupiter to Jehovah, although perfectly satisfied that both are myths. I believe myself to be in a frame of mind to justly and fairly consider the claims of different religions, believing as I do that all are wrong, and admitting as I do that there is some good in all.

When one speaks of the "inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things" of the Catholic Church, we remember the horrors and atrocities of the Inquisition—the rewards offered by the Roman Church for the capture and murder of honest men. We remember the Dominican Order, the members of which, upheld by the Vicar of Christ, pursued the heretics like sleuth hounds, through many centuries.

The Church, "inexhaustible in fruitfulness in all good things," not only imprisoned and branded and burned the living, but violated the dead. It robbed graves, to the end that it might convict corpses of heresy—to the end that it might take from widows their portions and from orphans their patrimony.

We remember the millions in the darkness of dungeons—the millions who perished by the sword—the vast multitudes destroyed in flames—those who were flayed alive—those who were blinded—those whose tongues were cut out—those into whose ears were poured molten lead—those whose eyes were deprived of their lids—those who were tortured and tormented in every way by which pain could be inflicted and human nature overcome.

And we remember, too, the exultant cry of the Church over the bodies of her victims: "Their bodies were burned here, but their souls are now tortured in hell."

We remember that the Church, by treachery, bribery, perjury, and the commission of every possible crime, got possession and control of Christendom, and we know the use that was made of this power—that it was used to brutalize, degrade, stupefy, and "sanctify" the children of men. We know also that the Vicars of Christ were persecutors for opinion's sake—that they sought to destroy the liberty of thought through fear—that they endeavored to make every brain a Bastile in which the mind should be a convict—that they endeavored to make every tongue a prisoner, watched by a familiar of the Inquisition

—and that they threatened punishment here, imprisonment here, burnings here, and, in the name of their God, eternal imprisonment and eternal burnings hereafter.

We know, too, that the Catholic Church was, during all the years of its power, the enemy of every science. It preferred magic to medicine, relics to remedies, priests to physicians. It thought more of astrologers than of astronomers. It hated geologists—it persecuted the chemist, and imprisoned the naturalist, and opposed every discovery calculated to improve the condition of mankind.

It is impossible to forget the persecutions of the Cathari, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Hussites, the Huguenots, and of every sect that had the courage to think just a little for itself. Think of a woman—the mother of a family—taken from her children and burned, on account of her view as to the three natures of Jesus Christ. Think of the Catholic Church,—an institution with a Divine Founder, presided over by the agent of God—punishing a woman for giving a cup of cold water to a fellow being who had been anathematized. Think of this Church, "fruitful in all good things," launching its curse at an honest man—not only cursing him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet with a fiendish particularity, but having at the same time the impudence to call on God, and the Holy Ghost, and Jesus Christ, and the Virgin Mary, to join in the curse; and to curse him not only here, but forever hereafter—calling upon all the saints and upon all the redeemed to join in a hallelujah of curses, so that earth and heaven should reverberate with countless curses launched at a human being simply for having expressed an honest thought.

This Church, so "fruitful in all good things," invented crimes that it might punish. This Church tried men for a "suspicion of heresy"—imprisoned them for the vice of being suspected—stripped them of all they had on earth and allowed them to rot in dungeons, because they were guilty of the crime of having been suspected. This was a part of the Canon Law.

It is too late to talk about the "invincible stability" of the Catholic Church.

It was not invincible in the Seventh, in the Eighth, or in the Ninth centuries. It was not invincible in Germany in Luther's day. It was not invincible in the Low Countries. It was not

invincible in Scotland, or in England. It was not invincible in France. It is not invincible in Italy. It is not supreme in any intellectual centre of the world. It does not triumph in Paris, or Berlin; it is not dominant in London, in England; neither is it triumphant in the United States. It has not within its fold the philosophers, the statesmen, and the thinkers, who are the leaders of the human race.

It is claimed that Catholicism "interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world," and that "in some it holds the whole nation in its unity."

I suppose the Catholic Church is more powerful in Spain than in any other nation. The history of this nation demonstrates the result of Catholic supremacy, the result of an acknowledgment by a people that a certain religion is too sacred to be examined.

Without attempting in an article of this character to point out the many causes that contributed to the adoption of Catholicism by the Spanish people, it is enough to say that Spain, of all nations, has been and is the most thoroughly Catholic, and the most thoroughly interpenetrated and dominated by the spirit of the Church of Rome.

Spain used the sword of the Church. In the name of religion it endeavored to conquer the Infidel world. It drove from its territory the Moors, not because they were bad, not because they were idle and dishonest, but because they were Infidels. It expelled the Jews, not because they were ignorant or vicious, but because they were unbelievers. It drove out the Moriscoes, and deliberately made outcasts of the intelligent, the industrious, the honest and the useful, because they were not Catholics. It leaped like a wild beast upon the Low Countries, for the destruction of Protestantism. It covered the seas with its fleets, to destroy the intellectual liberty of man. And not only so—it established the Inquisition within its borders. It imprisoned the honest, it burned the noble, and succeeded after many years of devotion to the true faith, in destroying the industry, the intelligence, the usefulness, the genius, the nobility and the wealth of a nation. It became a wreck, a jest of the conquered, and excited the pity of its former victims.

In this period of degradation, the Catholic Church held "the whole nation in its unity."

At last Spain began to deviate from the path of the Church.

It made a treaty with an Infidel power. In 1782 it became humble enough, and wise enough, to be friends with Turkey. It made treaties with Tripoli and Algiers and the Barbary States. It had become too poor to ransom the prisoners taken by these powers. It began to appreciate the fact that it could neither conquer nor convert the world by the sword.

Spain has progressed in the arts and sciences, in all that tends to enrich and ennoble a nation, in the precise proportion that she has lost faith in the Catholic Church. This may be said of every other nation in Christendom. Torquemada is dead; Castelar is alive. The dungeons of the Inquisition are empty, and a little light has penetrated the clouds and mists—not much, but a little. Spain is not yet clothed and in her right mind. A few years ago the cholera visited Madrid and other cities. Physicians were mobbed. Processions of saints carried the host through the streets for the purpose of staying the plague. The streets were not cleaned; the sewers were filled. Filth and faith, old partners, reigned supreme. The Church, "eminent for its sanctity," stood in the light and cast its shadow on the ignorant and the prostrate. The Church, in its "inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things," allowed its children to perish through ignorance, and used the diseases it had produced as an instrumentality to further enslave its votaries and its victims.

No one will deny that many of its priests exhibited heroism of the highest order in visiting the sick and administering what are called the consolations of religion to the dying, and in burying the dead. It is necessary neither to deny nor disparage the self-denial and goodness of these men. But their religion did more than all other causes to produce the very evils that called for the exhibition of self-denial and heroism. One scientist in control of Madrid could have prevented the plague. In such cases, cleanliness is far better than "godliness;" science is superior to superstition; drainage much better than divinity; therapeutics more excellent than theology. Goodness is not enough—intelligence is necessary. Faith is not sufficient, creeds are helpless, and prayers fruitless.

It is admitted that the Catholic Church exists in many nations; that it is dominated, at least in a great degree, by the Bishop of Rome—that it is international in that sense, and that in that sense it has what may be called a "supernational unity." The same,

however, is true of the Masonic fraternity. It exists in many nations, but it is not a national body. It is in the same sense extranational, in the same sense international, and has in the same sense a supernational unity. So the same may be said of other societies. This, however, does not tend to prove that anything supernational is supernatural.

It is also admitted that in faith, worship, ceremonial, discipline and government, the Catholic Church is substantially the same wherever it exists. This establishes the unity, but not the divinity, of the institution.

The church that does not allow investigation, that teaches that all doubts are wicked, attains unity through tyranny, that is, monotony by repression. Wherever man has had something like freedom, differences have appeared, heresies have taken root, and the divisions have become permanent—new sects have been born and the Catholic Church has been weakened. The boast of unity is the confession of tyranny.

It is insisted that the unity of the Church substantiates its claim to divine origin. This is asserted over and over again, in many ways; and yet in the Cardinal's article is found this strange mingling of boast and confession: "Was it only by the human power of man that the unity, external and internal, which for fourteen hundred years had been supreme, was once more restored in the Council of Constance, never to be broken again?"

By this it is admitted that the internal and external unity of the Catholic Church has been broken, and that it required more than human power to restore it. Then the boast is made that it will never be broken again. Yet it is asserted that the internal and external unity of the Catholic Church is the great fact that demonstrates its divine origin.

Now if this internal and external unity was broken, and remained broken for years, there was an interval during which the Church had no internal or external unity, and during which the evidence of divine origin failed. The unity was broken in spite of the Divine Founder. This is admitted by the use of the word "again." The unbroken unity of the Church is asserted, and upon this assertion is based the claim of divine origin; it is then admitted that the unity was broken. The argument is then shifted, and the claim is made that it required more than human power to restore the internal and external unity of the Church,

and that the restoration, not the unity, is proof of the divine origin. Is there any contradiction beyond this?

Let us state the case in another way. Let us suppose that a man has a sword which he claims was made by God, stating that the reason he knows that God made the sword is that it never had been and never could be broken. Now if it was afterwards ascertained that it had been broken, and the owner admitted that it had been, what would be thought of him if he then took the ground that it had been welded, and that the welding was the evidence that it was of divine origin?

A prophecy is then indulged in, to the effect that the internal and external unity of the Church can never be broken again. It is admitted that it was broken—it is asserted that it was divinely restored—and then it is declared that it is never to be broken again. No reason is given for this prophecy; it must be born of the facts already stated. Put in a form to be easily understood, it is this:

We know that the unity of the Church can never be broken, because the Church is of divine origin.

We know that it was broken; but this does not weaken the argument, because it was restored by God, and it has not been broken since.

Therefore, it never can be broken again.

It is stated that the Catholic Church is immutable, and that its immutability establishes its claim to divine origin. Was it immutable when its unity, internal and external, was broken? Was it precisely the same after its unity was broken that it was before? Was it precisely the same after its unity was divinely restored that it was while broken? Was it universal while it was without unity? Which of the fragments was universal—which was immutable?

The fact that the Catholic Church is obedient to the pope, establishes, not the supernatural origin of the Church, but the mental slavery of its members. It establishes the fact that it is a successful organization; that it is cunningly devised; that it destroys the mental independence, and that whoever absolutely submits to its authority loses the jewel of his soul.

The fact that Catholics are to a great extent obedient to the pope, establishes nothing except the thoroughness of the organization.

How was the Roman empire formed? By what means did that Great Power hold in bondage the then known world? How is it that a despotism is established? How is it that the few enslave the many? How is it that the nobility live on the labor of peasants? The answer is in one word, Organization. The organized few triumph over the unorganized many. The few hold the sword and the purse. The unorganized are overcome in detail —terrorized, brutalized, robbed, conquered.

We must remember that when Christianity was established the world was ignorant, credulous and cruel. The gospel with its idea of forgiveness—with its heaven and hell—was suited to the barbarians among whom it was preached. Let it be understood, once for all, that Christ had but little to do with Christianity. The people became convinced—being ignorant, stupid and credulous—that the Church held the keys of heaven and hell. The foundation for the most terrible mental tyranny that has existed among men was in this way laid. The Catholic Church enslaved to the extent of its power. It resorted to every possible form of fraud; it perverted every good instinct of the human heart; it rewarded every vice; it resorted to every artifice that ingenuity could devise, to reach the highest round of power. It tortured the accused to make them confess; it tortured witnesses to compel the commission of perjury; it tortured children for the purpose of making them convict their parents; it compelled men to establish their own innocence; it imprisoned without limit; it had the malicious patience to wait; it left the accused without trial, and left them in dungeons until released by death. There is no crime that the Catholic Church did not commit,—no cruelty that it did not practice,—no form of treachery that it did not reward, and no virtue that it did not persecute. It was the greatest and most powerful enemy of human rights. It did all that organization, cunning, piety, self-denial, heroism, treachery, zeal and brute force could do to enslave the children of men. It was the enemy of intelligence, the assassin of liberty, and the destroyer of progress. It loaded the noble with chains and the infamous with honors. In one hand it carried the alms dish, in the other a dagger. It argued with the sword, persuaded with poison, and convinced with the fagot.

It is impossible to see how the divine origin of a Church can be established by showing that hundreds of bishops have visited the pope.

Does the fact that millions of the faithful visit Mecca establish the truth of the Koran? Is it a scene for congratulation when the bishops of thirty nations kneel before a man? Is it not humiliating to know that man is willing to kneel at the feet of man? Could a noble man demand, or joyfully receive, the humiliation of his fellows?

As a rule, arrogance and humility go together. He who in power compels his fellow man to kneel, will himself kneel when weak. The tyrant is a cringer in power; a cringer is a tyrant out of power. Great men stand face to face. They meet on equal terms. The cardinal who kneels in the presence of the pope, wants the bishop to kneel in his presence; and the bishop who kneels demands that the priest shall kneel to him; and the priest who kneels demands that they in lower orders shall kneel; and all, from pope to the lowest—that is to say, from pope to exorcist, from pope to the one in charge of the bones of saints—all demand that the people, the laymen, those upon whom they live, shall kneel to them.

The man of free and noble spirit will not kneel. Courage has no knees. Fear kneels, or falls upon its ashen face.

The Cardinal insists that the pope is the Vicar of Christ, and that all popes have been. What is a Vicar of Jesus Christ? He is a substitute in office. He stands in the place, or occupies the position in relation to the Church, in relation to the world, that Jesus Christ would occupy were he the pope at Rome. In other words, he takes Christ's place; so that, according to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, Jesus Christ himself is present in the person of the pope.

We all know that a good man may employ a bad agent. A good king might leave his realm and put in his place a tyrant and a wretch. The good man, and the good king, cannot certainly know what manner of man the agent is—what kind of person the vicar is—consequently the bad may be chosen. But if the king appointed a bad vicar, knowing him to be bad, knowing that he would oppress the people, knowing that he would imprison and burn the noble and generous, what excuse can be imagined for such a king?

Now if the Church is of divine origin, and if each pope is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, he must have been chosen by Jesus Christ; and when he was chosen, Christ must have known exactly what

his vicar would do. Can we believe that an infinitely wise and good Being would choose immoral, dishonest, ignorant, malicious, heartless, fiendish, and inhuman vicars?

The Cardinal admits that "the history of Christianity is the history of the Church, and that the history of the Church is the history of the Pontiffs," and he then declares that "the greatest statesmen and rulers that the world has ever seen are the Popes of Rome."

Let me call attention to a few passages in Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe."

"Constantine was one of the Vicars of Christ. Afterwards, Stephen IV. was chosen. The eyes of Constantine were then put out by Stephen, acting in Christ's place. The tongue of the Bishop Theodorus was amputated by the man who had been substituted for God. This bishop was left in a dungeon to perish of thirst. Pope Leo III. was seized in the street and forced into a church, where the nephews of Pope Adrian attempted to put out his eyes and cut off his tongue. His successor, Stephen V., was driven ignominiously from Rome. His successor, Paschal I., was accused of blinding and murdering two ecclesiastics in the Lateran Palace. John VIII., unable to resist the Mohammedans, was compelled to pay them tribute.

"At this time, the Bishop of Naples was in secret alliance with the Mohammedans, and they divided with this Catholic bishop the plunder they collected from other Catholics. This bishop was excommunicated by the pope; afterwards he gave him absolution because he betrayed the chief Mohammedans, and assassinated others. There was an ecclesiastical conspiracy to murder the pope, and some of the treasures of the Church were seized, and the gate of St. Pancrazia was opened with false keys to admit the Saracens. Formosus, who had been engaged in these transactions, who had been excommunicated as a conspirator for the murder of Pope John, was himself elected pope in 891. Boniface VI. was his successor. He had been deposed from the diaconate and from the priesthood for his immoral and lewd life. Stephen VII. was the next pope, and he had the dead body of Formosus taken from the grave, clothed in papal habiliments, propped up in a chair and tried before a Council. The corpse was found guilty, three fingers were cut off and the body cast into the Tiber. Afterwards Stephen VII., this Vicar of Christ, was thrown into prison and strangled.

"From 896 to 900, five popes were consecrated. Leo V., in less than two months after he became pope, was cast into prison by Christopher, one of his chaplains. This Christopher usurped his place, and in a little while was expelled from Rome by Sergius III., who became pope in 905. This pope lived in criminal intercourse with the celebrated Theodora, who with her daughters Marozia and Theodora, both prostitutes, exercised an extraordinary control over him. The love of Theodora was also shared by John X. She gave him the Archbishopric of Revenna, and made him pope in 915. The daughter of Theodora overthrew this pope. She surprised him in the Lateran Palace. His brother, Peter, was killed; the pope was thrown into prison, where he was afterward murdered. Afterward, this Marozia, daughter of Theodora, made her own son pope, John XI. Many affirmed that Pope Sergius was his father, but his mother inclined to attribute him to her husband Alberic, whose brother Guido she afterward married. Another of her sons, Alberic, jealous of his brother John, the pope, cast him and their mother into prison. Alberic's son was then elected pope as John XII.

"John was nineteen years old when he became the Vicar of Christ. His reign was characterized by the most shocking immoralities, so that the Emperor Otho I. was compelled by the German clergy to interfere. He was tried. It appeared that John had received bribes for the consecration of bishops; that he had ordained one who was only ten years old; that he was charged with incest, and with so many adulteries that the Lateran Palace had become a brothel. He put out the eyes of one ecclesiastic; he maimed another—both dying in consequence of their injuries. He was given to drunkenness and to gambling. He was deposed at last, and Leo VII. elected in his stead. Subsequently he got the upper hand. He seized his antagonists; he cut off the hand of one, the nose, the finger, and the tongue of others. His life was eventually brought to an end by the vengeance of a man whose wife he had seduced."

And yet, I admit that the most infamous popes, the most heartless and fiendish bishops, friars, and priests were models of mercy, charity, and justice when compared with the orthodox God—with the God they worshiped. These popes, these bishops, these priests could persecute only for a few years—they could burn only for a few moments—but their God threatened to imprison

and burn forever; and their God is as much worse than they were, as hell is worse than the Inquisition.

"John XIII. was strangled in prison. Boniface VII. imprisoned Benedict VII., and starved him to death. John XIV. was secretly put to death in the dungeons of the castle of St. Angelo. The corpse of Boniface was dragged by the populace through the streets."

It must be remembered that the popes were assassinated by Catholics—murdered by the faithful—that one Vicar of Christ strangled another Vicar of Christ, and that these men were "the greatest rulers and the greatest statesmen of the earth."

"Pope John XVI. was seized, his eyes put out, his nose cut off, his tongue torn from his mouth, and he was sent through the streets mounted on an ass, with his face to the tail. Benedict IX., a boy of less than twelve years of age, was raised to the apostolic throne. One of his successors, Victor III., declared that the life of Benedict was so shameful, so foul, so execrable, that he shuddered to describe it. He ruled like a captain of banditti. The people, unable to bear longer his adulteries, his homicides and his abominations, rose against him, and in despair of maintaining his position, he put up the papacy to auction, and it was bought by a Presbyter named John, who became Gregory VI., in the year of grace 1045. Well may we ask, Were these the Vicegerents of God upon earth—these, who had truly reached that goal beyond which the last effort of human wickedness cannot pass?"

It may be sufficient to say that there is no crime that man can commit that has not been committed by the Vicars of Christ. They have inflicted every possible torture, violated every natural right. Greater monsters the human race has not produced.

Among the "some two hundred and fifty-eight" Vicars of Christ there were probably some good men. This would have happened even if the intention had been to get all bad men, for the reason that man reaches perfection neither in good nor in evil; but if they were selected by Christ himself, if they were selected by a Church with a divine origin and under divine guidance, then there is no way to account for the selection of a bad one. If one hypocrite was duly elected pope—one murderer, one strangler, one starver—this demonstrates that all the popes were selected by men, and by men only, and that the claim of divine guidance is born of zeal and uttered without knowledge.

But who were the Vicars of Christ? How many have there been? Cardinal Manning himself does not know. He is not sure. He says: "Starting from St. Peter to Leo XIII., there have been *some* two hundred and fifty-eight Pontiffs claiming to be recognized by the whole Catholic unity as successors of St. Peter and Vicars of Jesus Christ." Why did he use the word "some"? Why "claiming"? Does he not positively know? Is it possible that the present Vicar of Christ is not certain as to the number of his predecessors? Is he infallible in faith and fallible in fact?

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

[Perhaps no American reader has ever seen an allusion to the subject of child marriage in India without experiencing a pang of pity or of revolt. It is not strange that this should be so. Certainly it has never been spoken of by any Western writer with much delicate effort to portray it, and the reasons for it, as they exist in the mind of Asia. I have thought, therefore, that a Hindoo's description of it, which I have found exceedingly instructive, may not be without interest to the general reader, since so few people out of India understand precisely what the institution is. This description is given in the form of a private letter to an American friend, and the main portions of it are reproduced below. The writer, Mr. Coomar Roy, is a cousin of the late Keshub Chunder Sen.—JOEL BENTON.]

A HOT discussion is being carried on in India at the present time on the subject of child marriage. Is it expedient to abolish infant marriage by legislation, to wit, should Government be asked for a law allowing those so-called marriages of Hindoo infants, solemnized without the intelligent consent of both parties, which have been in no way ratified by them afterwards? This is indeed a very delicate matter to deal with. Is the Hindoo infant marriage any marriage at all? This is a most important question. It is necessary to inquire briefly into the nature of the conjugal relation itself. It is expressly said to be a divine union. Christ said "What God *hath joined* together, let no man put asunder." We find Solomon calling the wife a "gift from the Lord," and in the marriage service appointed by the Church of England some one is required to stand as the donor of the bride, as is the case in every Hindoo marriage. "Marriage," says an eminent doctor (Hindoo) of law, "is viewed as a gift of the bride by her father or other guardian to the bridegroom." The marital union is thus a divine union; it is an act of God and not of man. It is apparent that marriage is not a civil contract, and the consent is not the essence of it. The Roman Catholics regard it as a sacrament; so do the

Hindoos. If marriage were regarded as a civil contract, then I do not see how we could escape the logical and necessary inference that it must be, like all other contracts, dissoluble by mutual consent. But if you fall back upon your Scripture or upon public policy to maintain the indissoluble character of marriage, then it is safer and more consistent to make the same as the basis of the origin of this relation. It may be here asked, How could two persons enter into a relation of which they could form no idea and the duties of which they could not discharge? I reply, How could two infants enter into the relation of brothers when they did not understand the nature of that relation nor were they able to perform the duties arising from it? How could you call an infant a son, when he did not understand what filial duties meant? But if you could have infant brothers, infant sisters, infant sons, yea, infant Christians, then I do not see how you could pronounce infant husbands and infant wives a nullity. But, as in every natural relation, that is, relations in which men have been placed by God in His providence, intelligence and consent are necessary to a proper discharge of the duties imposed by them, so in the conjugal relation also consent is necessary to a proper discharge of the duties and responsibilities imposed by it, though consent may not necessarily enter in its origin. At least, if consent be a necessary element in every marriage bond, the necessity is not apparent to all men, and the *onus* lies upon those to prove it who assert that there can be no valid marriage without the mutual consent of the parties married. To say that marriage is for the marriageable may be admitted to be true, if by it be meant that those only ought to marry who are capable of discharging the duties of husbands and wives at some period or other of their life; but it is a pure assumption, and requires proof, if by it be intended to convey the idea that the conjugal relation cannot be established between two parties unless they could at once enter upon the duties of that relation. The strongest domestic relations come into existence between parties, involving the performance of most important duties, without the parties for a time being conscious of those relations, and they only begin to realize the duties and feel the responsibilities arising from them as they grow in age, knowledge, and intelligence. Why could not the conjugal relation be established then at an age when the parties affected by it were unable to give their intelligent consent? I see no reason

why it could not. The marriage is to be looked upon as a sacred bond or union. I would hold marriages, be they of infants or adults, be they in accordance with human laws or contrary thereto, as null and void which can be proved to be sinful or immoral.

Whatever the modern law of divorce may be, it being altogether a modern invention, it finds no countenance in our *Shastras*. I might safely assert that it is opposed to the teaching of your Scripture and to the teaching of the Catholic church.

It is not necessary for me to say whether infant marriage is the best form of marriage, or whether it is better than adult or late marriage. I am free to confess that I find the subject so difficult that I am not prepared to express any opinion on the comparative merits of the two systems. The task I propose to myself is an humbler one, merely to show that the Hindoo marriage is not such an evil as some people are apt to think, and that, having regard to the traditions, the feelings, and the present circumstances of the people amongst whom it exists, it is to be looked upon rather as a blessing than as a crime.

The last census report throws some light on this most important question. It appears from that report that in the whole of India only about ten per cent. of the girls, and little above three per cent. of the boys under nine years of age are in the married state. I mention this fact to show that only in respect of these it can be said there is no intelligent consent on the part of the parties united in matrimony. I base this observation upon the fact that in England the age of intelligent consent for the purpose of marriage is twelve in a girl and fourteen in a boy, and that a marriage solemnized between a girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen is a good and valid marriage. Now if twelve be the age of intelligent consent in England, I should presume that it would be reduced to nine in India, on the principles of the Majority Acts of the two countries, for in England the age of majority is twenty-one, in India it is only eighteen.

In most parts of India, and even in Bengal, with certain classes of Hindoos, the boys and girls, though married in infancy, are never allowed to live together until the girl reaches puberty, or, until what, in Hindoo phraseology, is termed her second marriage takes place.

Infant marriage has prevailed in India at least from the days

of Manu (well-nigh three thousand years), and the Hindoos as a body have up to this day remained content with the institution. They have not, to any appreciable extent, suffered in physique nor deteriorated in morals. Three thousand years is a pretty long period, but all these years have not revealed to us any great evils as the necessary effects of the institution of infant marriage, beyond, perhaps, a little too rapid increase of population, the regulation of which is the great problem with the socialists of Europe.

A Hindoo family is essentially joint, and our law courts have to make this presumption whenever a case affecting a Hindoo family comes up before them. Now, a Hindoo family being joint in food, estate, and worship,—this being the essential condition of every Hindoo family,—a Hindoo thinks it his duty to live not so much for himself as for his family. His is a life of great self-denial. A member in a Hindoo joint family earns £100 a month, but he thinks it his duty to put his whole income into a common hotch-pot with the earnings of other members, who earn only £2, £3, or £4 monthly; and then, after having paid all the joint expenses of the family from this common fund, the surplus, if any, is handed down to their children or grandchildren in equal shares. This self-denial is amply rewarded in other ways. The Hindoos have no annuity funds, no life assurance societies, no savings banks, no hospitals, no leper asylums, but the principle of mutual help, which reigns supreme in every family, confers upon them in some measure the benefits of these noble institutions, which constitute the glory of modern civilization. Every Hindoo is for his family, which does not mean his children only, but includes his father, brothers, and sisters, his cousins, his nephews, his nieces, his mother, his aunts, his sisters-in-law, etc., etc. He does not think it a hardship to live and labor for them, and to spend all his earnings upon them. He considers this to be his duty and privilege, and he glories in it. Such a man, when he marries, marries not so much for his own comfort or happiness as for that of the whole family. His wife must not only be a help-meet to him, but a helper and agreeable companion to his mother, sisters, etc.—that is, either he or his guardian has to consider all this before entering into a matrimonial relation. Now, I ask, could a girl of eighteen or nineteen, or a young woman of twenty-five, her habits and tastes all formed, quietly enter into such a

family and prove herself a peaceful and agreeable member? Would she not become, in nine cases out of ten, a source of trouble? I think she would.

As it now is, Hindoo households with infant wives whom you could, in that tender age, train up in the way they should go, are not always the very models of domestic peace and happiness; but the moment you introduce woman-wives into them, you make the joint family system an intolerable nuisance.

That which weighed most with the Hindoo legislators who ordained infant or rather early marriage, was probably the desire to guard the youth of both sexes from falling into vice and immorality. This is evident from the way Manu, our great lawgiver, laid down the rule for determining the age of marriage.

Now, if what I have stated above was the real object of the Hindoo law-givers in ordaining early marriage, then, I am bound to say, they have been eminently successful. At an age when youth is most exposed to temptations, every Hindoo young man has his wife, and every Hindoo young woman her husband to preserve them from vice and sin. In this respect the Hindoos compare most favorably with other nations, amongst whom late marriage is the rule, and early marriage the exception. If you, for instance, take into consideration the statistics of the illegitimate births in those countries where late marriages prevail, you cannot but concede the truth of this statement. I, however, refrain from quoting figures here. Thus, if in countries where *powerful moral agencies* are at work the percentage of illegitimacy went up so high, you can well imagine what would have been the state of morality here, where human nature is the same as elsewhere, but where there are not the salutary checks of a Christian land!

Considering in this connection the shocking revelation recently made in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which made the Christian world hang down its head with very shame, could such a state of things have been possible if the victims had been married, and had husbands to protect them from a life of sin and shame? I cannot think it could.

Now, if marriage was ordained by God, as we read in your Book of Common Prayer it was, "for the procreation of children," and "for a remedy against sin," then I think you will admit that the Hindoo system of infant marriages fulfills this twofold object, at least as effectually as any other system of matri-

mony. But there is a third object which matrimony proposes, which is "mutual society," and our legislators have not been unmindful of it. In this respect the Hindoo and the scriptural ideal most wonderfully and happily agree. "The Vaidik texts," says Dr. G. D. Baurijen, "that are recited on the completion of the seventh step by the bride, clearly show that the Hindoos, even in those early days, had learnt to regard marriage as a true companionship of the purest character, a union of pure hearts for the cultivation of the best feelings of our nature." Nor is conjugal association limited to temporal purposes alone: religious rites are ordained in the *Vedas*, to be performed by the husband in company with the wife. The Hindoo husband is taught to regard his wife as the bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Accordingly he is expressly commanded by Manu to honor her, while she is required to revere him as a god. Now, the question is: Does infant marriage secure this companionship and this relation of subordination? I say it does. Among the Hindoos there is no such thing as instantaneous love. The infant husband and the infant wife *are taught to love* each other; they go through a regular training, just as the little children are taught to love each other. The husband is told how to treat his wife, and the wife is likewise told to revere her husband, to obey him, to look after his meals, and to do him any little personal service which she can. In this way they grow, and with their growth their love and friendship grow, too, having for their basis kind words and kindlier deeds, and not mere fancy. The Hindoos are content with their system of marriage; and, judging from appearances and actions, it seems to me that on the whole they have more peace and harmony in their homes than others who choose their partners when they are of age. In proof of it one should note only the police cases in India, Europe, and America in which the husband or wife is the complainant. In India these cases can be counted on your fingers' ends.

In regard to the position of Hindoo women, it is sad to find how even the honestest and the most well-meaning of the Anglo-Indians who have spent years in India are unable to grasp the position of our women, and apt to join the general outcry of their countrymen against the imaginary wretchedness of womankind in this country. For instance, one of the Anglo-Indian journalists took it for granted that women in India have no status in

society. He says that India occupies a subordinate position among the nations, "because her 'better half' has practically been a nonentity in the land." Another pro-Hindoo and philanthropic gentleman, holding a high office in India, and, therefore, a more responsible position, expressed the same opinion. In his convocation the vice-chancellor of the Calcutta University observed: "The question which the present generation has to settle is the position of woman. For it is perceived by external nations, and to a large extent realized by yourselves, that the condition of women in modern India has not kept pace with the rapid general progress."

I question if the position of our women is really as deplorable as depicted by the European and a few *denationalized* Hindoos. Are our women really in a state of slavery from which they ought to be emancipated? Is the *Zenana* system really so bad as it is represented by its opponents? On the other hand, are the women of modern civilization a better lot than their sisters in Asiatic countries? Is the freedom accorded to women of the West conducive to the general happiness of society? Are women who frequent balls and theatres, who throng divorce courts, and devour with intense pleasure the literature of those courts a better class of beings than their timid veiled sisters of the East, who would not allow their faces to be seen by a stranger, much less suffer themselves to be jostled by a rushing and elbowing male crowd and their ears assailed by the disclosures of a divorce court?

I shall try to compare briefly the position of the Hindoo woman with that of her western sister, and shall do it as dispassionately as possible, and am quite willing to be corrected if I am shown to be biassed in one way or the other.

The distinctive feature of the woman-kind of the East and that of the woman-kind of the West is that the one is self-secluding or *Zenana*-hiding, and the other is self-obtruding or society-seeking. Let me compare briefly the system in which the first element predominates, and that in which the second predominates.

In the first system the woman is a deity enshrined in the temple of a home; in the second she is more or less regarded as an object of show and flattered as such. In the first system the virtues of conjugal love, parental affection, filial respect, and brotherly and sisterly tenderness grow to a height almost immeasurable. In the second you find yourself almost as if it were in a

Vanity Fair, in a show house in which you meet with everything tending to satisfy and promote vanity, intellectual, sentimental, and personal. Intellectual vanity, such as fashionable reading and fashionable conversation; sentimental vanity, such as busying with set forms of public charity; and personal vanity, such as finery of dress and changes of fashion.

In the first system the woman is the deity of happiness, the household goddess to whom the gaze of a miscellaneous crowd is contamination. In the second she is the idol of vanity greedy of adulation, to whom the gaze of the miscellaneous multitude is flattering. In the first the woman loves to be at home, and secludes herself, absorbed in her amiable home duties; in the second she would feel uneasy to stay exclusively at home and not to be able to mind the empty superficialities of outer life.

In the self-secluding system, the woman is supremely content with the company of her nearest and dearest relations. In the self-obtruding system, she often feels the necessity of the company of fashionable circles. In the one the woman concentrates her power to ministering to the personal comforts of her husband, children, and other dear relations. In the other she has a tendency to allow herself to be distracted by fancies to minister to the personal comforts of her friends, acquaintances, and pets. In the one the lady learns wisdom, moderation, and self sacrifice, first as a member of the family republic, then as the president of that republic. In the other she learns pedantry by superficial reading and gossiping, for want of work, and becomes an adept in the art of petty jealousies by constantly comparing herself with other women, and her husband with other men.

Where the self-secluding system prevails, men seek the conjugal life, which shows that it brings happiness. Where the self-obtruding system prevails, men often avoid the conjugal life, which shows that it brings misery. In the one system a woman is not allowed to remarry by the opinion of femaledom. In the other a woman is doomed to perpetual singleness by the selfishness of the male members of the society. In the self-secluding system, love follows marriage and waxes by degrees. In the self-obtruding system, love precedes marriage and wanes by degrees after it.

In the one system the child gets its mother's milk and grows with all the virtues of a mother's child. In the other the child

is made over to the nurse and grows with the vices of a foster son of a hireling. In the one system a lady is to abide by the advice and counsel of her father when she is a daughter, of her husband when she is a wife, of her son when she is a widow and a mother. In the other she is, in any case, to follow the suggestions of strangers. In the one system, women like more to associate themselves with women than with men. In the other, women like more to associate themselves with men than with their own sex.

Thus I have given the salient points in which the two classes of womankind differ. I do not mean to say that the one system or the other is the exclusive property of any one nation. No doubt the *Zenana* system prevails more largely in Asia than in Europe and America.

The self-secluding system is traduced and maligned. The self-obtruding one is exalted and glorified. The Hindoos have never thought it graceful or becoming to villify the manners and customs regarding the female section of another nation. They regard their own females with a sense of sacredness, and they know the wickedness of not recognizing such a sense in other nations.

RAJ COOMAR ROY.

GENERAL HARRISON'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

THOSE who manage affairs in our present system of ruling the country through national political conventions, first usurp all the constitutional powers intended to be conferred on the electors chosen under State laws, and make of these high offices the most abject slaves to party edicts, and then they formulate and declare in "party platforms" the policies of the government and the laws that should be enacted to execute their will.

It is the alleged representative character of these conventions that gives to their action such undisputed control of the public administration, reaching down through all grades of office and governmental employment and including every place of public trust, both in National and State governments. But for the representative character of these conventions, the people could never be induced to permit their decrees to stand as a substitute for all freedom of thought and action, as they, in fact, do, or to dictate absolutely to the electors the persons they shall choose for President and Vice-President. These omnipotent bodies of party managers always declare their public policies in "platforms," and, as a rule, omit nothing that is believed to be needed to catch votes; and include nothing, however necessary and proper, that may lose votes to the particular party they control.

The bidding for votes in party platforms, either by direct offers of pledges to sustain the interests of powerful classes of men, or of men whose wealth gives them an unjust and injurious influence in elections, is so common that it has almost ceased even to excite comment.

That these tendencies towards the surrender into the control of professional politicians of the powers of the great body of the people in free self-government are dangerous, needs no other proof than our very sad experience, and only the arguments that every man's observation addresses to his sober judgment.

Those whose footing has been sure enough to stand firm, even for an hour, in this sweeping tide of political movement that rushes towards a fatal gulf, must feel grateful to Mr. Cleveland for his resolute determination to lay before the American people the subject in which, at present, they have the most vital concern, and to plant the success, or failure, of his administration upon the ground that the people should not be compelled to longer suffer from excessive and unjust taxation.

In his effort to relieve the people from these unnecessary burdens, he had no assurance that he would call to his support any powerful and aggressive body of men, united in compact organization even for self protection. He well knew that he would antagonize the most powerful and the best organized bodies of men that have ever grown up in this or any other country, who are united in a common purpose to employ the taxing power of the United States Government to make money for themselves.

He knew that, as a rule, the owners of the industries and properties that have so long been drawing wealth from the taxes imposed upon our whole population, would consent to their own unjust taxation rather than break the phalanx that stood guard, on every side, to protect the gains derived from the general policy that they call "the protection of American industry"—a protection that gives riches to one man at the expense of ten other men.

Mr. Cleveland knew the power of these alliances, often concentred in a common movement by positive agreement and in complete organization, and he did not undervalue their strength. On the other hand, he had no safe reliance for success in relieving the people of the burdens yoked upon their necks by the power and unremitting diligence of this organized aggression, except the sense of justice and love of the right and of fair play by the individual men, unorganized and without a common fund at their command, who would agree that unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation, and would attempt, by their votes, to purge our tax laws of their gross injustice, selfish discriminations, and to keep in the pockets of the people who earned the money by their labor the vast sums that this tax locks up in the treasury.

Candor will not refuse to admit that the convictions are sincere that led a man with so much power to influence political results in his hands, to refuse to court an alliance with this ancient and

powerful combination that was so eager for his support, and to turn to the unorganized sufferers and ask them to help him to correct the evils they were suffering, and to avoid the financial congestion that the money abstracted from their various employments was threatening to create in the country.

It is not giving to Mr. Cleveland credit for any extraordinary ability, to commend him for having seen these wrongs and dangers. They are seen and known of all men. But, seeing them, he had the honesty and the courage to meet these evils face to face; to confront those who produced them and maintain them with facts, arguments, and appeals to their sense of justice, their love of country, and their humanity towards the toilers, whose labor pays, at last, every dollar of the taxes and every dollar of interest on money, or credit, in this country and the world over.

There can be no doubt of the moral strength and sincere motive of his attitude on this burning question. Mr. Cleveland did not wait for any political national convention to declare for him the principles or line of conduct that he thought it his duty to recommend. He made his declarations and arguments in his message to the Fiftieth Congress. He staked his political life on the justice of the cause he espoused. No man could do more in proof of his sincerity. It is said, thoughtlessly, that he made the platform for his party in favor of lower taxation of the people. This error is an injustice to the Democratic party. Since 1868 that party has never failed to demand a reduction of tariff taxation. If he had written his message as Mr. Arthur did, when he urged that the war taxes should be largely reduced under the inspiration of the Republican platforms during the same period, he would only have stated, in better form, the same facts and the same conclusions that he has so clearly stated and has so powerfully supported with argument.

If the Mills bill is the direct and legitimate fruit of the message of Mr. Cleveland, which is the truth, its paternity could have been quite as easily traced to any of the Republican platforms since 1868, except the last one adopted at Chicago, but for the improbability of finding an eagle's egg in a rook's nest.

The merit of Mr. Cleveland's effort to reduce taxation and to prevent the heaping up of surplus money in the treasury is, that he implored Congress to take action in December, and did not wait for a national convention to meet in June, to intimate a

pledge that, if he should be chosen for a second term, he would then recommend to Congress, in some way, to make some reduction of the tariff taxes. The difference is in a bold and honest leadership which seeks the post of responsibility and danger at the head of the column, and in following in the rear with the wagon train and the sutlers, until the battle is won by others, and the spoils are to be divided.

General Harrison found Mr. Cleveland and his supporters in the advance and moving directly to the front when he devoted his letter of acceptance, almost exclusively, to an attack upon him in reference to his views on excessive taxation and the heaping up of surplus revenues in the treasury.

Besides this assault upon Mr. Cleveland and the Democracy, there is little else in General Harrison's letter, except some assurances that, while he was in the Senate, he gave votes that approved the declarations in the Republican platform on the subject of contract labor and civil service reform. On these points it was well for Mr. Harrison to be specific, since his silence might have identified him in sympathy with his party when, in 1868, it offered rewards to those who imported contract labor into the United States.

If elected President, he might do as well in gathering good fruit from the matured tree of civil service reform as Mr. Cleveland has done in his efforts to gather fruit, while planting and nurturing the tree. But, if General Harrison's partisanship is as intense while President as it has always been, it will be a painful experience to him to faithfully enforce the civil service laws and regulations.

On the Chinese question he makes a pledge which causes him to recant his votes in the Senate. He deserves credit for thus yielding to the force of conviction so strongly expressed by the people, and to the concurrent opinion of the Chinese Empire, solemnly expressed, that it is impossible to accept the lower classes of Chinese as an agreeable or safe element in any American community, or one to which our industrial classes can be justly reconciled as competitors in their work. Since the date of the Burlingame treaty the Democratic party has constantly set its face against Chinese immigration to the United States. This has been a distinctive policy of that party, supported by Thurman, Bayard, Beck, and others, on grounds of national and social necessity, and has lately resulted in a treaty that has made the nearest

approach possible to the restoration to the United States of the legislative right, taken away by the Burlingame treaty, to regulate in our own way the coming of additional masses of Asiatic people to our country. General Harrison threw his weight into the scale against our return to the former level of our just powers, and Mr. Cleveland threw his weight into the other scale. We are greatly indebted to him for the preponderance that is about to restore to the United States its sovereign authority over this dangerous subject, and because he has been able, through vigorous diplomacy, amicably conducted, to place this question upon ground that wins the approval of General Harrison, and causes him to pledge himself to abandon his former opinions expressed in his votes in the Senate.

General Harrison makes cautious allusion to our troubles with Canada, and intimates the belief that he could negotiate a treaty with Great Britain that would secure to our people much larger and more satisfactory privileges in Canadian ports, and in the fishing waters, than we have yet enjoyed.

There is nothing in his record, or in that of his party, to warrant so flattering a belief.

Mr. Fish, in 1871, as Secretary of State, and as negotiator, distinctly admitted that Great Britain still adhered to the headland theory of construing the treaty of 1818, as to the bays and harbors within the limits of our renunciation of the right to take fish. He could not settle the question, and, for a makeshift, resorted to the plan of paying Canada for all the fish we should catch inside those limits.

He also gave Canada the right to bring fish into the United States, whether fresh or cured, free of duty.

Mr. Fish and General Grant were both strong men, and where they failed it is almost hopeless to expect that General Harrison would easily succeed.

The Republican party put fresh fish, for immediate consumption, on the free list, both by treaty and act of Congress; and ten years later, in the act of 1883, they deliberately continued this arrangement by act of Congress. Naturally Great Britain ought to desire the restoration of that party to power, so that when this subject again comes up they can have the advantage of the precedent set by that party in giving to Canadians a release from the duties on fresh fish.

General Harrison would find this Republican concession a serious embarrassment to his diplomatic success. We have yielded that powerful leverage without any compensation, and the Republicans will be harassed to find a good excuse for recalling this free gift to Canada.

His evident disposition to open new negotiations with Great Britain on the fisheries controversy would be very encouraging to our hopes of continued peace with Canada, were it not for the wet blanket in which these budding hopes were enveloped in the recent action of the Republicans in the Senate, where they solidly followed the dictates of a party caucus, and declared, in harmony with the assertion of the Committee of Foreign Relations, that this "is not a fit subject for negotiation," and that the time for negotiation has passed.

Unless there is a total revulsion of feeling and change of attitude on the part of the Republican Senators, General Harrison would be compelled to lean upon the Democrats of the Senate to support any further overtures to Great Britain to treat about the fisheries.

These and other questions that are alluded to by General Harrison are important, and he might have included the payment of fifty million dollars a year to the sinking fund as creating an unnecessary demand for taxation, so as to give a pretext for leeching the people out of many millions more to enrich those who, claiming to be poor and patriotic, really "sit at the receipt of customs." It would have been gratifying if General Harrison had explained the necessity for a tax of fifty million dollars a year to maintain our national credit, while we are paying one hundred and twenty-eight dollars for each hundred dollars of the face value of our bonds, in order to keep money in circulation. But this is a part of his plan for the encouragement and "protection of American industry," to create an unnecessary demand for fifty million dollars of annual taxation in order to increase the value of our bonds to twenty-eight per cent. above par, and to compel us to buy them in at that figure, or else to see the circulation of money obstructed by its being locked up in the treasury and the real industries of the country choked down.

It is on the subject of tariff taxation that General Harrison makes his main assault on Mr. Cleveland and the people who are interested in that phase of constitutional "protection" which

gives to every man the right to just and equal laws, and the impartial administration of laws that create and distribute the burdens of taxation.

If the constitution justifies tax laws to protect selected industries at the expense of all others, it equally requires that equal protection shall be given alike to the manufacturer and the consumer of his goods. Protection to "American labor" ought to include protection to all descriptions of labor, and even those unfortunates who cannot labor, but must live. The benignity of the laws should never fail to bless the poor and helpless.

General Harrison's horoscope seems to include only those who labor to keep large masses of accumulated capital, and the adventurous energy of speculative credit employed in manufactures. He fails to regard those who furnish their own little capital in their solitary struggles to win bread from the bosom of the earth, the forests, the mines and the fisheries.

It is a sad defect in the reach and sweep of his political vision that it passes over these lower levels of "American labor," and only touches the high promontory points where aggregated and incorporated capital has reared its vast and splendid workshops, and assembled its labor-saving machinery.

While Mr. Cleveland is delving with the unprotected masses to shelter them against injustice and oppression, General Harrison reproaches him with being indifferent to American labor, because he prefers to do what he can for the unprotected classes of such laborers, to help them in their hard trials to earn a living, and then to give to the protected classes all that can be justly given them in compensation for their contributions to the general welfare of the country.

In sheltering the unprotected bread-winners, Mr. Cleveland has not thought it best to repeal the tax on whisky. This deadly luxury has so little of the protective sympathy of General Harrison that he congratulates the Chicago convention on having set its face in the direction of temperance reform. But he seems quite reluctant in declaring his concurrence in that part of the platform which pledges the Republican party to free whisky, rather than to give up any part of the protective duties on any taxed article of import. He insists that such a policy would be better deferred to a future time. In this, as in other matters, General Harrison has availed himself of a liberal margin for oscillation,

allowed him in the vague committals of the Chicago platform, to evince his higher confidence in his own judgment and experience in the affairs of state, and to shape his course to his own liking. He seems even to dissent from the views of Mr. Blaine as to the harmlessness of "trusts," and to venture opinions in hostility to such conspiracies.

There is an attractive air of sincerity in the boldness with which he takes ground on the tariff question.

The Republican party has a history of public pledges, made in the most solemn form, which commits it, as far as resolves can bind men in the performance of acknowledged duties, to reduce the tariff revenues so that they shall not exceed the aggregate of the sum needed for the support of the government.

Quotations from these pledges are not needed to make them conspicuous or to inform the country of their terms. They have been reiterated in every convention, and insisted upon by every Republican President in messages to Congress since General Grant's second term.

But all this signifies nothing in the view that General Harrison takes of this subject. He has decided, for his party, that during his administration of the Executive Office he will not, if he can prevent it, permit the first step to be taken in the direction of a reduction of excessive taxation, if that step in any wise reduces the profits derived from the protective features of the tariff. It is the step in that direction that he declares to be unwise and fatal to American interests. As there can be no reduction of taxes on any article that competes with a like commodity manufactured abroad, without reducing the profits that are the result of protection, General Harrison boldly takes the position that there should be no reduction of tariff taxation that he can prevent, except upon articles that are not produced in the United States.

He declaims against maxims and demands that facts shall control in our policies; but where facts and maxims unite to destroy a theory of taxation that he so boldly demands for our country, it would be better if he should defer to the experience of the country, which has been so often and so powerfully stated in the Republican national platforms. The fact is that every article not of absolute necessity imported into the country should bear some of the burden of taxation, if we would have every class of people

bear some part of the necessary expenses of government. This is not a maxim. But it is a maxim, and one worthy of close attention, that the burdens of government should fall lightest upon those who are least able to bear them; and, also, that it must be an urgent necessity of government that will justify a tax on articles that are necessary for the support of human life, viz., food, raiment, fuel, and shelter. In reference to the simplest elements that support human existence, the law of necessity is stronger than any legislative enactment in its appeal to the instinct of self-preservation, and in its obligation upon the consciences of lawmakers.

To tax these elementary fruits of the Divine Creator's benevolence to mankind, so as to increase the cost of them to every human being (as is the case in every such tax), whether they are or are not in competition with like articles imported from other countries, is an extremity of hardship that our lawmakers should never resort to, unless the support of government makes it unavoidably necessary. Our system of taxation, as it is now declared on our statute book and enforced in our custom houses, does tax very severely many of the articles that are indispensable to human existence, such as salt, wood, lumber, coal, sugar and fuel. These articles of necessity are cited to illustrate the point at which General Harrison's vow to maintain the protective system against any step in the direction of its modification strikes the common necessities of the human family, and the crushing weight of the blow that will fall, if he is ever President, upon those least able to bear it. These articles are all produced in the United States, and the tax on them must raise the cost to the consumer above the price that the people of other countries pay for them.

To reduce the tax on them must make them cheaper. But General Harrison says that this boon to human life must be denied, because to grant it would be to take a step in the direction of reducing the profits of the protected industry. He argues, as all theorists do who resort to maxims when facts fail them, that the incidental advantage to other industries arising from the stimulus given to the market for the article increased in price by such a tax, compensates the consumer for his loss in that increase of price. If an argument so entirely theoretical has any place in a wise political economy, that place is not found in the tax on salt, sugar, wool, lumber, coal and wood. Without such articles it would overtax

the skill and energy of mankind to obtain the means for the barest subsistence, and to protect life against the exposure to the cold of the winter. If the cost of such articles is placed beyond the means of any human being, by a tax imposed by law, that tax is an inhumanity as to that person. A life frozen out of a human body by a tax on coal that deprives a human being of its use, is not atoned for by the protection that is given to the owner of a coal mine by that tax.

The sufferings of infancy, of the sick, of the aged people for the want of the delicate nutrition of sugar; those of the brave, houseless pioneers on the storm-beaten plains of Dakota for the want of lumber and wood; the exposure of the poor in their daily toil for subsistence to the cruelties of the winter winds for the want of comfortable woolen wear, all invite humane legislators to take the step in the direction of lower taxes on the common necessaries of life that General Harrison declares he will never permit us to take if he is elected to the Presidency.

If the speculation upon the wants and fancies of mankind, that is the life of the so-called protective system, is a thing to be promoted and encouraged by tax laws, it does not follow that this speculation can be safely nurtured at the udders from which human life must, of necessity, draw its support and appropriate its most nutritious draughts. There is a line that General Harrison refuses to see, which separates between the stimulus by heavy taxation and consequent increase of price of articles designed for the gratifying of the tastes, fancies and pleasures of mankind, and gives greater profits to the manufacturer, and a like increase of price, by heavy taxation, on the products of an industry that works for the support of human beings in every phase and shape in which God has breathed into them the breath of life.

Whether that life is refined, rich, and luxurious, or whether it is wretched and faint with sickness, and stinted with poverty and exposed in shameless nakedness, every human life is entitled, where no imperious necessity otherwise requires, to actual support by means that are free from taxation.

General Harrison has taken his stand upon ground that is outside the limits of sympathy for the real laborers and real sufferers of the country, when he declares his abhorrence of any step that may be taken to lessen taxation upon articles that are necessary

to the existence even of human life, comfort, health, and shelter, if such reduction gives up any of the so-called "protection" to any domestic industry.

He stands within the limits of that coterie which claims, to the last cent, all the profits that capital can gather from the existing tax laws, and adheres with unyielding tenacity to a system which employs our tax laws as a means of extorting money from all classes of our people to enrich a selected class. He has declared his purpose to interpose his shield as a covering to the interests of the rich and powerful, by enabling them to continue to enjoy all the profits of the present tariff laws which can be gathered under the name of "protection."

The entrenched camp of the friends of monopoly, trusts and excessive taxation to raise excessive revenues to be squandered by Congress, may, for a time, withstand the pressure of the great body of the people, but there can be no relaxation of effort, because the purpose is to secure justice for those who are wronged and oppressed.

Such objects have never failed of ultimate success in the United States.

When the taxing power is used only for public and governmental purposes, and not as the legislative means of securing exclusive privileges to speculators in human labor, a contented people will gladly pay the expenses of their government on a scale that is commensurate with the dignity of the country and corresponding with its splendid progress.

JOHN T. MORGAN.

MY PUPILS.

"Does Art or Genius enter chiefly into the composition of a dramatic work?" asked a gentleman of Rome two thousand years ago.

"Well!" replied Mr. Flaccus, whom we familiarly call Horace, "I cannot, for the life of me, see what one can do without the assistance of the other. Each is equally concerned in the result."

This contention occupied the dilettante twenty centuries ago, and it outcomes again in this age, in the dispute between actors, as to whether their mimetic act is a craft, an artistic process, or an effusion, an ecstasy. A tragedian may claim to be infused at will by some such frenzy, and to produce his results by a psychic spasm; but let it be acknowledged that a comedian cannot deliver himself over to any such condition. He must be circumspect, his deliberate copy of nature is obtained by fidelity to its features, or by caricature of them. There can be no divine frenzy about *him!* But let us try to perceive if the tragedian be really so possessed. Can he work himself up into this transcendental state? Is there such a thing as tragic fits? *Hysteria dramatica?* Or is this claim a piece of esthetic affectation? Shakspere seems to object to unbridled rage; he says that a tragedian should "in the torrent, tempest and whirlwind of his passion *acquire* and *beget* a temperance that shall give it smoothness." Thus the actor-poet advises him to learn and cultivate by art to control his effusion! and goes further; he urges him to study appropriate gesture. How can this be done without a careful subordination of the divine fits to some method? Be it remembered he is speaking to a tragedian about tragedy. It is a comforting reflection that tragedians in Shakspere's time were quite as blatant as some that grace our boards! My personal acquaintance with,

and watchful study of, the greater tragedians of the present century, Rachel, Lemaitre, Ligier, Macready, Forrest, Kean, Salvini, Devrient, induce me to believe they never were, or pretended to be, under the transcendental craze; but maintained their histrionic fury carefully bridled and bitted. Nearly every woman has the nervous faculty of making a hysterical fool of herself. Some men have the same power; for the artistic mind, being incubative, is in a large degree—female. If you waggle your finger before the eyes of a bird placed on his back, he will be comatised! —and so, many artists waggle their fingers before their own eyes, and think their giddiness is inspiration! If one of these actors, in the midst of his torrent and tempest, overheard a laugh or a hiss amongst the audience, his whirlwind would be changed in very short order into another kind of rage! If the great emotional Miss N——, in the midst of the curse in "Leah," heard a whisper from the wing that her petticoat was coming down, the whole direction of her commination would be internally diverted from her lover to her dresser.

But let us proceed a step further. The repetition of words exercises a peculiar effect on the brain, which eventually loses all consciousness of their meaning, and utterance becomes mechanical. If any person will undertake to repeat a speech a great number of times he will find that, after a certain number, the sense of what he is talking about will fade, and subsequently the words will come involuntarily while he is thinking of something else. It has occurred to me, after playing a part for two or three hundred times, to find myself uttering the words, using the expression of face and all the artistic movements, without the slightest consciousness of what I am doing or saying, my mind being elsewhere. Some person would enter the theatre on whom I desired to make a favorable impression by the performance, and I would address myself attentively to my business. The words would leave me. To recover them I was obliged to remove my mind from attempting to remember, fix it on some other subject, and the mechanical memory would be restored. So it is with the tragedian who has appeared a thousand times in *Hamlet;* it is physically impossible for his mind to act otherwise than mechanically after a certain time! What then becomes of his divine frenzy? The clergyman who, following the ritual, is obliged to repeat so frequently the Lord's Prayer, is affected in a like

manner, and the clerical monotony of his delivery of the service is very different from the tones in which he impresses his sermon.

If these instances be correct, their inference is that acting is not different from other arts. The painter and the sculptor, inspired by genius, produce great works, but they are not so inspired when they are employed in making replicas of such works; they are simply copying themselves, and their effort is mechanical. Will any actor or actress contend that the simple incident of a crying child amongst the audience does not instantly bring down the loftiest flight of passion to a sense of petty annoyance? I have heard a great actress, in the torrent and tempest of her passion, with her breast heaving with simulated emotion, her voice tremulous, and tears streaming from her eyes, proceed thus while performing *Constance* in "King John":

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me.
[*Aside to the prompter:* "Send somebody in front, and have that child put out."]
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts.
[*Sotto voce.* I shall break down if that squeaker is not choked by somebody.]
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form!
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well! [*Tears her hair.*]
Had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head
When there is such disorder in my wit.
["What can the ushers be doing, to allow this." Then she tried to overwhelm the infant by a torrent of passion that seemed to me more like the roar of an infuriated tigress.]
Oh, Lord! my boy! my Arthur! my fair son.
My life! my joy! my food. My all the world!
My widow comfort, and my sorrow's care.

A whirlwind of applause followed her off the stage, where she was accommodated with a chair, seated in which she gave vent to further sentiments not Shaksperean, nor in the maternal vein. During her passional scene I failed to detect any lack of tenderness in her voice. Her face was full of the feeling with which she was supposed to be overwhelmed. The artistic process of simulation was in grand operation, while her mind was possessed with a very different passion. Every actor who has experience in performing with our leading tragedians, can recall scores of

similar incidents. If I, then, lift the corner of the stage curtain to betray the secrets of our art, it is not out of disrespect of that art; but to expose the fatuity of the pretence that an actor is a kind of poet in action. He is truly only an embodiment, in which the poet is the soul.

Some three or four years ago theatrical London was moved in the direction of a school for acting, and I was invited by the heads of the stage to give my views of this matter. They were, as they always have been, very decided. First: that acting could be taught only on the stage, as swimming can only be taught in the water, and riding on horseback. All chamber tuition is worthless. Elocution and declamation is the last, not the first, lesson a young actor or actress should learn. The stage is a picture frame, in which is exhibited that kind of panorama, where the picture being unrolled is made to move, passing before the spectator with scenic continuity. As these scenes are directed toward the spectator, the art of the persons, being figures in them, is to so present themselves that, although engaged with each other, they may be presented also to the audience, whose sympathies the action is intended to arouse. These conditions are the postulates of our art, which is addressed to the eye as well as to the ear. For if the agony of one who suffers from a great misfortune be expressed by words alone, we fail to believe in it unless the expression of the face and the gestures of passion, and the natural movement of the body under such mental torture, accompany and enforce the diction. I deny that such can be taught and practiced on a hearth rug. I deny that *Antony* can address an imaginary populace, that *Romeo* can make love to an absent *Juliet*, or kill an ideal *Tybalt*. All the adjuncts must be present, the scene must be acted, not declaimed, and all the interlocutors must share in it, all the movements must take place, for the individual student is only a part of a whole.

And so it came to pass that a certain manager in New York, having entertained similar convictions on these subjects, offered the use of his theatre and all its appliances to establish a school upon this scheme. But he carried it further. He undertook to furnish all the expenses attending the enterprise, so the students should obtain instruction free; and still further, he proposed to select fifteen of the most promising and pay them a weekly salary. When this proposal was made public—it was at first received with

incredulity—the applications for admission numbered daily from seventy to one hundred.

At a preliminary inspection, the greater number were excluded, and restored to the useful occupations they were more fitted to fill. Those who passed inspection were subjected to examination. To each was assigned a short scene for study, and a day appointed to witness their attempts. Again a selection was made and many rejected. About eighty remained, and of these the Madison Square School of Instruction was formed. Out of the singular experience we enjoyed, we discovered that for one male student showing any promise of excellence, we had six female pupils. The gentlemen were, for the most part, awkward, stiff, ungainly and slow; the ladies graceful, quick and refined. Among the lady students we found twenty-two who aspired to be *Juliets* and *Paulines* and *Parthenias*, and one who consented to play old women! When faced with this result, Mr. Palmer could not refrain from quoting *Falstaff's* bill of fare: "Two gallons of sack to one half penny worth of bread!"

When the school was formed, they were called into the auditorium of the theatre, and assembled in the orchestra seats. The following *menu* for the day had been previously issued: the Garden Scene in "Romeo and Juliet"; the fifth act of "The Rivals"; the fourth act of "King John"; the third act of "The School for Scandal"—each part in these scenes or acts was cast to two or three different students. "Romeo and Juliet" was called; two of the students stepped upon the stage and played the scene, while the whole school became spectators, and as corrections were made by the director, and faults explained, the lesson was conveyed equally to the two performers and to the audience. In the midst of this scene, it was stopped; one of the performers was invited to retire amongst the spectators, and a new *Romeo* or *Juliet* was called forward to proceed with the performance. It soon became evident that this second performer had already profited by what had been seen, and took care to avoid similar errors.

The system thus first introduced by the Madison Square School into theatrical affairs has developed two unexpected results. The students are seized with "stage fright," precisely as they would be liable to be affected before a public audience. Then, extreme eagerness to excel each other is excited by the hearty applause

with which any excellence is recognized; and this acute perception of what is good is a sign of the artistic quality; for surely the fine critic is only a disembodied artist. Stage fright, like seasickness, is overcome at last, and is better to be so before the student appears in public.

Another feature introduced by Mr. Palmer into this scheme, is the production of new plays by American authors, who can find no public appearance elsewhere. To render full justice to these plays the assistance of professional actors will be called on. To the most select students, parts in the performance will be intrusted, and it is gratifying to discover amongst the female students several who will inevitably occupy very distinguished places on the American stage.

DION BOUCICAULT.

DEFENSELESS CANADA.

WHAT must be the inevitable result of a war between the United States and Great Britain growing out of aggressions of the Dominion of Canada?

Let us premise there cannot and will not be in the near future any war between the United States and Great Britain. "Cousinship" and sentimentality are no elements in this opinion.

The two nations fought twice when they almost in kinship held the relation of mother and daughter, nearly the whole governing class of America being of English blood. Now very few Americans are even in the relation of cousins, much less grandchildren.

Every well-informed person in the United States knows that the governing class in England, in our Civil War did all it could and dared to do to dismember our country as a nation and divide our people into irretrievably hostile communities, whose conflicting interests and passions could be forever played against each other by English diplomacy, in the interest and support of the manufacturing and commercial supremacy of that empire.

Her course, however, was so disingenuous, insincere, cowardly and selfish regarding the Confederacy, holding out as inducements to the continuance of the struggle suggestions of aid and support to that cause and promises of acknowledgment of its independence, so that the Southern people day by day waited for the event to come, all which was never intended to be fulfilled and never did come, so that the Southern portion of our united country feels under no obligation of gratitude because thereof, and has no special attachment to England.

A conflict of arms between Great Britain and the United States in any event can occur only after the most careful weighing of consequences to both nations by each. In these later days results are measured not so much by the military and naval power

of the combatants as by the money, cost and disastrous effect upon the industries of either of the countries in arms.

Indeed, in all her wars England's power has been money to subsidize soldiers or governments to fight her battles. In the war of the revolution her king openly bought soldiers at so much a head from his relatives, the petty German princes. That traffic cannot now be carried on with Germany, if for no other reason than that France wants Alsace-Lorraine back again.

The British Eastern contingent cannot be utilized in a war with us, because Russia hangs on the border of Afghanistan ready to move when England is engaged in combat with any nation near her size.

Ireland would be still less prolific of soldiers, for the more Irish troops England should bring on to American soil, the more American soldiers we would have. Fraternization in that case would be more efficient than "cousinship." That the English people are brave and make good soldiers when thoroughly disciplined and commanded by well instructed officers of the higher classes no one doubts, even though all may agree with the Duke of Wellington that "her common soldiery is the scum of England."

Hers is not a war-like people. Her peasantry do not take readily to war either by sea or land. Her enlistments for land service are not the most creditable nor produce large results, and although "Britannia rules the waves," yet in any extensive maritime operations since the days of the Spanish Armada, the "press gang" has been her only efficient resort for sailors; while the red-coated marine has been found a necessary instrument on board her ships of war to prevent and suppress insurrections, several times occurring, of her impressed blue jacket tars.

The largest number of British born soldiers ever on any battle field was at Waterloo, when there were 25,369 all told, including the Irishmen. We had a third more than that of Federal soldiers starved to death in a single prison during our late war.

Taking another aspect of the case as to the losses that would be incurred from such a war, without troubling ourselves with statistics, it will be readily seen that we have substantially no commerce, while England does the carrying trade of the world. In case of war privateering on our part would be an industry that would need no protection.

If it should be attempted to destroy property by bombardment,

or enforce contributions thereby from any of our cities which might be open to the ravages of British fleets, such losses, even in their most exaggerated form, if war was to be carried on that way, could be recompensed by the confiscation of British properties, railroad, landed, bond and other now within our territory. Such reparation would surely be justifiable, for the destruction of the private property of a people whose enemy could not capture and hold it, which mode of warfare is not deemed admissible and has never been practiced by any civilized nation, even as regards public property not warlike, save England, who in the war of 1812 burned the public buildings in our Capital which she was able to seize only by a sudden raid from her ships.

Again, our withholding from Great Britain our supplies of the necessaries of life and of manufacture, especially cotton and leather, would so cripple her industries that she would at once lose her manufacturing supremacy.

We ask from her in this regard substantially nothing.

Even with this cursory view of the condition of the two countries it will be seen that war is substantially impossible, while our position is such that in any question between us the United States Secretary of State, when we have one adequate to the occasion, can address England as her Minister of Foreign Affairs addressed us: "This is what we claim, and the United States expects England will conform to our claims." Such in substance was the language of the British Minister when we were in our weakest condition in the time of our war, and our turn has come now to use the same diplomatic language, with the fullest effect.

In order to discuss the subject which entitles this paper we must suppose that there may be a war between the two countries for the causes suggested.

It is plain that the only matter we could hope to obtain of any permanent advantage to this country by such a war would be the removal of British dominion from the northern part of this continent, so that there might never be cause for any other war between the two nations. We ought and should thereby establish our eastern and western boundaries by ocean and ocean, and so far north that the wandering Esquimau will mistake the flashings of the midnight sun reflected from our glorious flag for the scintillations of an *aurora borealis!* Is not this the fate of Canada? Peacefully we hope, forcefully if we must!

Such absorption of British territory would give us the means, through land warrants, homesteads and grants, of paying the pensions and bounties for our soldiers who might serve in this war, which, by the liberal justice of our people have become to be the greatest source of expenditure because of carrying on a war.

There are some very fine lands in British America, especially timber lands. In addition, she raises great quantities of cattle, horses, wheat, corn and potatoes.

The Canadian newspapers say that Great Britain is behind Canada. In one sense that is true, but not in the sense of protection and defense. The strength of Great Britain is claimed, and justly, to reside in her naval armament, but from November to May of each year, neither a British gun-boat nor iron-clad frigate could effectively get into Canada, or out again if they were in there. The ice would make her ships for that time as idle as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean," hardly as effective as a sand fort for any warlike purpose, because not in the right place.

And there is scarcely a possibility during the seven Canadian winter months of any body of British troops reaching the Capital of Canada.

About 1837, when McLeod cut out the "Caroline" near Niagara in the French rebellion, when Great Britain desired to throw some of her troops into Quebec, she was obliged to ask, and did ask and receive, permission from the United States to move them through the State of Maine.

Again, when she desired to strengthen her armament in Canada at the breaking out of the late rebellion, she asked permission to have her officers and men pass through our territory, which was granted, as Mason and Slidell were given up to her.

British America lies along our whole northern border for nearly six thousand miles, reckoning the crooks and indentations, and that line is largely marked by water, and in the winter when the British troops could not aid Canada, the frost forms bridges over which American troops can pass to any indicated point.

Whenever we are called upon to march an army into Canada, the movement should be made in the early winter. After which time, if we watch our Eastern borders, with any considerable portion of more than a million of veterans, who still can do service in the field, no British troops can disturb that portion of our army

operating in Western or Central Canada. At that season of the year, too, every corn barn and wheat bin will be full, every smoke house and cattle-pen will be a commissary depot, and the hay stack and straw pile will furnish food and bedding for man and horse. And the supposed rigors of the climate well-fed, well-clothed and well-shod troops will not mind, or the impediment of the snow, more than do our logging men in the forests of Maine on the Canadian borders where they spend whole winters.

It may be said that a winter campaign in Canada is impossible. Indeed, it was so deemed in 1866 by the Fenian leaders who desired to make raids into Canada; whereas, in fact, the winter was the only time at which such an incursion was possible, specially if the invaders had no base of supplies or provision train behind them.

We have now on our own soil railroads which can bring our troops near to the borders of Canada at almost every desirable point.

At the time of the invasion of Canada by Wolff, in 1759, he made preparations for a winter campaign, waiting as long as he dared to get up the St. Lawrence without being impeded by frosts; and he landed above Quebec about the tenth of September with the intention of besieging Quebec, the best fortified city in North America. He evidently reckoned upon supporting his troops largely from the resources I have indicated. He could have had no thought or belief that the rash and too brave Montcalm, almost within an hour as one might say, could quit the shelter and protection of the thick walls of Quebec, and its heavy artillery, and deploy the French troops on the plains of Abrabam and thus trust himself and his country's cause on the result of a man for man fight to repel the dashing charge of the impetuous English General.

So in the war of the Revolution, when the Continental troops invaded Canada by two expeditions, one under Montgomery from New York, striking Montreal, and the other under the lead of Arnold, who marched on Quebec from the head waters of the river Kennebec in Maine, both contemplating and carrying out a winter campaign in Canada.

On the third day of December, these Generals with their troops made a junction near Quebec, but before that month closed the attack was made on the city. The fifth of May following a

retreat, which became disastrous, was ordered by the Continental Congress in obedience to the opinion of a commission sent to investigate. The severity of the winter in Canada had nothing to do with the failure of our operations ; it simply resulted from the want of power, either in Congress or in the States, to get disciplined troops with quantities of supplies in time to open a spring campaign. The supplies became necessary, because, in the spring, of course, every bin and barn was empty, as facilities for transportation were then hardly known, and, after his kind, the frontier farmer raised his supplies from year to year. And so the Fenians in 1866, not having a wagon load of provisions with them, with their accustomed infelicity of movement, chose the month of May, when nothing was left of the last year's supply, and nothing had been grown in the succeeding year, in the spring of which they made their raid into Canada.

We have said that the Briton was not fond of enlisting in war. He does not improve in that regard when he emigrates. In the time of the Revolution, when Montgomery prepared to attack Quebec—and operations had then been going on against Canada for some months—General Carleton, the chief in command of the British troops, had, on the 22d of November, in his army for the defense of Quebec and Canada, 330 Anglo-Canadian militia. Only these were inside the walls of Quebec, and he had ordered out, within four days, all persons who would not join in the defense of the town several days before. He had also 543 French Canadians in Quebec who did not desert their families under this order.

At a later date, as will be remembered, when England called upon the loyalty of her colonies to assist her by furnishing troops to fight an unjust war against some naked negroes in Africa, Canada answered the call after months' delay by furnishing volunteers of all descriptions to the extent of one regiment of fighting men, and some boatmen, her population then exceeding 4,000,000. As a standard of comparison as to the volunteering capacity of the two peoples for war, we may be permitted to state that Rhode Island, with a population in 1860 of less than 175,000, furnished more than twenty regiments of over a thousand men each, and six batteries of artillery, all volunteers, not drafted men to aid the national government in its struggle.

There is another great source of defenselessness in Canada in a war with the United States. That war should be conducted

with the most rigorous discipline of our troops, making sure that neither outrage, pillage or disorder of any description should be done to the inhabitants, or any wrong inflicted upon them because of the presence of our armies. Above all, no swarms of "bummers," organized plunderers hanging on the outskirts of the marching troops, and therefore protected by them, such as accompanied Sherman's army in his march to the sea, committing every possible outrage of which that General did and could know nothing upon the defenseless old unprotected men, who stayed at home, and women and children of the South, more horrible than their plunderings and incendiarisms, which did more to embitter the people of that portion of the Southern country against that Federal commander,—than whom there is no other of kinder heart or juster mind of the Generals who commanded our armies,—and against the people of the North who cheered every step of that march, and were therefore believed to have approved what was being done in its progress, of which we then knew nothing,—than any and all other events of the war, leaving an estrangement and bitterness of feeling most terrible, and about which that people are necessarily largely silent, because the details of the outrages were not such as any American would willingly discuss.

Nothing but the fact that these things were the result of an excrescence on the march of that army, when that fact shall become known to and appreciated by the South, will change their current of thought in that direction. Such an excrescence ought not, must not, and will not, ever again attach itself to the march of American troops. The creatures who make it up should be picked up with diligence and energy and hanged on the trees bordering the line of march, if such appear.

Everything taken for the use of the army,—and everything may be taken by the rules of war for such use without payment,—should be paid for at its full value on the spot, so as not to impoverish the inhabitants of Canada or embitter them against the people of the United States, thus making the advent of our armies rather a source of profit than of harm.

I agree that this is not the usual form of carrying on war—especially as when the British army captured Pekin, the Capital of China, the baggage wagons of the retiring troops fluttered with the silk and satin coats, gowns and petticoats plundered from the wardrobes of the Chinese Emperor's male and female staff.

Our war should be carried on in Canada as a war against British power only, and not against the people of that country, a very large portion of whom are the descendants of a conquered people who bear no love to the British conquerors.

Again, there is a large element of the best informed people of Canada who desire to be annexed to the United States and become a part of us whenever they find occasion, and will not be restrained by love of, or loyalty to the British crown.

Neither knighthoods nor baronetcies are sent over to enoble the heads of the families of these, our friends. They are the commercial and manufacturing and farmer classes of Canada, and they would join us as soon as the yoke is lifted.

This is especially true of the very large and fertile district of Manitoba, the "wheat field of Canada," which is not rightfully any part of the Dominion but is a province of conquered people who strove for years to gain their independence, so that they might annex themselves to the United States on the north as Texas had done at the south, the benefits of which annexation were seen and appreciated by all peoples.

Canada would thus be defenseless because our war would not and should not be against Canada, her people or their rights and liberties, or to obtain the lands of her inhabitants, but should be and would be against British power and dominion only. Our armies should march holding out the olive branch to everything in Canada that is not British, and the result would be that we should soon take and hold the territory, not against Canada, but for Canada as a part of us, to be with us in all that makes our country desirable to its citizens and a blessing to the world.

The United States has never waged war for the purpose of acquiring territory, yet we have acquired more territory to ourselves than all the nations of the world together save Great Britain. The difference between the policy and action of the two countries in this respect is this: All the territory that Great Britain has acquired which she now holds, has been got by the sword. The United States bought and paid for at the value put upon it by the Government possessing it, every foot of territory over which our jurisdiction extends, even the Indian Territory. We bought Louisiana, we bought Florida even after we had conquered it. We bought the provinces of Mexico and paid for them after we had possessed ourselves of them by force of our victorious arms.

Texas, which, being independent, annexed herself to us with our consent. We bought Alaska, and paid for it at the price put upon it by the strongest warlike government in the world on the land. Canada must come to us sooner or later. Even if we acquire it by war, still we must pay for it by assuming its public debt so far as its government is concerned, and giving autonomy, and the benefits of our institutions to its people so far as their domestic affairs and private rights are concerned, save to observe in no event could it be admissible in case of annexation, either as the result of the peaceful, diplomatic and legislative enactments of the interested parties, or as a result of a war between the two countries, wherein the removal of British dominion from the territory north of us would be an ultimatum—no determination of diplomacy or force could result otherwise, than that the whole territory north of us should become an integral part of the United States, bordering thereon and subject alone to our sovereignty.

If our proposition as to the consent of the British Government to the annexation of Canada to this country would be given, is it possible to believe that England would plunge her empire into a war of unknown complications, of incalculable injuries to her people, and unheard-of expenditures of money—because war in this age cannot be economically carried on—in order to hinder the people of the Dominion of Canada from becoming citizens of the United States at their own option, which we may fully calculate on in a very few years, which are but hours in the life of a nation, or will she choose to arrive at that result by diplomacy, which must come as the terms of the conclusion of a war.

Another evidence of the defenselessness of Canada in a war with the United States will be found in a well-considered answer to this question: How many citizens of Canada would now become citizens of the United States if they could do so without change of domicile or the abandonment of local interests or homes, provided all the rights and privileges of such citizenship would follow its adoption?

We have already more Canadian immigrants in our territory than would equal the population of two States in our Union. These Canadians left country and home, breaking away from all surroundings and family ties to come to us to enjoy the benefits of our institutions without exercising any of the powers of its citizens.

One policy of the United States differing from that of some other nations in acquiring territory is, that the citizens of the territory acquired become citizens with us, *only* if they choose so to do. We have never compelled any citizens on any territory acquired by us to become one of us unless of his own free will and accord.

If the Dominion of Canada came under the sovereignty of the United States, the rights, liberties and privileges of no citizen of Canada would be taken from him. There would be permitted to him all that he had before of a citizen's rights and privileges, but there would be added to him all the privileges of a citizen of the United States, and if he chose all the powers and rights also.

A war to prevent the annexation of Canada to the United States on the part of Great Britain would be a war founded on sentiment only, and not to preserve her interest, because there would be in this case no interference with the political or private rights of the people of Canada. France may well believe that she ought to go to war with Germany to reclaim Alsace-Lorraine, because the French citizens of that province by force and against their will have been driven to become citizens of Germany. Not so here.

Great Britain would not want to hold Canada by force, because she is to her a valuable possession in sense of a money value. Canada imposes the same tariff for revenue on British goods brought to her Dominion from England as from any other country. She would be the same market for English goods, and we may say better after annexation than she is now. Her public debt is increasing; her budget does not cover her expenses; she does not aid herself by internal taxation, and she must soon raise her tariff higher than that of the United States, as in some articles it is now, so that by annexation she would not be cut off as a consumer of British goods,—as a producer of what England needs, as in case of annexation no export duty could be levied on her wheat, her cattle and her provisions, which England needs.

England pays every year more money for the expenditures of the executives of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland and the Dominion proper, to say nothing of the cost of her armed forces by sea and land, than any amount that she could get by taxation or otherwise, which she would lose by annexation.

Taxation without representation is a claim of political rights which has taken no root in the American soil.

May we not, in view of all these considerations, close this discussion as we began by averring with certainty that we can have no war with England and that Canada must and will come to us in the immediate future.

If these are truths, and who can doubt them, is not the attitude of both houses of Congress and the President toward Canada at the same time unfriendly, unpolitic and unwise? It is true that her government has seized our fishermen, embarrassed their business and inflicted injuries upon our commerce by discriminations against us. Be it so! For what purpose was all this done? In order that a treaty might be negotiated between the *United States* and *England,* by which Canada could avoid payment of duties upon her imports into this country, and so that commercial and fishing rights would be established between the two countries. How did we meet these wrongs on her part? Did we deal with them as a series of acts of the British Government, as they really were? Did this great nation, the United States, address the great nation, the Empire of Great Britain, upon the causes of contention and of aggressions? Not at all. Congress passed an act directing the President, if cruisers sailing under the flag of the British Empire, and guarded by her men-of-war, seized or deprived any American fishing vessel of her rights guaranteed to her by treaties and the laws of nations, to retaliate, by proclamation, that we would do like things to the Canadian fishermen, thus quarreling with Canadian fishermen, but leaving all other British vessels to go unscathed, untouched and unharmed. Why did we not act like men and say to the President, it is your duty to proclaim, in the event of any more of these outrages on the part of vessels bearing the British flag, that if they are not redressed, or if any vessel carrying the American flag, however small, shall be prevented from entering any British port, no British vessel, however large, shall be permitted to enter any American port. If we had made this contention a matter between nations, then if we are right in any considerable part of our discussion of the relation of Canada and Great Britain to us, all these matters will be adjusted at once.

How did the President treat this mandatory act of Congress which he made law? He treated it with cool quiet contempt by

studied inaction. He undertook, however, to formulate a treaty, which in no way touched the root of the evil or the contention between the two nations. The Senate rejected that treaty. The President instantly asked Congress for power. To do what? To retaliate upon Great Britain for any act done under her flag in contravention to the rights and privileges of the United States? Oh, no! He asked for power to quarrel with the people of Canada; to interfere with the commerce of her merchants, with her canals and the tolls, the traffic on which goes to repair and keep them up. No power is asked to harm Great Britain or her government, but only to vex, annoy, impoverish and embitter the people of Canada. Why should we do this? The inhabitants of Canada are our friends. The governing classes, agents of Great Britain, are against us. If any retaliation is to be done, cut off English commerce from our shores, so that Canada, our neighbors, may be brought into closer relations to us.

Why punish her people? Why treat her mercilessly? Why stop the produce of her farms from transportation? Why is it not good policy as well as good neighborhood to let her do everything that the people of Canada are desirous of having done, so that it be just and right, and do for them that which they desire to have, because they wish to be our friend. Do nothing which Great Britain wishes, because she is and always has been our bloody enemy, hiring savages to scalp our mothers, since the destruction of tea in Boston harbor.

Let us leave England severely alone in a proper manner as we have a right to do, even under our treaty of amity and commerce, which she does not regard. Nurse our relations with Canada and her people. Let her come to us and be with us, as part of us, and all the territory north of the St. Lawrence between it and the north pole will be ours, as it ought to be.

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

LESTER WALLACK.

It is painfully apparent to me that my early friends and old are fast passing away. This thought has been greatly emphasized by the recent announcement of the sudden termination of the eventful life of my distinguished professional brother, John Lester Wallack.

But that I am now surrounded by trunks in course of packing and other distracting evidences of the proposed early departure of Mrs. Florence and myself on our annual tour of the Canadas and the United States, I would feel able to undertake the agreeable task of adding to this tribute of respect to the memory of my lamented friend an analytical opinion of his stage efforts, and endeavor to explain to lay people why he stood so high in the estimation of the profession that he adorned.

John Wallack was always a picturesque character on or off the boards. He was a handsome man—handsome not only in the eyes of romantic maidens, but he had a multitude of admirers among his own sex. He was tall, straight as an Indian, graceful and distinguished in appearance. Piercing black eyes, an abundance of jet black hair, shapely limbs, small extremities, and, withal, a figure that permitted a perfect fitting of tastefully chosen clothes, were among the advantages that he once possessed and which made him almost Hyperion. This, before the ravages of time had gray-hued his curling locks, and pitiless and painful disease had made him its prey.

I knew his father, too. A splendid gentleman, a ripe scholar, an admirable actor. I have his autograph before me. It is attached to a letter dated "Saturday morning, September 15th, 1855." That's just thirty-three years ago. I cannot resist the temptation to produce it in this hurried article for the reference to the now millionaire, Theodore Moss, illustrates the strange an-

tics of time. Moss and Wallack were almost identical for their protracted friendship and close business relations, and no one, even of the blood, will miss Lester more than he who was for so many years his guide, counselor and friend. Mr. Moore was the treasurer of the first Wallack's theatre, Broadway and Broome street, at which Mrs. Florence made her first appearance as a dramatic artiste.

My Dear Moore:
Do not forget John, $70 per week; Moss, $12.
Pay Mr. Brougham $60 for his comedy for the three nights.
Yours, very truly,
J. W. WALLACK.

John's advancement from the meagre salary mentioned in his father's letter to the frequent receipt of over $1,000 a week, was not sudden, but grew with the growth of his talents, experience, and attractiveness. He eventually became the most prominent figure of the New York stage, but I doubt the declaration of the *New York Times* that "with the exception of Edwin Booth he was the best known American actor of the time." Abroad he was recognized in London as a leading New York manager, and in California his engagements were not successful commensurate with the justified expectations of his manager. It is a weakness of New Yorkers to fancy that the metropolis is the United States. This is not less ridiculous than the recent visit to New York of a Mayor of another city, who came *incognito*. Mr. Wallack's tour ought to have been an ovation, and it is to be regretted that stars of lesser magnitude secured the attention and plaudits of a people that should have worthily recognized the masterly impersonations of one of the most brilliant comedians of the age.

It shall always be a pleasurable memory to me that I was permitted to take a modest part in the late grand performance at the Metropolitan Opera House given for the benefit of Mr. Wallack. Perhaps the last time that I grasped his hand was on the stage of that magnificent theatre, when he thanked me as gratefully as if I had contributed immeasurably to the extraordinary success of the occasion. His pride was aroused by the tumultuous demonstrations of the vast and representative audience that filled the big house from floor to dome; but it was keenly alive to the fear that any one should for a moment fancy that he cared so much for the financial results as he did for the tribute of affectionate regard

and the admiration of his professional talents that the unrivaled gathering in reality was. In his happy address before the curtain he betrayed this feeling, and he died with the comforting belief that the tremendous box office receipts were considered by the public to be but an indispensable incident of the splendid testimonial.

Lester Wallack came of a family of actors. He had the advantage of early training and the benefit of youthful association and intimacy with stage affairs. It might be said that he was born to the stage, and his ambition was impelled by natural dramatic instincts. His father told me that the ballad, "Lord Bateman was a Noble Lord," introduced as a lullaby and sung so effectively in his own play of "Rosedale," was sung to him when he was being dandled upon his parent's knee. I, too, began my stage career at an early age, for when Edwin Forrest was playing an engagement at the old Pearl Street Theatre, in my native city of Albany, he had borrowed me to carry aloft with his good left arm while, as the triumphant Rolla with Alonzo's child, he crossed the mountain-bridge, holding his broad sword on the charge in the other hand.

I have before me as I write two old play bills. One, in connection with my *début* incident related above, is *apropos*. It is of the Philadelphia Theatre, and dated Monday evening, April 12th, 1819, by which "the public is respectfully informed that Mr. Wallack is engaged for a few nights, and will appear as Pizarro, or, the Death of Rolla." This was Lester's father. Mrs. H. Wallack danced a *pas seul* on the occasion in the comic Spanish ballet, "Love Among the Roses." The other bill is of the same theatre, dated March 31st, 1819, and gives a programme for Mr. H. Wallack's benefit. These performances were given less than a year before Lester's birth, which occurred in Varick street, New York, January 1st, 1820. Mrs. H. Wallack was a fascinating danseuse, but she soon abandoned the terpsichorean art for the dramatic, and afterwards appeared acceptably as the soubrette of popular farces or afterpieces. Henry Wallack was a melodramatic actor. He was Lester's uncle and James Wallack's elder brother. He was at one time manager of the old Chatham Theatre in this city. The elder Wallack became manager of the National Theatre, which was located on the northwest corner of Church and Leonard

streets. This handsome dramatic temple was built for operatic purposes by subscription, and was first called the Italian Opera House. As a theatre it fell into the hands of Lester's father, and during his administration it was destroyed by fire. It was a capacious house, capable of holding 1,500 people. Uncle Henry was the stage manager under the Wallack *régime*, and James W., Jr., was a member of the company. The last that I heard of Henry's public appearances was when he was playing "first old men" at Ethelbert A. Marshall's Broadway Theatre, Broadway and Anthony street, which was just at the conclusion of the war with Mexico. He was famous as Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute and in eccentric characters. He had two daughters that I remember, Julia, who once played at Niblo's, and the charming Fanny, who was a great favorite at the old Bowery Theatre in support of A. A. Adams, John R. Scott, Edward Eddy and other tragic favorites. She died abroad. In private life she was known as Mrs. Moorehouse. He had two sons, one, George Gordon, the other James W., Jr., who is too well remembered by the present generation of theatre-goers for me to undertake to give even an outline of his career. Many contend that his Matthias, the Jew, in "The Bells," which he played at Booth's Theatre, was equal to the famous impersonation of the character by Henry Irving. He at one time performed at a little theatre in the Bowery, opposite Spring street, which subsequently fell into the hands of Tony Pastor, and was the site of the present People's Theatre. I there witnessed his excellent performance of "The King of the Commons." His other most famous impersonation was Fagin in "Oliver Twist."

Lester's father, James William Wallack, was an Englishman and came to this country about 1818. He was a mere boy, possibly twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. I can't speak by the card, for I am writing merely from memory, with no time to search for data, and the reader must be indulgent under the circumstances. Notwithstanding his youth he came heralded as a consummate actor. His advent was a triumphant endorsement of his London repute. He made his American debut in a Shakesperian character. I fancy that it was Shylock, in which part he had no successful rival. He was incomparable in such parts as the Rover and Benedick. He told me that during his initial engagement in his country he played Macbeth, and his "army"

comprised two supernumeraries, one wearing an Italian brigand jacket, the other a long, yellow tunic, the only historical relief being a plaid ribbon tied around the waist.

Lester was not his father's only son as many may think. He had three brothers: James, Henry and Charles. James and Charles are dead, but Henry is a British officer with a captain's commission, and is Governor of the Millbank Penitentiary, London. He is also one of the gentlemen-at-arms who attend the Queen at Buckingham Palace on ceremonial days. He is a fine looking, gentlemanly, handsome fellow with the characteristic brilliant black eyes of the Wallack family.

I made a voyage to Europe in company with Lester in 1867, I think it was. It was the first time in many years that he had taken a vacation from his arduous managerial and professional labors, and he was in capital spirits, displaying the joyousness of a boy just freed from school. We visited Liverpool together, spending a Sunday there, and among other points of interest we saw the old Liver Theatre building, now a dry goods store, although the theatre sign is still exposed on the *façade*. He played there at the beginning of his career, "Ah!" he exclaimed, as we stood opposite the once famous theatre, "what hopes, what ambitions, did I form while a member of the company then in that quaint old building." I remember that we went to the St. James Theatre, London, and saw "The School for Scandal," with Henry Irving as Joseph Surface, Miss Herbert as the Lady Teazle, and, I think, Frank Matthews played Sir Peter. Lester expressed himself as delighted with Irving's acting, and even at that early period predicted for him the world-wide fame he has since achieved.

We also together visited St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London, the church at which Edwin Forrest was married. "Here," said he, "my maternal grandfather, Jack Johnstone, the Irish comedian, and an intimate of the Prince of Wales, lies buried."

I must disgress a bit here to record the cause of many a jibe and pleasantry the flock of the Lambs' Club, of which Lester was Shepherd, used to indulge in. Bets were made as to the date of his birth, and whenever he was appealed to for a decision he could but smile and say that he was in doubt himself, for it occurred at exactly midnight December 31, 1819; "but," he continued, on one occasion, "my nurse determined the date by making it Janu-

ary 1, 1820, so you see, my lads, by Irish reckoning it makes me a year younger."

As a man he was genial, just, and generous. As a manager he was thoroughly versed even in the rudimentary elements of dramatic art. He was a great disciplinarian, and exacted proper obedience to his stage directions, yet he was a great favorite and much beloved by the members of his company. Imagine the green-room of the first Wallack's Theatre (for they had green-rooms in those days), with such a brilliant array of artists as Brougham, Lester Wallack, Dyott, Blake Walcot, Laura Keene, Madelaine Henriques, George Jordan, Charley Hale, Norton, Dolly Davenport, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Hoey, Mary Gannon, and Miss Malvina! Think of the flashes of wit, the quick repartee, the bright causes of merriment, the pungent criticisms, the interchange of frequent ideas, and the wholesome humor that pervaded its precincts every night.

As a yachtsman he entertained bounteously, and the advent of the Columbia or of his later steam yacht, the Skylark, was always hailed with joy in any visited harbor on the Atlantic coast. He could tell a story capitally, and invested it with double interest because of his almost inimitable Irish brogue, Scotch and French dialect.

He leaves four children: Arthur, Harold, Charles and Florence (Mrs. Sewell). His afflicted widow, to whom goes forth from my very heart the fullest sympathy, is a sister of the great English artist, Millais, who was recently knighted.

Mr. Wallack's performances showed little versatility. His marked personality always dominated the part undertaken. He couldn't conceal his bright and volatile spirit in the serious part of the stage sentimentalist, while as a comedian his assumptions always smacked of the broad fun of Charles Courtley or "My Awful Dad." Indeed, the sense of farcical comedy always predominated in his most artistic efforts. He could not brook the introduction of the sideboard or mantle-piece actor, who had nought to recommend him but the cut of his trousers, and for whom the Robertsonian school is responsible. The Dick Dashall and Don Cæsar style of his father was his model.

I find that my pen has almost unconsciously been swinging from biography to criticism, between sympathy and the truth of history, swayed by varied emotions.

I have spoken of the subject of my too brief sketch as I found him, in justice to his memory, to myself as a narrator and to a vast constituency of readers. I have written within the shadow of his pall and the echo of the touching word farewell! Yes, fare thee well, my confrère and my friend! You played well your protean part of man, author, actor and manager! I can record no better eulogium than that when your exit cue was given, you left the stage of life amid the heartfelt regrets of a myriad of admirers, to whom your social and professional career was a bountiful source of pleasure.

W. J. FLORENCE.

MAXIMS AND MARKETS.

It is not always that "apt alliteration's artful aid" is of any great value in grave political controversies. An alliterative phrase is like the girl of the nursery rhyme, who, "When she was good, was very, very good, and when she was bad she was horrid." Yet a phrase that captures the public mind and ear is often more than half a battle. "Fifty-four-forty, or fight," was once more potent than Senatorial debates in a famous dispute with England.

General Harrison has recently suggested an alliteration which is doing valuable service in the pending conflict of the two great political parties. He describes men with free trade tendencies as men who have studied maxims rather than markets. This is a happy characterization of nearly all political theorists—of the ideologists, as Napoleon termed them.

The men of maxims evolve their theories as the German philosopher evolved his camel—out of their inner consciousness. They abound in noble sentiments, as did Sir Joseph Surface, without condescending to conform their conduct or theories to the facts of life. From their St. Simon's pillar they look down with lofty self-sufficiency on the toilers in the market place. This trait, indeed, is their only common characteristic: whether posing as saints, exploding as anarchists, or "ballooning it" as Mugwumps, they always look down with contempt on the men and parties who, even if their creed seems of the earth earthy, do render the earth habitable and life worth living.

For the problems of politics are not worked out of such stuff as dreams are made of, but by plans founded on the experience of nations and of centuries. If we may define statesmanship, it seems to be experience codified, made tangible and applied to the exigencies of national life. It deals, not with theories, not with nebulous, poetic imaginings and aspirations, but with concrete

social facts and forces. Its trail is not an acrobat's invisible wire, but a firm rock-hewn path, lighted by the unflickering lamp of history. The form of the dreamer's ideal may be artistic and pleasing to the eye of faith that can see it, while the image of the statesman may be rude, and rough hewn, but the bloodless vision vanishes with the cock crow, while the worker continues from century to century. And it is exactly in proportion as they deal with facts and not theories—as they consult the market instead of the oracle—that national leaders leave their impress on their generation, and that civilization is established and extended from zone to zone—from protoplasm to America.

The men of maxims in America to-day have erected a golden calf, before which they fall down and worship. They are longing, if not for the flesh pots of Egypt, at least for the drygoods of Europe. Their new evangel teaches that the end and aim of statesmanship is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. They even preach this pawnbroker's gospel in the name of Christianity. It is not Christianity, only, however, the absurd and morbid sentiment that proclaims it a duty to send aid and comfort to distant and unfriendly peoples—"tooth brushes and red shirts to the savages in Central Africa"—while it remains indifferent to the welfare of family and home.

The men of the markets, on the contrary, believe that the duties we owe to our own household and people should take precedence of all other moral obligations. Justice, like charity, should begin at home. After we have found work and food and clothing, and fit lodgings for our own people, and not till then, should a nation be expected to take any cognizance of the world outside of its own borders.

These truths are especially pertinent to the free trade issue now forced upon us. The men of maxims say we can buy foreign goods cheaper than we can make them. Possibly we can do so in some cases, judging by the price list; but these lists do not reckon the cost of providing for the millions now profitably employed in established industries, whom the heartless policy of supplanting American by European products would render idle and homeless and hungry. It is by omitting such expenses that the price of foreign goods *seems* cheaper to us. For, all the glittering sophistries of the men of maxims cannot blot out the self-evident fact that for the foreign labor woven and spun into imported

fabrics an equal amount of American labor must inevitably be displaced, and that in one way or another this displaced labor must be supported by us.

Nothing can more clearly illustrate the truth of General Harrison's remark than the results recently reached by the gentlemen of the majority of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. Were these gentlemen acquainted with the intricacies and necessities of the industries they were tampering with? No; the entire Ways and Means Committee of the Democratic wing, charged with the fabrication of the Mills Bill, could boast of but one business man, and that man, Congressman Scott, whose whole soul, as the trusted representative of the President, was bent upon passing the Mills Bill in any guise, at any cost. Can we wonder, then, at the headless and heedless propagation of ficticious and fallacious tariff theories by the Democratic members of this Congress? The Mills Bill is a travesty on common sense to an extent that would have turned every man's hand against it had there been any prospect of its becoming law, or had the vote been taken in any other than a presidential year. It was made to foster and protect the "home industry" of manufacturing votes, and the Congressional votes given for it were not given as signs of approval of this wretched measure. They were given to a bill intended to fraudulently resemble a fulfillment of the wrinkled and tramp promises of the Democratic Party. On the eve of election something had to be done; some bill had to be passed. Votes were "corralled," right and left, by unlimited tinkering at the bill until it can hardly have been recognized by its own father.

But, say our Democratic friends, the Mills Bill is not a free trade bill. True, it is not, in the strict sense of the term, but it is a reckless step in that direction, and it is time to call a halt; and, without "waving the bloody shirt," we may well ponder upon the expediency of intrusting the interests of vast Northern industries to men of maxims, who happen, in this case, to be chiefly Southern brigadiers, and who solicit the suffrages of the American people for a crude conglomeration of hazardous and untested experiments.

Said a great English statesman and political economist to me, at the time of the resumption of specie payments: "Why, it is contrary to all laws of political economy."

"The American people," I replied, "do not care much for the laws of political economy; they have been making their own laws for some time, and only look to results." The results have spoken for themselves.

Does the American laborer ask whether he is being governed by the maxims or theories of Adam Smith? No; he asks what wages he receives and what comforts he enjoys under different systems. He knows that the wages of unskilled laborers and manufacturers have averaged more with us since the great era of protection began than they ever averaged before. He knows that, before that time, they averaged one dollar a day, and that, since that time, they have averaged as high as one dollar and forty cents. The same may be said of the machinists in iron and steel works. They know the hard facts that, against their former one dollar and seventy-five cents, they have received an average as high as two dollars and fifty cents. So, too, the cotton weavers know that, against their former wages of seventy-five cents, they have earned as high an average as one dollar and twenty-five cents. And thus the cases could be multiplied.

We are constantly confronted by the man of maxims with the oft-told tale that clothes will be so much cheaper when we enter upon the golden era of free trade. No better, and no more humorous answer to this assertion can be given than was recently supplied in the House of Representatives by that brilliant speaker, Major McKinley, of Ohio. The incident occurred, as may be remembered, from the assertion of Major McKinley, that a certain class of goods could be produced in this country at a sufficiently low price to produce men's clothing at ten dollars a suit. At this stage of the proceedings appeared Mr. Leopold Morse, the popular Democratic Congressman and clothier of Boston. This gentlemen having questioned the assertion, Major McKinley, as by a magician's wand, promptly produced a suit from the recesses of his desk. Mr. Morse, being still unconvinced, called for the name of the firm that could furnish such suits at such prices in this country. Whereupon, Mr. McKinley produced the receipted bill of Leopold Morse & Co.! Nothing could have been neater or more convincing to the practical voters, although it may have failed to convince the men of maxims.

Workingmen are not blind to the fact that, while wages have been rising under the fostering influence of a protective tariff,

necessaries have been greatly cheapening. When the man of maxims can persuade the workingman that he does not buy his flour, his corn, his salt beef, his salt pork, his sugar, his butter, his cheese, etc., at a lower price than he did when his daily wages were far lower, then may we expect to see the majority of American workingmen voting in the direction of free trade. To-day, however, millions of toilers still firmly repudiate the man of maxims, and doubt, with Mr. Lincoln, the wisdom of swapping horses while crossing the stream, and of abandoning or reversing the great financial and industrial policies under which they and the nation have prospered so marvelously since the close of the war.

The men of maxims teach that new lands like ours should devote themselves to the cultivation of the raw material for the older lands to manufacture.

This experiment has been tried for more than a century within our own borders. The wisdom of the men of the market has been justified by the result. Virginia and the other Southern States, endowed by nature with every kind of natural riches—a fruitful soil, splendid harbors, navigable rivers, a fructifying climate, and minerals inexhaustible—the South devoted her energies to the cultivation of the raw material. Virginia, once the premier state, is now, and before the war was, far down in the lower ranks of the roll of the Union. Massachusetts, whose chief natural products were ice and granite, devoted her energies to manufactures and diversified her industries. And as the result she and her other New England sisters are now among the most prosperous and wealthiest communities of Christendom. The men of the market may be plodders, but their work is among the highest achievements of the human race. In the grand march of progress, it is always the men of the market who lead the fashion. The men whose shoes never leave the earth are surer guides than the men with winged feet.

Singularly enough—or, perhaps, regarding the texture of their minds, I should rather say naturally enough—the men of theoretical maxims seem to abhor the practical maxims that generations of experience have crystalled into proverbs. Ages of conflict, armed and verbal, have shown the wisdom of the maxim: "Find out what your enemy wants you to do, and then don't do it." Our great enemy in the battle for commercial supremacy now in progress is England. Mr. Gladstone himself

has said in this REVIEW that America would wrest from England her commercial primacy. When we regain our former supremacy on the seas and win the mastery of the world's market—which, sooner or later, we are sure to do—England will be relegated to the rank of a second or third class power; for our national wealth so far exceeds hers that, equal on the seas and in the market, she could not long continue the contest with us. Providence favors the richest estates as well as the heaviest battalions. Now what does England desire us to do?

England, as an industrial power, is the most selfish and the shrewdest nation of modern times. Regardless of the interests of other nations, she always favors and fosters any policy that is calculated to advance British interests. "Business is business," is a maxim of English origin.

What then does England desire us to do? To establish free trade—to open our markets to the unobstructed and untaxed competition of her manufactures. Hon. Thomas H. Dudley, formerly American Consul at Liverpool, an intelligent observer of wide experience, shows that within one single year one single English club—the Cobden Club—distributed no less than seven hundred thousand of their tracts in the United States, especially in the Western States, thus endeavoring to arouse a new sectional spirit in the Union in the interests of free trade. The same club selects free trade professors in American colleges for marks of distinction, and offers prizes to students for free trade essays. In a special report, issued to members only, as quoted by Mr. Dudley, the manager of the Cobden Club said:

"In the United States, the exertions of your committee have had the effect to bring free exchange to the front as one of the great questions of the day. Your committee continues to afford all the assistance in their power to those who are laboring in the free trade cause in foreign countries. In America, in the progress of political events there is great promise. . . . The result of turning public attention in this direction is seen in the fact that revenue reform has become a leading question in the Presidential contest and is on the winning side."

Mr. Dudley on the same occasion quotes the *London Times* as saying: "It is to the new world that the Cobden Club is chiefly looking as the most likely sphere for its vigorous foreign policy. It has done what it can in Europe and is now turning its eyes

westward and bracing itself for the struggle which is to come. *It cannot rest while the United States are unsubdued.*"

England, our rival always, our friend in business never, desires us to adopt the policy of free trade. The men of maxims here say Aye. The men of the market say No.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

RAW MATERIAL OF RHETORIC.

At New Haven, Conn., Mr. Mills at the close of his speech was asked why it was if free raw material would enable us to supply the markets of the world, we did not already do it with cotton goods? Mr. Mills, not having any other answer ready, is said by the unveracious press to have advanced to the front and replied, "You go home, my friend, and soak yo' head." This, however, Mr. Mills is said to deny, and to asseverate that his real reply was, "You go home and take a cold bath." Either reply could hardly be regarded as within the strict domain of political economy, but supposing that newspapers were not as inaccurate as they are, and supposing also that Mr. Mills had not denied the original version, which version should you say had the greater internal evidence to back it up?

O. E. Jackson.

II.

THREE GREAT EPIDEMICS.

Now, when the nation gazes with watchful and sympathetic eyes at stricken Florida, and generous hands are giving aid to the sick and suffering, it will not be out of place to turn back the pages of history and consider how, in the past, the sad old world has been ravaged by plagues and epidemics. Death and disease have been rampant always, but at special times special causes have predisposed humanity to some one sickness, which then seems to have raged until it died for want of victims.

From a book not generally known, Hecker's "Epidemics," I have condensed an account of the three great plagues which visited Europe during the middle ages.

THE BLACK DEATH.

One of the most memorable of the epidemics of the middle ages was a great pestilence in the fourteenth century, which devastated Asia, Europe, and Africa. It was an Oriental plague, marked by inflammatory boils and tumors of the glands such as break out in no other febrile disease. On account of these boils and from the black spots (indicative of putrid decomposition) which appeared upon the skin, it has been generally called the Black Death.

The symptoms were many, though all were not found in every case. Tumors and abscesses were found on the arms and thighs of those affected, and smaller boils on all parts of the body; black spots broke out on all parts of the skin, either single, united, or confluent. Symptoms of cephalic affection were frequent; many patients became stupified and fell into a deep sleep, losing also their speech from

palsy of the tongue; others remained sleepless, without rest. The fauces and tongue were black, and as if suffused with blood. No beverage would assuage the burning thirst. Contagion was evident, for attendants caught the disease from their relations and friends. Still deeper sufferings, however, were connected with this pestilence: the organs of respiration were seized with a putrid inflammation, blood was expectorated and the breath diffused a pestiferous odor.

The plague spread with the greater fury, as it communicated from the sick to the healthy, contact with the clothes or other articles which had been used by the infected induced the disease, and even the breath of the sick, who expectorated blood, caused a contagion far and near. As it advanced, not only men but animals fell sick and expired.

In England the plague first broke out in the county of Dorset, whence it advanced through the counties of Devon and Somerset to Bristol, and thence reached Gloucester, Oxford and London. Probable few places escaped, perhaps not any, for the annals of contemporaries report that throughout the land only a tenth part of the inhabitants remained alive.

From England the contagion was carried by a ship to Norway, where the plague broke out in its most frightful form, with vomiting of blood; and through out the whole country spared not one-third. The sailors found no refuge on their ships, and vessels were often seen drifting on shore whose crews had perished to the last man.

It is hard to measure the mortality of the Black Death; some numerical statements are not, indeed wanting, but they are scarcely credible when we consider the civilization or lack of civilization of the Fourteenth Century. Rudeness was general. Witches and heretics were burned alive—wild passions, severity and cruelty everywhere predominated. Human life was but little regarded.

Cairo lost daily, when the plague was raging with its greatest violence, from 10,000 to 15,000. In China more than thirteen millions are said to have died. India was almost wholly depopulated. Tartary and the Tartar kingdom of Kaptschak, Mesopotamia, Syria, Armenia, were covered with dead bodies. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants, and ships without crews were seen driving about the Mediterranian, spreading the plague where they went ashore. It was reported to Pope Clement, at Avignon, that throughout the East (probably excepting China) 23,840,000 people had fallen victims to the plague. In Venice 100,000 died, and in London at least the same number; while 124,434 Franciscan friars died in Germany.

In Avignon the Pope found it necessary to consecrate the Rhone, that bodies might be thrown into the river without delay. In Vienna, where for some time twelve hundred inhabitants died daily, the interment of corpses in the church yards and within the churches was prohibited, and the dead were arranged in layers by thousands in large pits outside the city, as had been already done at Cairo, and Paris, and London.

The palace and the cot alike felt the fury of the plague. One king, two queens,* one bishop, and great numbers of other distinguished persons fell victims to it.

The whole period of time during which the Black Plague raged with destructive violence in Europe was (with the exception of Russia, where it did not break out until 1351), from 1347 to 1350, from this latter date to 1383 there were various pestilences, bad enough indeed, but not as violent as the Black Death.

* Alonso XI.; Johanna, Queen of Navarre, daughter of Louis X, and Johanna of Burgundy, wife of King Philip de Valois.

Ireland was much less heavily visited than England, and the disease seems scarcely to have reached the mountainous regions of that land; and Scotland, too, would perhaps have remained free from it, had not the Scotch availed themselves of the discomfiture of the English, to make an irruption into England which terminated in the destruction of their army by the plague and the sword and the extension of the pestilence through those who escaped over the whole country.

In Sweden two princes died (Haken and Knut, half brothers of King Magnus), and in Westgothland alone 466 priests. The inhabitants of Iceland and Greenland found in the coldness of their inhospitable climes no protection against this enemy, which invaded them. In Denmark and Norway the people were so occupied with their own misery, that the accustomed voyages to Greenland ceased, and at the same time great icebergs formed on the coast of East Greenland, and no mortal from that time, even to the present day, has seen that shore or the former dwellers thereon.

It may be assumed that Europe lost by the Black Death some twenty-five millions of people, or about one-fourth of her inhabitants. That her nations could overcome, as quickly as they did, this terrible loss, without retrograding more than they did, is a most convincing proof of the indestructibility of human society as a whole.

THE DANCING MANIA.

The effects of the Black Death had not yet subsided, and the graves of millions of its victims were scarcely green when a strange delusion arose. It was a convulsion which in the most extraordinary manner infuriated the human frame and excited the astonishment of contemporaries for more than two centuries. It was called in some portions of Europe the Dance of St. John, or of St. Vitus, on account of the strange leaps by which it was characterized and which gave to those affected, while performing their wild dance and screaming and foaming with fury, all the appearance of persons possessed. It did not remain confined to particular localities, but was propagated by a sight of the sufferers over the whole of Europe.

As early as the year 1374 assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle who had come out from Germany, and, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public, both in the streets and in the churches, the following strange spectacle: They formed circles, hand in hand, and losing all control over their senses continued, regardless of the bystanders, dancing for hours together in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. Then they complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until cloths were bound tightly around their waists, when they recovered and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practive of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings; but the bystanders frequently relieved patients in a less artificial manner by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected. While dancing, they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits, whose names they shrieked out, and some of them afterward asserted they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood which obliged them to leap so high. Others during the paroxysm saw the heavens open and the saints and Virgin Mary, according as the religious notions of the age were strangely and variously reflected in their imaginations. When the disease was completely developed, the attack began with epileptic convulsions. Those affected fell to the ground senseless, panting and laboring for breath. They foamed at the mouth, and, suddenly springing up, began their dance with strange contortions.

It was but a few months ere this disease had spread from Aix-la-Chapelle, where it appeared in July, over the neighboring Netherlands. In Liège, Utrecht, Tougres and many other towns the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair and their waists girt with cloth bandages, that they might, as soon as the paroxysm was over, receive immediate relief from the attack of tympany. This bandage, by the insertion of a stick, easily twisted tight. Many, however, obtained more relief from kicks and blows, which they found numbers of persons ready to administer, for wherever the dancers appeared the people assembled in crowds to gratify their curiosity with the frightful spectacle. Peasants left their ploughs, mechanics their workshops, housewives their domestic duties to join in the wild revels. Girls and boys quitted their parents, and servants their masters, to amuse themselves at the dances of those possessed and greedily imbibed the poison of mental aberration.

The priests and the authorities took an interest in the afflicted, who were numbered by thousands. They divided them into separate parties, to each of which they appointed responsible superintendents to protect them, and so sent them on pilgrimages to chapels and shrines, principally to those of St. Vitus, near Zabern and Rotestrué, where priests were in attendance to work upon the misguided minds, and where it is probable that many were, through the influence of devotion, cured of this lamentable affliction.

Yet in most cases music afforded the sufferers relief. At the sound of the flute or zithern they awoke from their lethargy, opened their eyes, and moving slowly at first, according to the measure of the music, were, as the time quickened, gradually hurried on to a most passionate dance. Throughout the summer season, cities and villages resounded with the notes of musical instruments, and patients were everywhere met with who looked upon dancing as their only remedy.

There were, however, more ancient dancing plagues. In the year 1237 upwards of a hundred children were said to have been seized suddenly at Erfurt, and to have proceeded dancing and jumping along the road to Arnstadt. When they arrived at that place they fell exhausted to the ground, and, according to an old chronicle, many of them, after they were taken home to their parents, died, and the rest remained affected to the ends of their lives with a permanent tremor. Another occurrence is related to have taken place at the Mosel bridge at Utrecht in 1278, when two hundred fanatics began to dance, and would not desist when a priest passed by carrying the host to a person who was sick, upon which, as if in punishment, the bridge gave way and they were all drowned. A similar event is also said to have occurred as early as the year 1027. Eighteen peasants are said to have disturbed divine service on Christmas eve, by dancing and brawling in the churchyard, whereupon the priest inflicted a curse upon them that they should dance and scream a whole year without ceasing.

THE SWEATING SICKNESS.

After the fate of England had been decided by the Battle of Bosworth, on the 22d of August, 1485, the joy of the nation was clouded by a strange disease which, following in the rear of Henry's victorious army, spread in a few weeks from the distant mountains of Wales to the metropolis of the Empire. It was a violent inflammatory fever, which, after a short rigor, prostrated the powers as by a blow, and amid painful oppression of the stomach, headache and lethargic stupor, suffused the whole body with a fetid perspiration. All this took place in a few hours, and the crisis was always over within the space of a day and a night. The internal heat which the patient suffered was intolerable, yet every refrigerant was certain death.

At first the new foe was scarcely heeded; citizens and peasants went in joy-

ful procession to meet the victorious army, for the nation, after its many years of civil war, looked forward to happier days of peace. Very shortly, however, after the king's entry into the capital on the 28th of August, the Sweating Sickness, as the disease was called, began its ravages among the dense population of the city. Two lord mayors and six aldermen died within one week; many who had been in perfect health at night were on the following morning numbered with the dead. The disease for the most part marked for its victims robust and vigorous men, and as many noble families lost their chiefs, extensive commercial houses their principals, and wards their guardians, the festivities were soon changed into mourning and grief. By the end of the year the disease had spread over the whole of England. Many persons of rank, of the ecclesiastic and civil classes, became its victims, and great was the consternation when it broke out in Oxford. Professors and students fled in all directions, but death overtook many of them, and the University was deserted for six weeks. The accounts which have been handed down are very imperfect, but we may infer from the general grief and anxiety which prevailed, that the loss of life was very considerable.

Some twenty years afterward, in the summer of 1506, the Sweating Sickness visited England for a second time. The renewed eruption of the epidemic was not on this occasion connected with any important occurrence, so that contemporaries have not even mentioned the month when it began; and in the autumn it disappeared.

A third time, in 1517, the Sweating Sickness once more broke out, and was so violent and rapid in its course that it carried off those who were attacked in two or three hours, so that the first shivering fit was regarded as the commencement of certain death. Among the poorer classes the deaths were innumerable, and no precautions averted death from the houses of the rich. This time the Sweating Sickness lasted a full six months, and reached its greatest height about six weeks after its first appearance.

A heavier affliction, however, was yet in store. In May, 1528, the Sweating Sickness again broke out in England, and fourteen months later brought a scene of horror upon all the nations of northern Europe scarcely equaled during any other epidemic. It appeared at once with the same intensity it had shown before, was ushered in by no previous indications, and between health and death there lay but a brief term of five or six hours. Once or twice again this fearful epidemic visited localities in Europe, but by the autumn of 1551 it had vanished from the earth, never, it is hoped, to reappear again.

ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON.

III.

PRESIDENT'S ENGLISH.

"THE Queen's English" is always distinguished by a certain stately modesty, which at once asserts the dignity of the office, and ignores the temporary occupant of it by assuming the plural or editorial form of statement—WE. Without adopting this peculiar method of self-abnegation of their personality, all of our Presidents, from Washington to Andrew Johnson, with the exception of Andrew Jackson, have been singularly modest in referring to themselves as individuals in their public utterances. Even Andrew Jackson, who was as vain as he was energetic, was modest when his public speech referred to his official action. Our present President, among his other pseudo reforms, can justly boast of himself and Andrew Johnson, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Cleveland has completed the work that Johnson began. He revels in a wealth of personal pronouns. "I," "my," "me" and "myself" pop up like Jack-in-the-boxes in almost every sentence he utters. His acceptance speech should be printed like a dissected map,

with only the words me, I, my and myself omitted. It would serve as well as amuse, as a literary puzzle for the pupils of our primary schools.

Here it is—thus printed with the omission of these four words only:

MR. CLEVELAND'S REPLY.

The President in reply said: "[redacted] cannot but be profoundly impressed when [redacted] see about [redacted] the messengers of the National Democracy bearing its summons to duty. The political party to which [redacted] owe allegiance both honors and commands [redacted]. It places in [redacted] hand its proud standard, and bids [redacted] bear it high at the front in a battle which it wages, bravely because conscious of right, confidently because its trust is in the people, and soberly because it comprehends the obligations which success imposes.

"The message which you bring awakens within [redacted] the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction, and the honor which you tender [redacted] is in itself so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment. And yet [redacted] cannot rid [redacted] of grave and serious thoughts when [redacted] remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save the cherished institutions, the welfare and happiness of a nation of freemen.

"Familiarity with the great office which [redacted] hold has but added to [redacted] apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its immense responsibilities. It is the repository of the people's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen, and with quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for right. For the sake of the people he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment upon its legitimate functions, and for the sake of the integrity and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and be administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs.

"This occasion reminds [redacted] most vividly of the scene when, four years ago, [redacted] received a message from [redacted] party similar to that which you now deliver. With all that has passed since that day [redacted] can truly say that the feeling of awe with which [redacted] heard the summons then is intensified many fold when it is repeated now.

"Four years ago [redacted] knew that our Chief Executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little away from the people, to whom it belonged, and become a perversion of all it ought to be; but [redacted] did not know how much its moorings had already been loosened. [redacted] knew four years ago how well devised were the principles of true Democracy for the successful operation of a government by the people and for the people; but [redacted] did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity. [redacted] knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs; but [redacted] did not know their numerous forms, nor the tenacity of their grasp. [redacted] knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction; but [redacted] did not know how bitter, how reckless and how shameless it could be. [redacted] knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just; but [redacted] did not know how grandly they loved their country, nor how noble and generous they were.

"[redacted] shall not dwell upon the acts and the policy of the Administration now drawing to its close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land. And yet [redacted] will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the functions of the high trust confided to [redacted] [redacted] have yielded obedience only to the Constitution and the solemn obligation of [redacted] oath of office. [redacted] have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given [redacted], seemed most conducive to the welfare of [redacted] countrymen and the promotion of good government. [redacted] would not if [redacted] could, for [redacted] nor for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of [redacted] course.

"It but remains for [redacted] to say to you, and through you to the Democracy of the nation, that [redacted] accept the nomination with which they have honored [redacted], and that [redacted] will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner."

Is there some subtle connection between the fraud called Civil Service Reform and personal egotism? We can't recall a single permanent advocate of it, or even a pretender to it, who does not justify the title of Snivel Service Reformer, for his obtrusive cant, and of godkin (little god) for his cockney pretensions.

DANIEL SPARKMAN.

P. S.—For all little godkins, the omitted words are supplied. Where do they go in?

myself myself
my my my my my my
me me me me me me me me me me
I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I

IV.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LANDSCAPES.

MR. STODDARD'S article on Matthew Arnold's poetry in the June REVIEW is admirable as suggesting the general characteristics of Arnold's work in this department. A few words concerning a particular phase of his poetic art may be of interest. The subject of landscape portrayal in poetry has always seemed to me to occupy a less important place in study and criticism than it deserves in view of the interest and value belonging to it.

Since that movement in the history of English poetry—which may be said to have begun with James Thompson and to have culminated with Wordsworth—when Nature took a distinct place of her own as a subject, one is always interested to ask what attitude a poet assumes toward Nature, and how he deals with her.

It is, however, of Arnold's treatment of particular scenes that I wish to speak, rather than of any larger philosophy of nature that he may have held. He is very fond of furnishing a natural setting for the human element of his poem, and nowhere does he show himself a truer artist than in some of these brief but vivid pictures. His success here is largely due to what in pictorial art we call "composition"—a much more important element of all literary art than is sometimes realized.

It is given to the imaginative insight not only to perceive clearly and feel intensely the beauty and the power of a scene, but to discern upon what, peculiarly, these qualities depend. There results from this a process of selecting and arranging, of subordinating or rejecting *this*, of heightening or emphasizing *that*, which, while preserving its unity shall give a sharp, clear impression of the characteristics of a scene. It is the lack of this, for example, that makes Thomson's descriptions of natural scenery—careful and loving as they are—so tedious, and so lacking in effectiveness; they show little sense of the relative values of the elements that go to make up the picture. Not a little of the charm of Arnold's poetry is due to his power to thus briefly but clearly suggest the beauty of a scene by means of a few vigorous, telling touches. The vital meaning of all such statements as the foregoing lies along the line of illustration, and there is space for one or two examples of Arnold's work in this field. Aside from that vague and indescribable charm that must always belong to any imaginative rendering by so true a poetic genius as was Arnold's, aside, too, from the beauty of diction and meter, how much of the force of the pictures depends upon this artistic sense which, with an unerring and unfaltering touch, fixes the attention upon the salient features of the scene, and at the same time gives to each its proper value as part of the picture.

> Far, far from here,
> The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
> Among the green Illyrian hills; and there
> The sunshine in the happy glens is fair;
> And by the sea, and in the brakes,
> The grass is cool, the sea side air
> Buoyant and fresh, * * *
>
> —*Cadmus and Harmonia.*

The sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
—*Dover Beach.*

The sandy spits, the shore-lock'd lakes,
Melt into open moonlit sea;
The soft Mediterranean breaks
At my feet, free.

Dotting the fields of corn and vine,
Like ghosts, the huge, gnarl'd olives stand.
Behind, that lovely mountain-line!
While, by the strand,

Cette, with its glistening houses white,
Curves with the curving beach away
To where the lighthouse beacons bright
Far in the bay.
—*A Southern Night.*

FERRIS LOCKWOOD.

V.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.

IT is something noteworthy, even in these altruistic times of ours, to find four hundred busy men and women coming together from thousands of miles apart to spend a week in conference upon the most practical questions of social science. If "morality fused with social devotion" is, as has been said, "the most consummate flower of our civilization," that flower was seen in fullest bloom in Buffalo during the first and second weeks of July.

It was remarked by one of the speakers in this conference that were an ancient Greek of the time of Plato to come to life among us, no chemical marvel would so astonish him as would Laura Bridgman. Physical science, with all its progress, has effected nothing so marvelous as the moral and intellectual miracles which have been wrought by Christian philanthropy in the last two generations.

It is often said that conferences like this, being entirely without legislative or judicial power, are a vain show, a waste of words and feeling with no result worth mentioning. No error could be greater. The educating and illuminating power of such a congress is great. A noticeable impulse to legislation was given by the thirteenth conference, held in Washington in 1886, and Johns Hopkins University felt its influence so far as to establish a lectureship on Charity Organization and kindred topics. The men and women who gather in these conferences are not mere theorizers, nor are they simply officials of public institutions of small culture and narrow intellect. The majority of them are actual workers in charity or in penology, who are giving thorough study, not only to their own special topics, but to all kindred subjects, investigating social questions in a spirit entirely scientific as well as human.

No philanthropy, indeed, as was observed at one of the meetings, is truly humane and not scientific, as none is truly scientific and not humane. That physician of repute who said of idiots, "I would kill them all off," was no less unsci-

entific than inhumane. Science forbids all waste, even the wasted powers of an idiot. Institutions there are which have educated the feeble-minded : what is most needed now is an institution which shall educate the public. This is the especial function of the Conference of Charities and Correction.

Briefly, the results of the conference were, to diagnose the moral disease of the delinquent child and to find the best remedy in manual training; to condemn, from the logic of experience, the subsidizing of sectarian institutions; to show, by facts most scientifically collated, that public relief tends always to perpetuate misery and degradation; to pronounce emphatically against all admixture of politics in penology; to insist upon labor for all convicts; to emphasize the importance of the social idea in reformation of the criminal; to show the value of charity organization as a means of the diffusion of intelligence, and of bringing large numbers of prosperous people into efficient service of the poor, and to bring out into prominence the duty of private citizens, of the church, and of the public press with regard to the great problem of the uplifting and regeneration of humanity.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

VI.

PHILOLOGICAL PUZZLES.

IN the June number of the REVIEW, on page 709, in a communication on the subject of philological curiosities, Mr. E. M. Day refers to *lagniappe* as a word used in New Orleans, and nowhere else, to express a gratuity given by a storekeeper to a child or negro upon a purchase made, and to *brottus* as having the same meaning and use in Savannah, Georgia.

It may interest your readers to learn that in both Peru and Chili the words *la llapa* are used in the same sense, and it would seem that, even if *lagniappe* be not a corruption of *la llapa*, both have the same root.

With regard to *brottus*, it is possibly a corruption from the French *barroter*, "to fill up (a ship) to the beams," and hence "to add something." In this connection I may add that the word used in Mexico, in the same sense as *la llapa*, is *pilon*, and that one of the primary meanings of this word is "heap."

C. W. GOODCHILD.

VII.

THE USE AND USELESSNESS OF TORPEDOES.

IN an article on the late British naval manœuvres in England and the lessons they teach, *Blackwood's Magazine* has some pregnant suggestions on the question of defensive torpedoes or submarine mines. The remarks of the writer, evidently a professional man, have no less bearing on American interests. As the question of coast defense is one of paramount interest, and recent events have brought that interest specially to the front, it is well to consider the matter briefly. Firstly, let us quote the Blackwood writer :

"These mines (speaking of defensive torpedoes) are cheap to buy, but, if war broke out suddenly, would be difficult to get in sufficient quantities. Peace-time is obviously the time to make all preparations, and for such cities as Liverpool and Glasgow to put their house in order by getting a sufficient number of these torpedoes, and some one to keep them in order and put them down in time, the worthy citizens might then, on war being declared, feel pretty secure in their beds from attacks by hostile cruisers. A certain amount of practice in laying down these torpedoes and taking them up again is essential for doing it quickly and properly when the time arrives to repel the enemy. The Royal Engineers are sup-

posed to defend our coasts with these weapons; but they have neither the men nor the plant to do it except at a few of our arsenals."

If this is true of Great Britain, it is doubly true of the United States. Unlike the former country, we have no great navy, and our coast fortifications would be mere child's play for one hundred ton guns and armored ships. All that we have to depend on is our system of submarine mining, which has been developed to a state of high perfection at Willett's Point, N. Y. To such men as Gen. Henry Abbot and his able successors we owe a great debt of gratitude. But, after all, this system is only on paper, so to speak, and in case of any sudden emergency we should be put to great straits to utilize it to any great advantage. While we have a well planned system level with the foremost science, and a corps of able and skilled officers, both engineers and artillery, who have been trained to its use, we utterly lack the material in store to give the system body. The English writer quoted even underrates the knowledge and experience required to lay and handle submarine mines. The most valuable feature of them is the "shore circuit" class, including "observation" and electro-contact mines. These, with their elaborate electrical connections and shore attachments, take considerable time and great professional skill and care to lay, so as to be sure that they will do their work. In addition to this they would need to be deposited sufficiently in advance of use to give time to have them thoroughly tested.

Again, it is important that large quantities of material, such as dynamite, electrical fuses, torpedo cases, multiple cable, anchors, buoys, circuit-closing apparatus, firing boxes and torpedo picket-boats, with light, quick firing pieces and machine guns to arm them should be in store. Should it be left for us to go to the market for these at the last moment, our scientific system on paper would be worth but a fillip. Before we could get our submarine mines in place, our great seaboard cities could be captured or laid in ashes. As affairs are now, there is not in government store one twentieth part of the material necessary to mine the two approaches of New York City alone. If this deficiency continues the breaking out of war would find us dangerously embarrassed, and no amount of professional skill among our engineers, no excellence of a "station" system would save us. It is impossible to make bricks without straw. True it is that this insufficiency consists for the most part of commercial material, but this does not justify or even palliate our condition of utter unpreparedness. A time might easily arrive when a difference of two weeks in the ability to complete our defensive mining plans would save hundreds of millions of dollars and national sackcloth and ashes.

In the appropriation bill which has passed the conference committee of the two houses of Congress, and is, therefore, likely to become a law, the total amount devoted to military purposes is short of $3,000,000 Of this amount something over two hundred thousand dollars is adjudged to the torpedo system. This is a mere bagatelle. The needs of the torpedo school of instruction alone will absorb a very large portion of this, in all probability. At least double or triple this amount would be required to provide enough material in store, to make it worth our while to have a torpedo system. With our enormous surplus, it ought not to be too much to expect government to be at pains to make our torpedo system at least effective. The complete scientific defense of our seaports with big guns and properly constructed forts would take many years and a formidable number of millions. But very much can be done at a trifling expense to put our torpedo organization into promptly effective working condition, ready for an emergency. That this has not been already done is a disgrace to our government. If it continues to remain undone, we shall be terribly punished for it some day.

JOHN DUDLEY.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

"THIS SON OF VULCAN"* is the title of one of numerous novels from the prolific pens of two English authors. It does not in our judgment stand in the front rank of modern stories. It is voluminous and often tedious, and is altogether wanting in the higher dramatic qualities. On the other hand, it is true and natural in its tone, the characters are drawn with tolerable fidelity, and, with here and there an exception, the situations are not extravagantly impossible. The hero of the story comes into the world at an inopportune time, and under circumstances that may be called tragic. He is the rightful heir to a little barren patch of a farm, but grows up in ignorance of his rights, and becomes a waif and wanderer as the foster child of a drunken peddler. The interest of the story lies in following the fortunes of the child through experience more or less probable until he becomes enlightened as to his inheritance. The principal events take place in and around a town on the northeastern coast of England, which grows up from almost a fishing village to become an important manufacturing centre through the discovery of iron ore in the vicinity, especially on the little barren farm. There is scope, therefore, for an almost endless play of imagination. The chief characters are, in addition to the hero, a foster sister, an English iron master who has grown rich as the reputed owner of the farm, a certain frolicsome lady reputed to be a widow, but who develops a remarkable tact in getting written offers of marriage from the opposite sex, an English rector, and the foster father of our hero. The "widow" gets our hero into her toils, but he struggles desperately under the influence of a purer attachment. There are various minor characters, some of them rascally enough. The most exciting scene is where an ex-jailbird of a tramp fastens a young lad to a half sunken wreck, and quietly sits down on the shore to watch the rising of the tide that is to drown the helpless boy and avenge an imaginary wrong. Some of the love passages in the story are a trifle ludicrous, as, for instance, where an amiable and impressible young gentleman meets more than his match in a girl of eighteen, who calmly addresses him as "my poor boy," as if she were old enough to be his mother. The *denouement* is not in marriage, which to some may seem unfortunate, but the sequel of the love affairs of the hero is left beyond a doubt, though not positively stated. Some of the reflective passages of the book are worth reading carefully, showing a mind or minds capable of taking a just and broadened view of human affairs.

II.

SOCIAL REFORM.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE makes some good, sensible observations upon a variety of practical and social topics in the collected papers entitled "Rents in Our

*"This Son of Vulcan." By Walter Besant and James Rice. Library edition. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Robes,"* reprinted from various periodicals. The subjects chosen for these little homilies relate chiefly to women. The author sees many points in our social customs with regard to her own sex which need reform, and she writes in so kindly a spirit and withal so modestly that none can take offense and many may be profited by reading her essays. The first article deals with the premature self-government of young ladies and their independence of parental oversight and authority. Other topics discussed are Flirtation, Marriage, Co-education of Boys and Girls, Pretty Women and Handsome Men, Care of Health, Employment, and others of equal interest. There is an absence in these papers of that species of claptrap which consists in discursive talk about woman's rights and man's tyranny. The woman of the future is to be a woman still, with all gracious and feminine loveliness of body and of mind. "No development of woman's mental, spiritual, or executive powers will ever, in one jot or tittle, alter the law of nature which leads her to love, marriage, and maternity." The papers are suggestive rather than dogmatic.

III.

A SPANISH STORY.

In the romance of "Leon Roch,"† by B. Perez Galdós, as translated from the Spanish, there are many features of a good story, and some points that suggest criticism. The hero is a possible character, though a rare one. He is a man of principle, with the courage of his convictions, but, unfortunately, makes some serious blunders in life, from which he cannot extricate himself. He marries a woman who is intensely religious, and of course, being a Spaniard, Catholic, and who makes it the one object of her life to wean him from his liberal, or, as she deems them, skeptical views, and make him a good churchman. The task for her is an impossible one; neither can he make her bend in the least toward his views. This brings about at last alienation, separation, and profound misery. At this point the husband meets an old flame, a widow, as all think, and allows himself the indulgence of a platonic but close and sympathetic friendship. Here is the foundation for a delightful dilemma, and the author makes the most of the situation and produces some telling effects. When once the reader gets into the current of the story he will find himself carried on unresisting to the end; but he will lay down the book with the feeling that it is unfinished. A true man, thoroughly defeated and baffled in his dearest wishes—the purest affections of the heart poured forth in vain—all this is disappointing and gives a cynical flavor to the entire book. The influence for evil of a church and priesthood that yet seem in many things to command veneration leaves one in a state of doubt concerning the church without pointing to a remedy. The part where the husband of the assumed "widow" turns up and interviews the priest seems far-fetched. The man is needlessly and unnaturally self-accusing, and tries to make himself appear a villain for no earthly purpose, and with no particular object in view. The long conversation between the priest and the dying lady is interesting and perfectly natural, but one feels somewhat painfully that this intensely thrilling part of the story must, in the nature of things, be purely imaginative. Still, the picture is life-like, and so are most of the characters introduced in this story.

* "Rents in our Robes." By Mrs. Frank Leslie. Belford, Clarke & Co.

† "Leon Roch;" A Romance. By B. Perez Galdós. From the Spanish by Clara Bell. 2 vols. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE horrors of the Charleston earthquake are most vividly described in E. P. Roe's latest novel, "The Earth Trembled."* The story from beginning to end is filled with interest, and gives the reader a clear appreciation of the feelings existing in some of the old families of the South, toward the North, at the present day. The insight into the negro character is also excellent. Perhaps Mara, the heroine, in her intense loyalty to her parents, both victims of the war, is a trifle overdrawn, but the charming manner in which the book closes compensates for that, and on the whole it is a most attractive work.

Mr. Stockton possesses the rare faculty of inspiring a deep personal interest in his characters, and in no other creations has he had better success in this particular than in his study of these notable and optimistic housewives, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, unless we except the immortal "Pomona," of Rudder Grange fame. A sequel to the adventures of these feminine Cheeryble brothers was inevitable, and although "The Dusantes"† lacks the fresh touches of its predecessor, and has the appearance of being executed when its author had lost something of his original interest in his heroines, it is a delightfully humorous creation, and will be appreciated by all mirth-loving readers. No one but Mr. Stockton could have contrived the meeting with the Dusantes on the snow-capped California mountain, and the glorious toboggan slide from the summit to the green vales below. The reader shares the keen excitement of the ride, and draws a long breath when it is all over and the precious ginger-jar is found in good condition.

"A Critical History of Sunday Legislation," by Dr. Lewis,‡ has a introductory chapter on the origin and philosophy of laws pertaining to the observance of the Sabbath. The work is mainly compilation rather than an original dissertation, and therefore does not call for critical analysis. The author's aim is to show that, from the earliest times, legislation concerning the Sabbath has been based upon religion, and he fortifies his position by profuse illustrations from the history of Sabbath laws in Rome, the British Isles, and America. The legislative decrees in our own states and territories are given in full, and will be new to many readers. The work is ably edited, and indicates extended and thoughtful research.

Professor Cossa's able treatise§ on the principles and methods of taxation, which has already been translated into the German, Swedish, Russian, Polish, and Spanish languages, has lately been introduced to English speaking readers by Mr. Horace White. The work of the translator is sufficiently complimented by the statement that, but for the preface, the reader would hardly discover the fact that the theme was originally written in the Italian language. The basal principles of finance are set forth in a clear, succinct, yet remarkably comprehensive manner. The systematic arrangement of the subdivisions of the subject facilitates the student's comprehension and is occasionally pushed to far. No attempt is made to settle the vexed question of protection versus free trade, nor does the author discuss custom duties except in their fiscal aspect. He keeps well to his

* "The Earth Trembled." By Edward P. Roe. Dodd, Mead & Co.

† "The Dusantes." By Frank R. Stockton. The Century Company.

‡ "A Critical History of Sunday Legislation from 321 to 1888." By A. H. Lewis, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

§ "Taxation; Its Principles and Methods." Translated from the "Scienza Delle Finanze," of Dr. Luigi Cossa, Professor in the University of Pavia, Italy, with an introduction and notes by Horace White. Together with a compilation of the state tax systems of New York and Pennsylvania. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

plan of presenting general principles, and carefully avoids all side issues. To the student of political economy, the book will be of more than ordinary value for reference, and those whose ideas of public revenue and expenditure of taxes and imposts are crude or chaotic have an excellent opportunity to become wise in these matters, whose interest is constantly increasing. The bibliography of the science of finance is remarkably comprehensive, including works in the German, French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Russian and Greek languages. Readers in the Eastern States of America will find interesting matter in the appendix, which includes accounts of the existing tax systems of New York state and city, and of Pennsylvania, together with a brief summary of the Pennsylvania Tax Commission bill, which failed to become a law through the inadvertent omission of the signature of the President, pro tempore, of the Senate. The revenues of these States for the year 1887 are also given.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Ninety-three. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Helen B. Dole. 2 vols.

The Toilers of the Sea. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood. 2 vols.

Notre Dame de Paris. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood. 2 vols.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

History of the Christian Church. Philip Schaff, Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Vol. VI. Modern Christianity—The German Reformation. A.D. 1517–1530.

Around the World on a Bicycle. Vol. II. From Teheran to Yokohama. Thomas Stevens. Illustrated.

Cassell & Company

Principles of the Economic Philosophy of Society, Government and Industry. Van Buren Denslow, LL.D.

D. Appleton & Co.

The Origin of Floral Structures. Rev. George Henslow.

The Mystery of the Ocean Star. A collection of Maritime Sketches. W. Clark Russell.

The Elect Lady. George Macdonald.

Seven Conventions. A. W. Clason.

A History of the United States and Its People. For the use of Schools. Edward Eggleston.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Federalist. A Commentary on the Constitution of the United States. A Collection of Essays. Reprinted from the Original Text of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison. Edited by Henry Cabot Lodge.

The President's Message, 1887. With annotations by R. R. Bowker.

The President's Message, 1887. With illustrations by Thomas Nast.

Worthington Company.

Studies in Criticism. Florence Trail.

Dodd, Mead & Company.

Remember the Alamo. Amelia E. Barr.

Laird & Lee, Chicago.

God Reigns. Lay Sermons by Edward Reynolds Roe, M.D.

Ticknor & Company.

A History of Presidential Elections. Edward Stanwood. Second edition, revised.

Jordan, Marsh & Company.

Jack in the Bush. Robert Grant.

J. B. Lippincott Company.

Book of Day Dreams. Charles Leonard Moore.

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FOR WHOM SHALL WE VOTE?

I.

THE REPUBLICAN ANSWER.

THIS exegesis involves the examination of parties and candidates, of recorded facts and prevailing tendencies. Keeping the past in view it interrogates the future. It invites the application of conscience and of common sense to reach a conclusion upon which depends an act—an act which no voter has a right either to leave unperformed or to perform carelessly, but which thousands will not perform at all and to which thousands more will give no more thought than is necessary to direct their steps toward the voting booths on election day.

The sixth of November is near at hand, but it cannot be said at any moment before the polls close that it is too late to discuss the obligations of the suffrage. It is hard for ardent partisans to acknowledge the significant and more or less disquieting fact that, to a multitude of their fellow countrymen, curiosity about the result is the strongest emotion connected with the electoral contest. The newspapers which have gone late to press daily for four or five months in the effort to secure the final sentences of distinguished speakers, and the distinguished speakers who have

gone late to bed in the same cause, are not flattered by the conviction that their arguments and appeals, their allurements and denunciations, have made absolutely no impression upon hundreds of their readers and hearers beyond a gentle and pleasurable excitement; but they know the fact. To use the homely phrase, thousands are waiting in the mildly stimulating hope of seeing which way the cat is about to jump. It has been said that the purpose of a public journal should be to follow popular opinion so closely as to seem to lead it. There are journals in the United States, possibly in New York city, which are always a trifle too slow in their pursuit of this purpose, and whose columns now from day to day bear witness to the existence of a large unattached and waiting vote.

Moreover, the party that wins an election before election day is in some danger. There can be no doubt that Mr. Blaine was elected—barring the formality of casting the votes—four years ago in October. The campaign had been won, and the fact that it was subsequently lost is conclusive proof that it is never too late to avoid accidents, and therefore never too late to make converts. The capacity of a suddenly engendered current of distrust, doubt or aversion to spread itself instantaneously and universally, is a strange phenomenon. It conquers time and space like electricity, and resembles the magical intercommunication of the Orient.

The Democracy have been accustomed since the war to express a bland surprise that voters should care to peer into the dim and dusty records of the past before deciding how to act in the living present. They deprecate such a waste of time and confusion of criterions. We have nothing to do, they say, with yesterday; our business is with to-day and to-morrow. A majority of the people have seldom agreed with them on this point. In reality, the record of a party has a vital connection with practical politics, for it indicates the tendencies which are struggling for supremacy and the preferences which will surely find expression if success is achieved. History does not confirm the theory that parties vanquish their past by any swift process of reversion. A doubtful hypothesis assumes that the physical organism is renewed every seven years, but neither the structure nor the spirit ever loses its identity. As with individuals, so with the political organizations which they compose.

The Republican party is content to stand by its record. It is not necessary for every speaker and writer to recapitulate this record on all occasions, but it is none the less an inherent part of his argument. The fervid phrase of Webster applies as perfectly to the Republican party as it ever did to the State of Massachusetts: "The world knows its history by heart, the past at least is secure." And its aspirations are worthy of its record. It has never shown a symptom of structural or spiritual decay. The splendid vigor with which it responded to the tremendous demands of an earlier period is not dead nor dying. In these piping times of peace a summons to ineffaceable glory is not an everyday occurrence, but steadfast adherence to great principles and a quiet assumption of new duties are as sure a test of vitality and of consistency as men or angels need exact. The overshadowing moral issue of to-day—employing the word moral in a narrower sense than it ought to carry, except for the purposes of argument—is the temperance question. No man of sane intelligence would think of denying that the abuse of alcohol is competent to destroy civilization. There is no sense in blinking the truth. Unhindered, that is its potentiality, and there is no better measure by which to determine the Republican party's right to control the country than its practical recognition of this fact. As fast as it was possible to embody convictions in legislation the Republican party has demonstrated its determination to throttle the destroyer. Its opponents would have been rejoiced to see it wasting its time and energy in useless rhodomontade and fanciful experiments. They have not experienced that satisfaction. But New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Illinois and Minnesota, not to complete the list of examples, are fixed and visible milestones on the road towards that universal temperance reform on which Republicanism has frankly and wisely and courageously entered.

If the Republican past is secure, the Democratic past is not less so; but in the latter case the security is one that is negotiable neither in Heaven nor on earth. Democrats are forever betraying a frantic anxiety to escape from their record, and yet, so curiously constructed are some minds, they have never seemed to regret the exposure of the mournful truth, that they have learned not a single lesson from adversity and disgrace. After twenty-four years of fasting, and of what passed for prayer with the

Mugwumps of 1884, they came into the promised land. The one transcendant marvel of the political situation to-day is that there should be a doubt of their remaining in possession. The mere fact that there is more than a possibility—the betting men say an even chance and other discriminating judges a hopeful prospect—of their being cast out after only three and a half years of squatter sovereignty, is in itself a stupendous arraignment of Democracy and a sound plea for Republican restoration.

There is another vital issue at stake in this election—a moral issue too, to make a wider application of the term than I gave it a moment ago. The American protective tariff is a national institution. It was born almost at the same birth with the fundamental law, and yet modern Democracy pretends that it is an upstart, and defaced by a bar-sinister at that. This is at least the pretence when such a pretence is thought prudent. But what a farce the Democrats are willing and even apparently happy to play in the eyes of the world! Fearful, spasmodic, contradictory; forever denying at home their records in Congress and in Congress their records at home; forever willing to sell a soul to make a vote; forever swallowing their own words when it is more convenient to conceal than to exploit them—like Senator Vest, with his "confidential" avowal of a "fight to death," and a "war of extermination against our protected industries," addressed of course with shrinking modesty and in the most sacred privacy to the noisy political organization which he had endowed with his patronymic—the Democrats now stand on the threshold of defeat, naked, but not ashamed. In comparison with this dark and gloomy exhibition of every detestable quality which the exigencies of party warfare are capable of evoking, the Republican record on this question is more than lucid—it is luminous. A fundamental principle of the party which defends the American system, is that the tariff must be adjusted to varying conditions. Since the campaign entered on its last month, a suspicion has gone abroad which, under the circumstances, possesses every element to convulse an Augur. Having nursed that darling surplus with the tenderest solicitude for more than three years, having fattened it for slaughter as a cannibal does his victim, having first laughed a Democratic Secretary out of the Democratic House for doubting that he was authorized to buy bonds with it, and then glorified him for loaning it free gratis to

the banks instead, the party in power is now apparently on the verge of discovering that its own wanton and mischievous extravagance is more likely to create a deficit than leave a surplus. Alas, for "the condition that confronts us!" There doubtless is at present a surplus income beyond all reasonable expenditures, and this fact has served a most useful public purpose in enabling the Republican Senate to show that the Protective system does not imply excessive taxation. The Senate tariff bill is a thorough, discriminating and comprehensive defense of American industries, and it cuts off seventy-five millions of revenue! The legislation of the last twenty years does not afford a more striking illustration of the inherent Republican capacity for constructive statesmanship. I do not intend to enter here upon an elaboration of economic principles, nor make a formal plea for the system under which this country has arrived at the industrial eminence it triumphantly holds. The superb fact is apparent to every one who has eyes, and the inference to every one who, having eyes, has brains behind them. The argument is like the supreme argument from design, from the creature to the creator.

But there is another argument allied to this, to which the appeal has never been made strenuous enough. It is contained in the character of the vote upon which the Democratic party cheerfully relies now and at every election, from Alderman to President. Without the help of that element in society which it is the chief aim of society to eradicate; the element that casts a ballot it cannot read; the element that clings to vice from the love of it, and that finds its sharpest contrast in the self-respecting poor; the element that menaces public order and civilization the year through, and never so fearfully as when it goes to the polls; the element from which prisons, and drunkards' graves, and hell itself are forever recruited without competition—without this element of support the Democratic party would be nothing more than a reminiscence. In crises which are not political, honest men like to be found on the side of the prudent, sagacious, instructed, clean-handed majority. Why, in the name of a decent consistency, should such men make an exception when they are about to delegate the momentous responsibity of seeing that the republic takes no harm? Whatever the Democratic party may be, the Republican party is not an organized appetite, nor an organized prejudice. It is rather an organized preference for

what is fundamentably sound and honest. It welcomes criticism and stimulation within its ranks, and thinks that it has no better guarantee of stability than the fact that men like Dr. Storrs can find no other foothold from which to operate against some details of the superstructure. It is not dismayed, moreover, when other men, not at all like Dr. Storrs, but nameless here, seek to obscure the issue and complicate the result by enrolling their dupes under a third party banner, and in defiance of such an earnest, fearless, whole-souled, upright and downright crusade for temperance as Warner Miller is making in this State, push Republican principles outside the field of their practical application, and combine with Satan to enlarge his dominions.

There is one more consideration which properly comes under the head of party comparisons and contrasts, and to which allusion ought to be made before attention is diverted to another branch of the subject. It was stated eight years ago by a great man in words which when taken as a text will never need additions or subtractions. "There is not a precinct in this vast nation," wrote General Grant in 1880, with that extraordinary force and compactness to which he gave occasional expression, and which was, perhaps, the offspring of his habitual silence, "There is not a precinct in this vast nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot and have it counted as cast, no matter what the predominance of the opposite party. He can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is one among thousands, without fear and without proscription on account of his opinions. There are fourteen States, and localities in some others, where Republicans have not this privilege. This is one reason why I am a Republican." There are men blind enough, or far-seeing enough —I am not averse to letting the reader make his own choice between these conditions—to proclaim that this is the era of good-feeling. A preacher is always allowed to choose his text without interference, even in frontier communities; it is only when his application becomes too careless that the six-shooters begin to get in their work. I am in no wise a preacher, but I claim benefit of clergy, so far as my text is concerned, and will leave the application to apply itself; venturing only to remark that the text is of tremendous import, and that a sermon will have to be preached from it—if not in this campaign, then in some other.

Early in the campaign the Democrats informed the country,

with great frequency and contentment, that this was to be a campaign of intellect; but when they made the inevitable discovery that they had gone into the fight with not more than a dozen rounds of this new-fangled ammunition, they fell cheerfully to work reloading the old cartridges from their never-failing supply of ignorance and vituperation. For the most part they have confined their fire to the Republican cause and the Republican ranks, but they have taken just enough unfair shots at the Republican leader to justify a frank and faithful comparison. Moreover, it is never unprofitable, when the old antagonists are matched, to contrast their leaders. Four years ago those sanguine prophets, who would be without an occupation if a good-natured public squelched their divinations, may have felt themselves justified in announcing that they had discovered in Mr. Cleveland an administrative genius We all know that occasionally a phenomenon, youthful or otherwise, does emerge out of obscurity and take mankind captive. The odds are ten thousand to one that the apparition will turn out to be disgustingly human, but the first inclination is to give him a chance. The American people were singularly hospitable and magnanimous four years ago, for the mortal frailties of Mr. Cleveland had been pretty well established in the estimation of all but the prophets by his repeated failures to materialize in the form in which he was desired to appear by good citizens. But now it is simply amazing that the dupes will consent to be duped again. The men who guaranteed Mr. Cleveland to be a civil service reformer have been compelled to confess that he is a model spoilsman. There was never such a record of hypocritical juggling with the principles that ought to control appointments, such a stolid, unblushing, unflinching distribution of patronage where it would produce the greatest public loss and the greatest personal gain, as the record drawn from Democratic archives and up to this moment uncontradicted by the officious sponsors of this administration. In private life, the man who has broken faith deliberately and without excuse is contemptuously discarded by the friends whom he has betrayed. Other alleged virtues have nothing to do with the case. A decent self-respect makes further intercourse impossible. But the placid individuals whom the President has made most conspicuously ridiculous (with a few exceptions, which stand out like lighthouses), are all begging to be spat upon again. The political world has strange denizens!

Furthermore, these singular performers on the Democratic trapeze assured the universe that their phenomenon without opinions or experience or instruction, the man who had never recorded a conviction on a single one of the overwhelming issues which had drenched the land in blood, would prove to be possessed of sufficient courage, firmness, penetration and zeal to overcome single-handed that "conspiracy against human rights," that "conspiracy for plunder and spoils" which answers to the name of the Democratic party; and that he would accomplish it with such a felicitous combination of grace and dexterity that the rascals would all perceive at a glance that they were blighted, and the saints that their dearest hopes were destined to fructify. Three years and a half of opportunity have gone by, and what is the result? The knaves are all falling in love with the President for the friends he has made, and his respectable associates in power regard him with an aversion which embitters their existence, and which not all of them have been able to conceal even in public. The heroic fibre has proved to be a selfish and calculating disdain. The colossal intelligence has dwindled into a perverse and obstinate vanity. The genius for administration is seen in its real proportions in corrupt and disorganized departments of government. The serene and lofty consistency of purpose and endeavor is exemplified in a splenetic and resentful reversal of policy on a question involving the national honor and interest, between two dawns.

Both candidates have taken part in the campaign. The President's participation in the effort to inflict upon the country "the most serious danger" of a second term comprises a number of stump speeches in the guise of messages to Congress; an undignified and even ludicuous somersault on the Fisheries dispute by way of beguiling the Irish vote; an authoritative encouragement of pernicious activity on the part of his partisan appointees by the detail of his official family for campaign oratory, intrigue and wire-pulling; and a summons to all office holders to stand and deliver, in the form of a contribution of $10,000 to the Democratic campaign fund in violation of the law.

General Harrison's work in the canvass has been done with quiet and impressive dignity at his own home. Day after day for nearly five months he has received with simple cordiality the

greetings of his fellow citizens from all parts of the country. He would have been glad to restrict himself to the exercise of an unobtrusive hospitality, but his visitors have demanded to hear him speak. And so without fear or restraint he has expounded the issues of the compaign in a series of speeches which for clearness of thought and force and felicity of phrase have never been surpassed in the annals of American elections. General Harrison enjoys the distinction of not having two sets of opinions —one for private use and the other for public dissemination. He has spoken without guidance or special preparation, and, so far from committing the slightest blunder, he has not said a word which even malice could distort into an indiscretion. He has not touched a topic without illuminating it. Through every sentence has shone the light of a clear conscience, a keen intelligence and a firm conviction that honor and truth are the only authentic test and guarantee of progress. A long succession of such spontaneous and unchecked utterances, invariably making converts and never losing a single vote, would be nothing less than miraculous in the case of many candidates, but in the case of General Harrison the explanation is very simple. The speeches express the man.

I have not thought it necessary, in formulating some of the considerations which make me eager to deposit a Republican ballot on November 6th, to offer a categorical arraignment of the opposition or a categorical justification of my own party. I have framed a frank confession of faith, and others may add new articles to suit themselves. I hope, however, that loyal Republicans will find in the pages thus unconventially filled an intelligible statement of the permanent influences that have determined their political choice, and that occupy the most conspicuous place in their thoughts as the campaign draws to a close. For it is certain that no new principles of action will be discovered before the election, and those which now, after a laborious and instructive contest, are uppermost in their minds, are those which ought to be carried to the polls with personal confidence and satisfaction, and which ought still to be effective in winning recruits for the party which has rendered great services to the country and to mankind; which saved the fabric of the Union in the war, and afterwards its financial honor; which stands for a free vote, honestly counted; which will surely

defend the national prosperity whose foundations it laid; which is American to the core; which represents the intelligence and progress of the people, and which embodies the spirit of genuine reform.

A REPUBLICAN.

II.

THE DEMOCRATIC ANSWER.

IT may not be improbable that the vote of the State of New York may be determined by the ballots of those upon whom party ties sit comparatively lightly, and who, in casting their ballots, vote as much for the man who is a candidate for the august office of President as for the policies which he represents. There are so many duties which the President must perform, which are not political in the sense of being partisan, and yet which are vital to the prosperity of the country, that many good and patriotic voters are led to cast their ballot for the man who, they believe, will best perform these duties, rather than for the man who may represent policies which they prefer. To all this class of voters an appeal can confidently be made for the re-election of Mr. Cleveland. He has demonstrated his uncommon capacity for the performance of the ordinary and daily duties imposed upon the executive. It is not too much to say that no President has surpassed him in devotion, in industry, and inflexible courage. The daily routine of the administration of public affairs has never been more diligently, more honestly, or more courageously performed than under his administration. In every department of government the rule of clear common sense and unwavering fidelity to the letter of the law have dominated in the administration of public affairs. No jobberies, no private advantages, no prostitution of public office to partisan purposes, no peculations have been permitted during the past three years and a half. Simpler, less expensive, and more faithful methods have been introduced in all the branches of the public service, as far as it was possible with a hostile Senate and with so many not only incompetent, but antagonistic, subordinates kept in important offices. The enormous revenues of the government have not only been honestly but more inexpensively collected than ever before. The public expenditures have been more carefully watched, and wherever they could be reduced by a stricter economy consistent with a proper regard to the necessities of the public service, there has been this reduction. That this has not been the result of the pe-

culiar talent or watchfulness of a single cabinet officer is demonstrated by the fact that it has occurred in every department of the public service and in almost all of the bureaus subordinate to the respective departments.

This same fidelity to duty and this same regular, constant and daily devotion has been as eminent in the conduct of our foreign affairs as in the administration of our internal affairs. Had it not been for the partisan opposition of the Senate, we would have seen a fair, honorable and reasonable adjustment of all the controversies growing out of our relations to Canada, which for so many years have annoyed and vexed us, and but for the same spirit of partisan opposition exhibited by putting on to the Chinese treaty immaterial amendments, we would have had settled by negotiation, instead of by legislation, the troublesome questions arising out of Chinese immigration. There has been no attempt at sensationalism in our foreign relations. Under the supervision of the President, and the direct control of the distinguished Secretary of State, all our negotiations have been frank, simple and sincere. This is the precise attitude which becomes a great, powerful, and free country, anxious to preserve proper relations with all the world, and to prevent, by honorable adjustment, the continuance of unnecessary and vexatious controversies.

Not only has this same domination of good sense and of fidelity to the public service been demonstrated in the ordinary routine of departmental work, and of the conduct of our foreign affairs, but also in the probably more important department of the management of our fiscal affairs. The Treasury of the United States is no longer the mere fiscal department of the government for the collection and expenditure of the public revenues, but the vast expenditures required by the late war and the inevitable incurrence of a large public debt have made this great department so related to all the financial operations of the country that it can produce at any time financial embarrassment, and it may by mere negation cause fatal stringency in the money market. During the administration of Secretaries Manning and Fairchild this department has been so managed as to make commerce stable, to prevent any panic, and to relieve from alarm when there was real cause for anticipating stringency in the money market, so that all the business interests of the country have been absolutely safe under this management.

It is impossible to estimate the value of such an administration to such a country as ours. With interests so diversified, and with our systems as developed in the last twenty-five years, it is hardly too much to say that such an administration is of incalculable advantage to the healthy growth and the natural development of all the industries of the country. An honest, courageous, sensible and wise administration of public affairs in all the departments of the public service is the greatest good that can possibly occur to a people situated as we are. This, Mr. Cleveland has given to the country; this, his re-election will insure for four more years.

It is to the interest of all the country, in possibly equal proportions, that there shall be no sectional question. The country needs a cessation of sectionalism. Not merely that the animosities which the late war produced shall end, and the bitternesses of past memories be set aside, but that sectional questions shall be removed from politics. As every section of the country prospers, as every State in the union is contented, so the whole country prospers and the aggregate wealth increases. We ought, if it is possible, to so manage our public affairs as to have no "Southern" question, and as to eliminate from the dissensions of parties all race questions. This has almost been accomplished by Mr. Cleveland. His re-election and continuance in power for four years will put an end, during this generation, to all sectional questions, and will render the solution of the exceedingly grave problem of the duplex races capable of a wiser solution because it will be undertaken without party passion, and it will be removed from the domain of sectional hate. The mere money value of such a result is inestimable. The manufacturing sections of the North are as much interested in the peace, content and development of the Southern States as the Southern States themselves can be. Each desires a market for its respective products; and the more contented each is, and the more intimate the relations of both are, not only will the product be larger, but the means of purchase will be increased. All nobler and more patriotic motives concur with this pecuniary interest in urging upon the country such a policy as will render the solidity of the South no longer necessary, and will obliterate sectional lines. This is possible only by the re-election of Mr. Cleveland. The resolution of the Hon. Mr. Chandler in the Senate, to investigate

the election of the Louisiana Senators; the resolution of the Hon. Mr. Spooner to investigate certain alleged violations of law in the State of Texas, and the debates and utterances of distinguished Republican Senators upon these resolutions, and the clause in the Republican platform "That the present administration and the Democratic majority in Congress owe their existence to the suppression of the ballot by criminal nullification of the Constitution and laws of the United States," are understood by the South to mean that the Republican party threatens unconstitutional and unfriendly interference by the Federal Government, to reverse the decisions given by her people at the polls, to set aside the solemn elections made by her legislatures of the Senators they desire to represent them in the Senate, and, if necessary, such other hostile measures as may seem to a non-resident majority requisite to give to the Republican party national supremacy and to maintain that party in a supremacy thus obtained.

It is no answer to this alarm of the South that these resolutions, speeches and platforms are not meant; that they are purely electioneering thunder to arouse sectional animosity in the North and bring out a fuller vote, and that when the election is over, they will be thrown aside precisely as the torches which are used in the nightly parades are; for those who are willing to play a game so false and so cruel, for the sake of political power, are capable of carrying that game to the extremity which their ambition, their avarice and their unscrupulousness may find necessary.

The bill reported by the Republican Committee of Finance to the Senate, as a substitute for the Mills bill, demonstrates that whatever may have been the objects or purposes of the Republican party heretofore, it is now intent upon the preservation of such system of taxation as shall secure prohibitory rates to such interests as combine to perpetuate its power, and that it will use the taxing power of the government, not only to reward its friends, but to punish its enemies. In the Forty-ninth Congress, a distinct proposition was made by leading Republicans on the Ways and Means Committee of the House, to the State of Louisana, that Louisiana should not be troubled by questions connected with the duty on sugar, if the Representatives from Louisiana would unite with the Republicans to organize the House and make the Ways and Means Committee a Protection Committee instead of a Democratic Committee. In the Fiftieth Congress, the Republican

Members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House voted in committee to strike out from the Mills bill the sugar schedule, the result of which would have been, if it had carried, to restore the full duty on sugar and to prevent the reduction of the rates on sugar. When the Louisiana delegation solidly adhered, in the Democratic caucus, to the Mills bill, then the crusade on the sugar duty began, and it was discovered that the reduction of the sugar duty by fifty per cent. might be used as the means not only of saving the enormously high duties on other articles, but of actually increasing those duties. And so the Senate bill rewards its friends by the increase of numerous rates, and punishes its enemies by the reduction of the sugar duty. There are fourteen schedules in our present tariff law. Of these, the rates are increased in eleven; and these increases are, as a rule, on those articles which persons of moderate means must purchase.* For the first time in the history of American legislation, this bill proposes to reduce the revenues of the government by increasing the duties upon imported articles. That is, that the public revenues may be reduced by the increase of the private revenues obtained by legislation. I do not desire to discuss this bill in this article, for I have neither the space, nor is it within the scope of what I have been asked to do; but I desire to suggest that such a policy means continual agitation of the rates

* The rates are really increased on twelve schedules—they are apparently reduced on the schedules "chemicals," "sugar," and "earthenware and glassware;" but the provisions taxing cartons, boxes, etc., and repealing allowances for damages increase the protection offered to china, earthenware and glassware considerably more than the slight reduction in rates diminishes it. And the proposed change in the rates on sugar and molasses increases the margin of profits for the refiners of sugars. Indeed by putting molasses not exceeding fifty-six degrees saccharine strength on the free list, the importation of raw sugars may cease and the refiner then would have the whole duty on refined sugars as a margin; the revenues from imported sugar would be transferred from the Treasury to the refiner. This, of course, would remove ALL protection from Louisiana sugar, as well as sugar made from sorghum in Kansas and from beets in California.

The electoral commission declared that the certificates of the States of Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida to the Hayes electors should be counted; and thus Mr. Hayes was counted in by one vote;—the Senate bill seems to have a spite at these three States;—it strikes at Louisiana sugar, Carolina rice, and Florida fruits and sponges. As a mere specimen of the increases in rates and of discrimination against the poor—the ad valorem equivalent of the compound duties imposed on manufactures of worsted, hair of the alpaca goat, etc., valued not exceeding 30 cents, or exceeding 30 but not exceeding 40 cents, is 148 per cent.; under the present law it is 69.38 per cent., and under the Mills bill 40 per cent., while on similar manufactures valued above 80 cents the ad valorem equivalent is 69.74 in the Senate bill, 64.46 in the present law, and 40 per cent. in the Mills bill, the increase on the cheap goods over the present law being 78.62, and on the dearer goods only 5.38. *Ex pede Herculem.*

of taxation, and that this agitation is in the highest degree detrimental to the business interests of the country. There can be no stability nor peace to our industrial interests under a prohibitory tariff. In 1846 the Walker tariff was enacted. After an experiment of eleven years, in 1857 the tariff was amended, and party lines were practically forgotten in the Senate and House in the discussion and votes upon the amended tariff bill; so much so, that an eminent Senator said that he did not believe that a single vote would be cast in the Senate on that bill from political reasons. Under the higher tariffs which preceded the Walker tariff, and under the higher tariffs which we have had for a quarter of a century, there was and has been continual agitation, and this must occur in the very nature of the case. A tariff must be arranged to suit the condition of industrial affairs at the time of its adoption. A high tariff can have no flexibility; it has no extra-territorial power; it ignores all possible inventions and improvements which lessen the cost of production; it takes no account of the inevitable changes which are produced by new inventions, by new conditions, by new and powerful combinations, and in addition, no class privileges can be made stable by legislation. The election of Mr. Harrison, and the postponement of tariff revision, mean continual and fiercer agitation. The only hope of industrial stability in America is the re-election of Mr. Cleveland and of a Congress who will revise the tariff in the spirit of the message and letter of Mr. Cleveland, who will frame a system of taxation so as to put as few obstructions in the free course of commerce, and as few burdens on industry, as the public expenditures will permit; which will render possible the gradual reduction of the public revenue, and yet the increase of domestic manufactures by the removal of duties from the crude material which the American workman must use, and the consequent increase of wages.

The pledge in the Republican platform of liberal appropriations, coupled with the promise contained in the same platform that the protective system shall be retained, and the demonstration of what is meant by that section of the platform by the Senate substitute, must require of that party, if it be successful, enormously increased public expenditures, and necessarily increased taxation. It has pledged itself that it will grant liberal appropriations for pensions, for the early rebuilding of a navy, for the construction of coast fortifications and modern ordnance and other

improved modern means of defense, for the improvement of harbors, rivers and channels, for subsidies to shipping interests, and for free schools. These six distinct classes are capable of almost innumerable subdivisions. We expend over eighty millions for pensions. Pending pension bills could increase this expenditure to over two hundred and fifty millions annually. With our immense coast line, coast fortifications could easily swallow up the larger part of our present income; and as these fortifications would require ordnance to defend them, and soldiers to man them, the increased expenditure incidental to the erection of the fortifications would more than quadruple the present appropriation for the maintenance of the army and ordnance. And how much more than twenty-two millions a year for rivers and harbors may be considered "liberal appropriations," would be left to the log rolling of the members of Congress in whose districts these rivers and harbors happen to be. The return to power of a party of whom Mr. Blaine is the recognized and idolized leader, and whose leaders in the Senate have reported the late bill increasing taxation on eleven out of fourteen schedules, under a pledge of liberal appropriations to these objects, means an era of incalculable extravagance. As against this, the Democratic party offers the record made by Mr. Cleveland during the three and a half years of his administration, and the honest attempt of the House of Representatives to so reduce the income of the Government that there will be no surplus revenues to be squandered.

The common people of America above all things desire an honest, industrious and courageous administration, under which economy and competency characterize the collection and expenditure of the public revenues, and fidelity to duty, and thorough competency mark the administration of public affairs; their interest is in the harmonious and cordial union of all sections under an administration which makes each section feel that it is fairly, justly and equitably regarded. They want their relations with foreign powers preserved upon just and honorable grounds, and they do not desire a return of an era when private interests controlled legislation and personal greed dominated the executive departments of the Government. It is because of the clear common sense of the American voters that the Democratic party believe the re-election of Mr. Cleveland is a certainty.

WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

CAMP-FIRES OF THE G. A. R.

A RECENT visit to Columbus, Ohio, September 10–14, convinces me that the young people, male and female, of the interior of our country feel an increased interest in the events of the Civil War.

I did believe, and may have so expressed myself in former years, that the interest, enthusiasm and élan would die out with one or two generations; but not so. There were present at Columbus as many ex-soldiers, their wives, children and families, as could have been assembled in 1865; as many as forty thousand ex-soldiers and sixty thousand citizens, male and female, other than the resident population (eighty thousand) of that capital city. This is not a mere guess, but a professional estimate based on numbers and measurements made on the spot. The same or similar results have been noted at Toledo, Indianapolis, Springfield and St. Paul. The people of the great Northwest, whose first centennial was in part the occasion of the recent meeting at Columbus, are more peculiarly *American* than similar crowds elsewhere, and give us one element of value in the problem of integral calculus for the "*next centennial.*"

I mingled with this crowd in halls, in great tents and on the streets—and though individuals took liberties with my hand and person not contemplated by army regulations, I will bear witness that in the four days of my stay I did not hear a coarse word, see a single drunken man, or observe any infraction of the common police regulations for crowds. I have known Columbus from boyhood, and am sure the people to-day are better and more refined than they were fifty years ago. In accomplishing this result the Civil War and the Grand Army of the Republic have been important factors; and in this paper I desire to invite public attention to one feature of the Grand Army of the Republic—its "camp-fire." The mere name suggests its object. Imagine a group of intelligent soldiers after night—the march done—supper over, and things put away for an early start—a clear sky above and a bright fire beneath, you have the perfection of human comfort, and the most perfect incentive to good fellowship. Of course

to make the scene more perfect there must enter the element of danger, but that is now past, and the "camp-fire" of the Grand Army is a mere assemblage of comrades absolutely on an equal footing, regardless of former rank, yet subject to self-imposed discipline; the comrades may be seated round their hall or at tables, with the simplest and cheapest fare, when they sing their old war songs, tell their old war stories, or in the soldiers phrase "swap lies," and transact their business of "charity." Now at this very hour around their many camp-fires are being spun the yarns which in time will be the warp and woof of history. For mathematical accuracy, one should go to the interesting tables of statistics compiled by adjutants general, but for the living, radiant truth, commend me to the "camp-fire." My memory of camp-fires goes back to the everglades of Florida, and the days of the trappers in the Rockies and California; and people who suppose these men were rude, coarse and violent, are sadly mistaken. Roubideaux was the gentlest, least offensive man I ever saw; but if a thieving Pi-Ute tried at night to steal his picketed mule, he became a good, *i. e.*, a dead, Indian. Kit Carson always avoided danger, sometimes would go two or three days out of his course to avoid danger, but when it stared him in the face his eye was as clear as crystal, and his nerves as steady as forged steel. Carson was usually taciturn, but on occasions would "swop lies" with the most expert. F. X. Aubry was to me the most satisfactory, because with paper and pencil he could delineate the country passed over, and describe its features as to wood, water and grass, all that man and horse needed in those halcyon days. The Bents, Campbells and St. Vrain were traders of a higher type than the trappers. Of this latter class, Jim Bridger always at a camp-fire carried off the palm. One night after supper, when gathered round a real camp-fire on Bear Creek, a comrade inquired: "Jim, were you ever down at Zuni?" "No! there are no beaver thar." "But, Jim, there are some things in this world besides beaver. I was down there last winter and saw great trees with limbs and bark on, all turned into stone." "Oh!" rejoined Jim, "them's called petrifactions; come with me to the Yellowstone next summer and I will show you petrified trees a-growing, with petrified birds singing petrified songs." Now, it so happens that I have been to the Yellowstone, have seen the petrified trees

"a-growing," but not the petrified birds or petrified songs. The geysers of the Yellowstone at intervals eject hot water supersaturated with carbonate of lime and geyserite to a height of a hundred and fifty feet. This water is carried as mist laterally by the wind two or three hundred feet, saturating growing trees, gradually converting that side to stone, while the off side has living branches. So Jim Bridger's story was not *all* a lie, only partly so. Mr. Tiffany, of Union Square, is at this moment working up the petrified trees of Zuni and of the Little Colorado into exquisite ornaments.

There is an old maxim of the lawyer, "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus," good enough doctrine for the courts but not the "camp-fire." Does any man question the truth of Gil Blas or Don Quixote? Are not the Pickwick papers literally true? Or what American will permit a bloody Britisher to dispute the entire truth of Rip Van Winkle, or the Legend of Sleepy Hollow? As well doubt that Tam O'Shanter saw the dance of witches and had a close call with his "Maggie" at the Bridge of Ayr. The camp-fire of the Grand Army of the Republic is only a continuation of what occurred "during the war," adding wit and romance to relieve the great mental strain when each soldier realized that the next day might be his last—he did not dread death, but mangling, wounds, the hospital and captivity, were ever present to his mind, sleeping or waking. These fears and apprehensions are now far in the past, and no wonder the soldiers of 1861–5 meet again at their camp-fires to "swap lies," and should they exaggerate their own powers and deeds of valor, I know that a sweet angel will blot out the sin. In illustration I will venture to give one of a thousand instances which have occurred to me personally.

After the war was over I was stationed in St. Louis with absolute command over all the region west of the Mississippi River to the Rockies, and gave much personal attention to the protection of the parties engaged in building the Pacific railroads west from Omaha and Kansas City, the country then being infested by the most warlike tribes of Indians on the continent, the Sioux, Kiowas, Arapahos and Cheyennes, who knew that the building of these railroads would result in the destruction of the buffalo, on whose meat they subsisted, and whose hides made their lodges. It was, in fact, a continuous warfare, following the close of the great Civil War, and though Congress utterly ignored the fact, I

had in Sheridan and Hancock, Terry and Augur, good lieutenants, and we won that war as we had previously the greater, but not more important one.

I was seated at my table at St. Louis in the office over a clothing store, corner of Washington avenue and Fourth street, absorbed in my subject, when I became conscious that a man in rough garb, with a broad brimmed hat, was addressing me—I had no sentinel or orderly. He grasped my hand familiarly, called me Uncle Billy, was delighted to see me in apparent good health, inquired about the family, and finally announced that he was "dead broke," and must raise $26.50 some how to get his trunk out of pawn, and to reach his home in Ohio. I naturally inquired what claim had he on me. Oh! of course, he was one of my boys; he had been a lieutenant in the —th Ohio Cavalry; had fought with me at Chattanooga, Knoxville, Atlanta, etc., and being a perfect stranger in St. Louis, had come to me as his "uncle." He did not remove his hat, which made me suspicious, still he gave correct date and place for every event of his regiment, from Iuka, Miss., to Raleigh, N. C. At last he tripped. "Don't you remember, General," he said, "the Grand Day at Washington when we passed the President in review, that was a glorious day——" "Yes, my good sir," said I, "I left the —th Ohio at Raleigh with Kilpatrick." With hat still on, he pondered some minutes, and then, with beaming face, "Uncle Billy, it was not *all* a lie; I confess I lied some, but I was in truth a lieutenant in the —th Ohio cavalry, and have since the war been out on the plains as a teamster, and have told the story so often that I believed it myself; the story is true up to Raleigh, but after that it is fiction. The Cheyennes jumped our train near Fort Wallace, got the mules, burned the wagons, and left me on the ground scalped and dead. The soldiers came out from the fort, took me into the hospital, where I was kindly and skillfully treated, and got well, but the scalp is gone." With that he removed his hat, bowed his head, and the "hair was gone."

This was the reason why in my presence he had not stood "hat in hand" in the presence of his superior officer as he should have done. It so happened that I had been to Fort Wallace about the time when that train was "jumped," and General A. J. Smith also happened to be near by at the time, confirmed the general fact. So that among us we raised the $26.50 to get

his trunk out of pawn, and buy a ticket for him to his home in Ohio. I have completely forgiven him, and have never seen him since.

A somewhat similar circumstance occurred to General Zachary Taylor in 1850—then President of the United States—as told me by one of his household. General Taylor was a magnificent type of the soldier of his day and generation; had served in the Regular Army on the frontier continuously from 1808 till 1849, when he was elected President of the United States chiefly by reason of his sturdy manly qualities and his brilliant success at the battle of Buena Vista, Mexico, February 22, 1847. In this battle General Taylor with an army of 5,000 volunteers defended his position against 21,000 Mexican regulars, led in person by General Santa Anna, President and Commander-in-Chief of Mexico.

When in March, 1849, General Taylor was installed in his office of President, he was furiously assailed for place and office by his old war comrades. Among these was a citizen of Mississippi, who sent on his petition to be made postmaster of his town, professing to be a "good Whig," was indorsed by his neighbors, but rested his claims chiefly on the fact that he was in the First Mississippi at Buena Vista. He expected his appointment by return mail, but not receiving it, as is usual, he went to Washington to learn the reason why. Obtaining access to the Postmaster-General (Collamer, of Vermont), he was simply disgusted that in Washington the great and bloody battle of Buena Vista was held secondary to the Whig vote of North Carolina. So our Mississippi candidate pushed his way into the White House, and laid his claims for office before President Taylor. He described the ridge at Buena Vista projecting toward the road by which the Mexicans were approaching in solid phalanx—how the First Mississippi formed line to the front, then changed to the left to repel the attack; again changed front to the right, and last doubled column on the centre and charged, driving the bloody Mexicans off the field.

General Taylor listened with great patience, as was his habit, but when the embryo postmaster slackened in his eloquence and gave him a chance, he answered: "I used to think I was at the battle of Buena Vista myself, but since I have come to Washington, I have heard of so many things which happened down there, that I am convinced I was not there at all." My inference is that

the self-constituted Mississippi hero never became a postmaster for Uncle Sam. And I also hear of so many things which happened at Dalton, Resacca, Marietta, Atlanta, that I am inclined to believe that the man who marched down to the sea was another fellow of the same name as myself. Nevertheless, for this very reason I believe in modern "camp-fires." They afford opportunities for wit and humor, they prick the bubbles of the boastful and stamp as genuine the pure gold of heroic action and of patient endurance. No man can, to-day, go to a camp-fire of any Grand Army Post, and successfully boast of deeds not genuine without certain exposure. Brothers reared under the same roof know and love each other well, but a day, or week, or year of war comradeship in the same company begets a knowledge of character not possible elsewhere. In peace we must accept a man on his own word. Not so in war; the truth is then revealed, as it were, by the lightning's flash. In the twinkling of an eye, we segregate the true from the false, the brave from the timid, the earnest from the doubtful.

There were then (1850) no Grand Army posts, now there are over four thousand, and the amount of good and charity done by them cannot be measured by dollars and cents. For years after the war our men wandered over the land seeking the employment they had given up to take a musket to save the union and government. Of course that crisis is now past, but a greater danger lurks—the next generation may conclude that the wise man stays at home, and leaves the fool to take the buffets and kicks of war. This danger can best be met by just such an organization as the Grand Army of the Republic, with its camp-fires of song and story, to irradiate the gloom of ordinary humdrum existence where an Auditor of the Treasury would measure a "life" as he would a bushel of spoiled oats.

All I mean by this paper is to encourage the men who "saved the Union" to be of good cheer; to meet often at camp-fires; sing their old songs; tell their stories with reasonable exaggerations, and always cultivate the comradeship begotten of war, the charity which blesses him who gives as well as him who receives, and a loyalty that ordains that the "penalty for treason is death."

W. T. SHERMAN.

ROME, OR REASON?

A REPLY TO CARDINAL MANNING.

PART II.

"If we live thus tamely,—
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,—
Farewell nobility."

No one will deny that "the pope speaks to many people in many nations; that he treats with empires and governments," and that "neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople such a voice goes forth."

How does the pope speak? What does he say?

He speaks against the liberty of man—against the progress of the human race. He speaks to calumniate thinkers, and to warn the faithful against the discoveries of science. He speaks for the destruction of civilization.

Who listens? Do astronomers, geologists and scientists put the hand to the ear fearing that an accent may be lost? Does France listen? Does Italy hear? Is not the Church weakest at its centre? Do those who have raised Italy from the dead, and placed her again among the great nations, pay attention? Does Great Britain care for this voice—this moan, this groan—of the Middle Ages? Do the words of Leo XIII. impress the intelligence of the Great Republic? Can anything be more absurd than for the vicar of Christ to attack a demonstration of science with a passage of Scripture, or a quotation from one of the "Fathers"?

Compare the popes with the kings and queens of England. Infinite wisdom had but little to do with the selection of these monarchs, and yet they were far better than any equal number of consecutive popes. This is faint praise, even for kings and queens, but it shows that chance succeeded in getting better rulers for England than "Infinite Wisdom" did for the Church of Rome.

Compare the popes with the presidents of the Republic elected by the people. If Adams had murdered Washington, and Jefferson had imprisoned Adams, and if Madison had cut out Jefferson's tongue, and Monroe had assassinated Madison, and John Quincy Adams had poisoned Monroe, and General Jackson had hung Adams and his Cabinet, we might say that presidents had been as virtuous as popes. But if this had happened, the verdict of the world would be that the people are not capable of selecting their presidents.

But this voice from Rome is growing feebler day by day; so feeble that the Cardinal admits that the vicar of God, and the supernatural Church, "are being tormented by Falck laws, by Mancini laws and by Crispi laws." In other words, this representative of God, this substitute of Christ, this Church of divine origin, this supernatural institution—pervaded by the Holy Ghost—are being "tormented" by three politicians. Is it possible that this patriotic trinity is more powerful than the other?

It is claimed that if the Catholic Church "be only a human system, built up by the intellect, will and energy of men, the adversaries must prove it—that the burden is upon them."

As a general thing, institutions are natural. If this Church is supernatural, it is the one exception. The affirmative is with those who claim that it is of divine origin. So far as we know, all governments and all creeds are the work of man. No one believes that Rome was a supernatural production, and yet its beginnings were as small as those of the Catholic Church. Commencing in weakness, Rome grew, and fought, and conquered, until it was believed that the sky bent above a subjugated world. And yet all was natural. For every effect there was an efficient cause.

The Catholic asserts that all other religions have been produced by man—that Brahminism and Buddhism, the religion of Isis and Osiris, the marvelous mythologies of Greece and Rome, were the work of the human mind. From these religions Catholicism has borrowed. Long before Catholicism was born, it was believed that women had borne children whose fathers were gods. The Trinity was promulgated in Egypt centuries before the birth of Moses. Celibacy was taught by the ancient Nazarenes and Essenes, by the priests of Egypt and India, by mendicant monks, and by the piously insane of many countries

long before the Apostles lived. The Chinese tell us that "when there were but one man and one woman upon the earth, the woman refused to sacrifice her virginity even to people the globe; and the gods, honoring her purity, granted that she should conceive beneath the gaze of her lover's eyes, and a virgin mother became the parent of humanity."

The founders of many religions have insisted that it was the duty of man to renounce the pleasures of sense, and millions before our era took the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, and most cheerfully lived upon the labor of others.

The sacraments of baptism and confirmation are far older than the Church of Rome. The Eucharist is pagan. Long before popes began to murder each other, pagans ate cakes—the flesh of Ceres, and drank wine—the blood of Bacchus. Holy water flowed in the Ganges and Nile, priests interceded for the people, and anointed the dying.

It will not do to say that every successful religion that has taught unnatural doctrines, unnatural practices, must of necessity have been of divine origin. In most religions there has been a strange mingling of the good and bad, of the merciful and cruel, of the loving and malicious. Buddhism taught the universal brotherhood of man, insisted on the development of the mind, and this religion was propagated not by the sword, but by preaching, by persuasion, and by kindness—yet in many things it was contrary to the human will, contrary to the human passions, and contrary to good sense. Buddhism succeeded. Can we, for this reason, say that it is a supernatural religion? Is the unnatural the supernatural?

It is insisted that, while other churches have changed, the Catholic Church alone has remained the same, and that this fact demonstrates its divine origin.

Has the creed of Buddhism changed in three thousand years? Is intellectual stagnation a demonstration of divine origin? When anything refuses to grow, are we certain that the seed was planted by God? If the Catholic Church is the same to-day that it has been for many centuries, this proves that there has been no intellectual development. If men do not differ upon religious subjects, it is because they do not think.

Differentiation is the law of growth, of progress. Every church must gain or lose; it cannot remain the same; it must

decay or grow. The fact that the Catholic Church has not grown—that it has been petrified from the first—does not establish divine origin; it simply establishes the fact that it retards the progress of man. Everything in nature changes—every atom is in motion—every star moves. Nations, institutions and individuals have youth, manhood, old age, death. This is and will be true of the Catholic Church. It was once weak—it grew stronger—it reached its climax of power—it began to decay—it never can rise again. It is confronted by the dawn of Science. In the presence of the nineteenth century it cowers.

It is not true that "All natural causes run to disintegration."

Natural causes run to integration as well as to disintegration. All growth is integration, and all growth is natural. All decay is disintegration, and all decay is natural. Nature builds and nature destroys. When the acorn grows—when the sunlight and rain fall upon it and the oak rises—so far as the oak is concerned "all natural causes" do not "run to disintegration." But there comes a time when the oak has reached its limit, and then the forces of nature run towards disintegration, and finally the old oak falls. But if the Cardinal is right—if "all natural causes run to disintegration," then every success must have been of divine origin, and nothing is natural but destruction. This is Catholic science: "All natural causes run to disintegration." What do these causes find to disintegrate? Nothing that is natural. The fact that the thing is not disintegrated shows that it was and is of supernatural origin. According to the Cardinal, the only business of nature is to disintegrate the supernatural. To prevent this, the supernatural needs the protection of the Infinite. According to this doctrine, if anything lives and grows, it does so in spite of nature. Growth, then, is not in accordance with, but in opposition to nature. Every plant is supernatural—it defeats the disintegrating influences of rain and light. The generalization of the Cardinal is half the truth. It would be equally true to say: All natural causes run to integration. But the whole truth is that growth and decay are equal.

The Cardinal asserts that "Christendom was created by the world-wide Church as we see it before our eyes at this day. Philosophers and statesmen believe it to be the work of their own

hands ; they did not make it, but they have for three hundred years been unmaking it by reformations and revolutions."

The meaning of this is that Christendom was far better three hundred years ago than now ; that during these three centuries Christendom has been going towards barbarism. It means that the supernatural Church of God has been a failure for three hundred years ; that it has been unable to withstand the attacks of philosophers and statesmen, and that it has been helpless in the midst of "reformations and revolutions."

What was the condition of the world three hundred years ago, the period, according to the Cardinal, in which the Church reached the height of its influence, and since which it has been unable to withstand the rising tide of reformation and the whirlwind of revolution ?

In that blessed time, Philip II. was king of Spain—he with the cramped head and the monstrous jaw. Heretics were hunted like wild and poisonous beasts ; the inquisition was firmly established, and priests were busy with rack and fire. With a zeal born of the hatred of man and the love of God, the Church, with every instrument of torture, touched every nerve in the human body.

In those happy days, the Duke of Alva was devastating the homes of Holland; heretics were buried alive—their tongues were torn from their mouths, their lids from their eyes; the Armada was on the sea for the destruction of the heretics of England, and the Moriscoes—a million and a half of industrious people—were being driven by sword and flame from their homes. The Jews had been expelled from Spain. This Catholic country had succeeded in driving intelligence and industry from its territory; and this had been done with a cruelty, with a ferocity, unequaled in the annals of crime. Nothing was left but ignorance, bigotry, intolerance, credulity, the Inquisition, the seven sacraments and the seven deadly sins. And yet a Cardinal of the nineteenth century, living in the land of Shakespeare, regrets the change that has been wrought by the intellectual efforts, by the discoveries, by the inventions and heroism of three hundred years.

Three hundred years ago, Charles IX., in France, son of Catherine de Medici, in the year of grace 1572—after nearly sixteen centuries of Catholic Christianity—after hundreds of vicars of Christ had sat in St. Peter's chair—after the natural passions of man had been "softened" by the creed of Rome—came the

Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the result of a conspiracy between the Vicar of Christ, Philip II., Charles IX., and his fiendish mother. Let the Cardinal read the account of this massacre once more, and after reading it, imagine that he sees the gashed and mutilated bodies of thousands of men and women, and then let him say that he regrets the revolutions and reformations of three hundred years.

About three hundred years ago Clement VIII., Vicar of Christ, acting in God's place, substitute of the Infinite, persecuted Giordano Bruno even unto death. This great, this sublime man, was tried for heresy. He had ventured to assert the rotary motion of the earth; he had hazarded the conjecture that there were in the fields of infinite space worlds larger and more glorious than ours. For these low and groveling thoughts, for this contradiction of the word and vicar of God, this man was imprisoned for many years. But his noble spirit was not broken, and finally, in the year 1600, by the orders of the infamous Vicar, he was chained to the stake. Priests believing in the doctrine of universal forgiveness—priests who when smitten upon one cheek turned the other—carried with a kind of ferocious joy fagots to the feet of this incomparable man. These disciples of "Our Lord" were made joyous as the flames, like serpents, climbed around the body of Bruno. In a few moments the brave thinker was dead, and the priests who had burned him fell upon their knees and asked the infinite God to continue the blessed work forever in hell.

There are two things that cannot exist in the same universe—an infinite God, and a martyr.

Does the Cardinal regret that kings and emperors are not now engaged in the extermination of Protestants? Does he regret that dungeons of the Inquisition are no longer crowded with the best and bravest? Does he long for the fires of the auto da fé?

In coming to a conclusion as to the origin of the Catholic Church—in determining the truth of the claim of infallibility—we are not restricted to the physical achievements of that Church, or to the history of its propagation, or to the rapidity of its growth.

This Church has a creed; and if this Church is of divine origin—if its head is the vicar of Christ, and, as such, infallible in matters of faith and morals, this creed must be true.

Let us start with the supposition that God exists, and that he is infinitely wise, powerful and good—and this is only a supposition. Now, if the creed is foolish, absurd and cruel, it cannot be of divine origin. We find in this creed the following:

"Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith."

It is not necessary, before all things, that he be good, honest, merciful, charitable and just. Creed is more important than conduct. The most important of all things is, that he hold the Catholic faith. There were thousands of years during which it was not necessary to hold that faith, because that faith did not exist; and yet during that time the virtues were just as important as now, just as important as they ever can be. Millions of the noblest of the human race never heard of this creed. Millions of the bravest and best have heard of it, examined, and rejected it. Millions of the most infamous have believed it, and because of their belief, or notwithstanding their belief, have murdered millions of their fellows. We know that men can be, have been, and are just as wicked with it as without it. We know that it is not necessary to believe it to be good, loving, tender, noble and self-denying. We admit that millions who have believed it have also been self-denying and heroic, and that millions, by such belief, were not prevented from torturing and destroying the helpless.

Now if all who believed it were good, and all who rejected it were bad, then there might be some propriety in saying that "whoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith." But as the experience of mankind is otherwise, the declaration becomes absurd, ignorant and cruel.

There is still another clause:

"Which faith, except every one do keep entire and inviolate, without doubt, he shall everlastingly perish."

We now have both sides of this wonderful truth: The believer will be saved, the unbeliever will be lost. We know that faith is not the child or servant of the will. We know that belief is a conclusion based upon what the mind supposes to be true. We know that it is not an act of the will. Nothing can be more absurd than to save a man because he is not intelligent enought to accept the truth, and nothing can be more infamous than to damn a man because he is intelligent enough to reject the false. It resolves itself into a question of intelligence. If

the creed is true, then a man rejects it because he lacks intelligence. Is this a crime for which a man should everlastingly perish? If the creed is false, then a man accepts it because he lacks intelligence. In both cases the crime is exactly the same. If a man is to be damned for rejecting the truth, certainly he should not be saved for accepting the false. This one clause demonstrates that a being of infinite wisdom and goodness did not write it. It also demonstrates that it was the work of men who had neither wisdom nor a sense of justice.

What is this Catholic faith that must be held? It is this:

"That we worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance."

Why should an Infinite Being demand worship? Why should one God wish to be worshiped as three? Why should three Gods wish to be worshiped as one? Why should we pray to one God and think of three, or pray to three Gods and think of one? Can this increase the happiness of the one or of the three? Is it possible to think of one as three, or of three as one? If you think of three as one, can you think of one as none, or of none as one? When you think of three as one, what do you do with the other two? You must not "confound the persons"—they must be kept separate. When you think of one as three, how do you get the other two? You must not "divide the substance." Is it possible to write greater contradictions than these?

This creed demonstrates the human origin of the Catholic Church. Nothing could be more unjust than to punish man for unbelief—for the expression of honest thought—for having been guided by his reason—for having acted in accordance with his best judgment.

Another claim is made, to the effect "that the Catholic Church has filled the world with the true knowledge of the one true God, and that it has destroyed all idols by light instead of by fire."

The Catholic Church described the true God as a being who would inflict eternal pain on his weak and erring children; described him as a fickle, quick-tempered, unreasonable deity, whom honesty enraged, and whom flattery governed; one who loved to see fear upon its knees, ignorance with closed eyes and open mouth; one who delighted in useless self-denial, who loved to hear the sighs and sobs of suffering nuns, as they lay prostrate

on dungeon floors; one who was delighted when the husband deserted his family and lived alone in some cave in the far wilderness, tormented by dreams and driven to insanity by prayer and penance, by fasting and faith.

According to the Catholic Church, the true God enjoyed the agonies of heretics. He loved the smell of their burning flesh; he applauded with wide palms when philosophers were flayed alive, and to him the auto da fé was a divine comedy. The shrieks of wives, the cries of babes when fathers were being burned, gave contrast, heightened the effect and filled his cup with joy. This true God did not know the shape of the earth he had made, and had forgotten the orbits of the stars. "The stream of light which descended from the beginning" was propagated by fagot to fagot, until Christendom was filled with the devouring fires of faith.

It may also be said that the Catholic Church filled the world with the true knowledge of the one true Devil. It filled the air with malicious phantoms, crowded innocent sleep with leering fiends, and gave the world to the domination of witches and wizards, spirits and spooks, goblins and ghosts, and butchered and burned thousands for the commission of impossible crimes.

It is contended that: "In this true knowledge of the Divine Nature was revealed to man their own relation to a Creator as sons to a Father."

This tender relation was revealed by the Catholics to the Pagans, the Arians, the Cathari, the Waldenses, the Albigenses, the heretics, the Jews, the Moriscoes, the Protestants—to the natives of the West Indies, of Mexico, of Peru—to philosophers, patriots and thinkers. All these victims were taught to regard the true God as a loving Father, and this lesson was taught with every instrument of torture—with brandings and burnings, with flayings and flames. The world was filled with cruelty and credulity, ignorance and intolerance, and the soil in which all these horrors grew was the true knowledge of the one true God, and the true knowledge of the one true Devil. And yet, we are compelled to say, that the one true Devil described by the Catholic Church was not as malevolent as the one true God.

Is it true that the Catholic Church overthrew idolatry? What is idolatry? What shall we say of the worship of popes—of the doctrine of the Real Presence, of divine honors paid to saints, of

sacred vestments, of holy water, of consecrated cups and plates, of images and relics, of amulets and charms?

The Catholic Church filled the world with the spirit of idolatry. It abandoned the idea of continuity in nature, it denied the integrity of cause and effect. The government of the world was the composite result of the caprice of God, the malice of Satan, the prayers of the faithful—softened, it may be, by the charity of Chance. Yet the Cardinal asserts, without the preface of a smile, that "Demonology was overthrown by the Church, with the assistance of forces that were above nature;" and in the same breath gives birth to this enlightened statement: "Beelzebub is not divided against himself." Is a belief in Beelzebub a belief in demonology? Has the Cardinal forgotten the Council of Nice, held in the year of grace 787, that declared the worship of images to be lawful? Did that infallible Council, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, destroy idolatry?

The Cardinal takes the ground that marriage is a sacrament, and therefore indissoluble, and he also insists that celibacy is far better than marriage,—holier than a sacrament,—that marriage is not the highest state, but that "the state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman."

The highest ideal of a family is where all are equal—where love has superseded authority—where each seeks the good of all, and where none obey—where no religion can sunder hearts, and with which no church can interfere.

The real marriage is based on mutual affection—the ceremony is but the outward evidence of the inward flame. To this contract there are but two parties. The Church is an impudent intruder. Marriage is made public to the end that the real contract may be known, so that the world can see that the parties have been actuated by the highest and holiest motives that find expression in the acts of human beings. The man and woman are not joined together by God, or by the Church, or by the State. The Church and State may prescribe certain ceremonies, certain formalities—but all these are only evidence of the existence of a sacred fact in the hearts of the wedded. The indissolubility of marriage is a dogma that has filled the lives of millions with agony and tears. It has given a perpetual excuse for vice and immorality. Fear has borne children begotten by brutality. Countless women have endured the insults, indignities and cruel-

ties of fiendish husbands, because they thought that it was the will of God. The contract of marriage is the most important that human beings can make; but no contract can be so important as to release one of the parties from the obligation of performance; and no contract, whether made between man and woman, or between them and God, after a failure of consideration caused by the wilful act of the man or woman, can hold and bind the innocent and honest.

Do the believers in indissoluble marriage treat their wives better than others? A little while ago, a woman said to a man who had raised his hand to strike her: "Do not touch me; you have no right to beat me; I am not your wife."

About a year ago a husband, whom God in his infinite wisdom had joined to a loving and patient woman in the indissoluble sacrament of marriage, becoming enraged, seized the helpless wife and tore out one of her eyes. She forgave him. A few weeks ago he deliberately repeated this frightful crime, leaving his victim totally blind. Would it not have been better if man, before the poor woman was blinded, had put asunder whom God had joined together? Thousands of husbands, who insist that marriage is indissoluble, are the beaters of wives.

The law of the Church has created neither the purity nor the peace of domestic life. Back of all churches is human affection. Back of all theologies is the love of the human heart. Back of all your priests and creeds is the adoration of the one woman by the one man, and of the one man by the one woman. Back of your faith is the fireside,—back of your folly is the family; and back of all your holy mistakes and your sacred absurdities is the love of husband and wife, of parent and child.

It is not true that neither the Greek nor the Roman world had any true conception of a home. The splendid story of Ulysses and Penelope, the parting of Hector and Andromache, demonstrate that a true conception of home existed among the Greeks. Before the establishment of Christianity, the Roman matron commanded the admiration of the then known world. She was free and noble. The Church degraded woman—made her the property of the husband, and trampled her beneath its brutal feet. The "fathers" denounced woman as a perpetual temptation, as the cause of all evil. The Church worshiped a God who had upheld polygamy, and had pronounced his curse on woman, and

had declared that she should be the serf of the husband. This Church followed the teachings of St. Paul. It taught the uncleanness of marriage, and insisted that all children were conceived in sin. This Church pretended to have been founded by one who offered a reward in this world, and eternal joy in the next, to husbands who would forsake their wives and children and follow him. Did this tend to the elevation of woman? Did this detestable doctrine "create the purity and peace of domestic life"? Is it true that a monk is purer than a good and noble father?—that a nun is holier than a loving mother?

Is there anything deeper and stronger than a mother's love? Is there anything purer, holier than a mother holding her dimpled babe against her billowed breast?

The good man is useful, the best man is the most useful. Those who fill the nights with barren prayers and holy hunger, torture themselves for their own good and not for the benefit of others. They are earning eternal glory for themselves—they do not fast for their fellow men—their selfishness is only equalled by their foolishness. Compare the monk in his selfish cell, counting beads and saying prayers for the purpose of saving his barren soul, with a husband and father sitting by his fireside with wife and children. Compare the nun with the mother and her babe.

Celibacy is the essence of vulgarity. It tries to put a stain upon motherhood, upon marriage, upon love—that is to say, upon all that is holiest in the human heart. Take love from the world, and there is nothing left worth living for. The Church has treated this great, this sublime, this unspeakably holy passion, as though it polluted the heart. They have placed the love of God above the love of woman, above the love of man. Human love is generous and noble. The love of God is selfish, because man does not love God for God's sake, but for his own.

Yet the Cardinal asserts "that the change wrought by Christianity in the social, political and international relations of the world"—"that the root of this ethical change, private and public, is the Christian home." A moment afterwards, this prelate insists that celibacy is far better than marriage. If the world could be induced to live in accordance with the "highest state," this generation would be the last. Why were men and women created? Why did not the Catholic God commence with the sinless and sexless? The Cardinal ought to take the ground that

to talk well is good, but that to be dumb is the highest condition; that hearing is a pleasure, but that deafness is ecstasy; and that to think, to reason, is very well, but that to be a Catholic is far better.

Why should we desire the destruction of human passions? Take passions from human beings and what is left? The great object should be not to destroy passions, but to make them obedient to the intellect. To indulge passion to the utmost is one form of intemperance—to destroy passion is another. The reasonable gratification of passion under the domination of the intellect is true wisdom and perfect virtue.

The goodness, the sympathy, the self-denial of the nun, of the monk, all come from the mother-instinct, the father-instinct—all were produced by human affection, by the love of man for woman, of woman for man. Love is a transfiguration. It ennobles, purifies and glorifies. In true marriage two hearts burst into flower. Two lives unite. They melt in music. Every moment is a melody. Love is a revelation, a creation. From love the world borrows its beauty and the heavens their glory. Justice, self-denial, charity and pity are the children of love. Lover, wife, mother, husband, father, child, home—these words shed light—they are the gems of human speech. Without love all glory fades, the noble falls from life, art dies, music loses meaning and becomes mere motions of the air, and virtue ceases to exist.

It is asserted that this life of celibacy is above and against the tendencies of human nature; and the Cardinal then asks: "Who will ascribe this to natural causes, and, if so, why did it not appear in the first four thousand years?"

If there is in a system of religion a doctrine, a dogma, or a practice against the tendencies of human nature—if this religion succeeds, then it is claimed by the Cardinal that such religion must be of divine origin. Is it "against the tendencies of human nature" for a mother to throw her child into the Ganges to please a supposed God? Yet a religion that insisted on that sacrifice succeeded, and has, to-day, more believers than the Catholic Church can boast.

Religions, like nations and individuals, have always gone along the line of least resistance. Nothing has "ascended the stream of human license by a power mightier than nature." There is no such power. There never was, there never can be, a miracle.

We know that man is a conditioned being. We know that he is affected by a change of conditions. If he is ignorant he is superstitious: this is natural. If his brain is developed—if he perceives clearly that all things are naturally produced, he ceases to be superstitious, and becomes scientific. He is not a saint, but a savant—not a priest, but a philosopher. He does not worship—he works; he investigates; he thinks; he takes advantage, through intelligence, of the forces of nature. He is no longer the victim of appearances, the dupe of his own ignorance, and the persecutor of his fellow men.

He then knows that it is far better to love his wife and children than to love God. He then knows that the love of man for woman, of woman for man, of parent for child, of child for parent, is far better, far holier than the love of man for any phantom born of ignorance and fear.

It is illogical to take the ground that the world was cruel and ignorant and idolatrous when the Catholic Church was established, and that because the world is better now than then, the Church is of divine origin.

What was the world when science came? What was it in the days of Galileo, Copernicus and Kepler? What was it when printing was invented? What was it when the Western World was found? Would it not be much easier to prove that science is of divine origin?

Science does not persecute. It does not shed blood—it fills the world with light. It cares nothing for heresy; it develops the mind, and enables man to answer his own prayers.

Cardinal Manning takes the ground that Jehovah practically abandoned the children of men for four thousand years, and gave them over to every abomination. He claims that Christianity came "in the fullness of time," and it is then admitted that "what the fullness of time may mean is one of the mysteries of times and seasons, that it is not for us to know." Having declared that it is a mystery, and one that we are not to know, the Cardinal explains it: "One motive for the long delay of four thousand years is not far to seek—it gave time, full and ample, for the utmost development and consolidation of all the falsehood and evil of which the intellect and will of man are capable."

Is it possible to imagine why an infinitely good and wise being "gave time full and ample for the utmost development and con-

solidation of falsehood and evil"? Why should an infinitely wise God desire this development and consolidation? What would be thought of a father who should refuse to teach his son and deliberately allow him to go into every possible excess, to the end that he might "develop all the falsehood and evil of which his intellect and will were capable"? If a supernatural religion is a necessity, and if without it all men simply develop and consolidate falsehood and evil, why was not a supernatural religion given to the first man? The Catholic Church, if this be true, should have been founded in the garden of Eden. Was it not cruel to drown a world just for the want of a supernatural religion—a religion that man, by no possibility, could furnish? Was there "husbandry in heaven"?

But the Cardinal contradicts himself by not only admitting, but declaring, that the world had never seen a legislation so just, so equitable, as that of Rome. Is it possible that a nation in which falsehood and evil had reached their highest development was, after all, so wise, so just and so equitable? Was not the civil law far better than the Mosaic—more philosophical, nearer just? The civil law was produced without the assistance of God. According to the Cardinal, it was produced by men in whom all the falsehood and evil of which they were capable had been developed and consolidated, while the cruel and ignorant Mosaic code came from the lips of infinite wisdom and compassion.

It is declared that the history of Rome shows what man can do without God, and I assert that the history of the Inquisition shows what man can do when assisted by a church of divine origin, presided over by the infallible vicars of God.

The fact that the early Christians not only believed incredible things, but persuaded others of their truth, is regarded by the Cardinal as a miracle. This is only another phase of the old argument that success is the test of divine origin. All supernatural religions have been founded in precisely the same way. The credulity of eighteen hundred years ago believed everything except the truth.

A religion is a growth, and is of necessity adapted in some degree to the people among whom it grows. It is shaped and molded by the general ignorance, the superstition and credulity of the age in which it lives. The key is fashioned by the lock. Every religion that has succeeded has in some way supplied the

wants of its votaries, and has to a certain extent harmonized with their hopes, their fears, their vices, and their virtues.

If, as the Cardinal says, the religion of Christ is in absolute harmony with nature, how can it be supernatural? The Cardinal also declares that "the religion of Christ is in harmony with the reason and moral nature in all nations and all ages to this day." What becomes of the argument that Catholicism must be of divine origin because "it has ascended the stream of human license, *contra ictum fluminis*, by a power mightier than nature"? If "it is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations and all ages to this day," it has gone with the stream, and not against it. If "the religion of Christ is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations," then the men who have rejected it are unnatural, and these men have gone against the stream. How then can it be said that Christianity has been in changeless opposition to nature as man has marred it? To what extent has man marred it? In spite of the marring by man, we are told that the reason and moral nature of all nations in all ages to this day is in harmony with the religion of Jesus Christ.

Are we justified in saying that the Catholic Church is of divine origin because the Pagans failed to destroy it by persecution?

We will put the Cardinal's statement in form:

Paganism failed to destroy Catholicism by persecution, therefore Catholicism is of divine origin.

Let us make an application of this logic:

Paganism failed to destroy Catholicism by persecution; therefore, Catholicism is of divine origin.

Catholicism failed to destroy Protestantism by persecution; therefore, Protestantism is of divine origin.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, Infidelity is of divine origin.

Let us make another application:

Paganism did not succeed in destroying Catholicism; therefore, Paganism was a false religion.

Catholicism did not succeed in destroying Protestantism; therefore, Catholicism is a false religion.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, both Catholicism and Protestantism are false religions.

The Cardinal has another reason for believing the Catholic

Church of divine origin. He declares that the "Canon Law is a creation of wisdom and justice to which no statutes at large or imperial pandects can bear comparison;" "that the world-wide and secular legislation of the Church was of a higher character, and that as water cannot rise above its source, the Church could not, by mere human wisdom, have corrected and perfected the imperial law, and therefore its source must have been higher than the sources of the world."

When Europe was the most ignorant, the Canon Law was supreme. As a matter of fact, the good in the Canon Law was borrowed—the bad was, for the most part, original. In my judgment, the legislation of the republic of the United States is in many respects superior to that of Rome, and yet we are greatly indebted to the Civil Law. Our legislation is superior in many particulars to that of England, and yet we are greatly indebted to the Common Law; but it never occurred to me that our Statutes at Large are divinely inspired.

If the Canon Law is, in fact, the legislation of infinite wisdom, then it should be a perfect code. Yet, the Canon Law made it a crime next to robbery and theft to take interest for money. Without the right to take interest the business of the world would, to a large extent, cease and the prosperity of mankind end. There are railways enough in the United States to make six tracks around the globe, and every mile was built with borrowed money on which interest was paid or promised. In no other way could the savings of many thousands have been brought together and a capital great enough formed to construct works of such vast and continental importance.

It was provided in this same wonderful Canon Law that a heretic could not be a witness against a Catholic. The Catholic was at liberty to rob and wrong his fellow man, provided the fellow man was not a fellow Catholic, and in a court established by the vicar of Christ, the man who had been robbed was not allowed to open his mouth. A Catholic could enter the house of an unbeliever, of a Jew, of a heretic, of a Moor, and before the eyes of the husband and father murder his wife and children, and the father could not pronounce in the hearing of a judge the name of the murderer. The world is wiser now, and the Canon Law, given to us by infinite wisdom, has been repealed by the common sense of man.

In this divine code it was provided that to convict a cardinal bishop, seventy-two witnesses were required; a cardinal presbyter, forty-four; a cardinal deacon, twenty-four; a sub-deacon, acolyth, exorcist, reader, ostiarius, seven; and in the purgation of a bishop, twelve witnesses were invariably required; of a presbyter, seven; of a deacon, three. These laws, in my judgment, were made, not by God, but by the clergy.

So too in this cruel code it was provided that those who gave aid, favor, or counsel, to excommunicated persons, should be anathema, and that those who talked with, consulted, or sat at the same table with or gave anything in charity to the excommunicated should be anathema.

Is it possible that a being of infinite wisdom made hospitality a crime? Did he say: "Whoso giveth a cup of cold water to the excommunicated shall wear forever a garment of fire"? Were not the laws of the Romans much better? Besides all this, under the Canon Law the dead could be tried for heresy, and their estates confiscated—that is to say, their widows and orphans robbed. The most brutal part of the common law of England is that in relation to the rights of women—all of which was taken from the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, "the law that came from a higher source than man."

The only cause of absolute divorce as laid down by the pious canonists was *propter infidelitatem*, which was when one of the parties became Catholic, and would not live with the other who continued still an unbeliever. Under this divine statute, a pagan wishing to be rid of his wife had only to join the Catholic Church, provided she remained faithful to the religion of her fathers. Under this divine law, a man marrying a widow was declared to be a bigamist.

It would require volumes to point out the cruelties, absurdities and inconsistencies of the Canon Law. It has been thrown away by the world. Every civilized nation has a code of its own, and the Canon Law is of interest only to the historian, the antiquarian, and the enemy of theological government.

Under the Canon Law, people were convicted of being witches and wizards, of holding intercourse with devils. Thousands perished at the stake, having been convicted of these impossible crimes. Under the Canon Law, there was such a crime as the suspicion of heresy. A man or woman could be arrested, charged

with being suspected, and under this Canon Law, flowing from the intellect of infinite wisdom, the presumption was in favor of guilt. The suspected had to prove themselves innocent. In all civilized courts, the presumption of innocence is the shield of the indicted, but the Canon Law took away this shield, and put in the hand of the priest the sword of presumptive guilt.

If the real pope is the vicar of Christ, the true shepherd of the sheep, this fact should be known not only to the vicar, but to the sheep. A divinely founded and guarded church ought to know its own shepherd, and yet the Catholic sheep have not always been certain who the shepherd was.

The Council of Pisa, held in 1409, deposed two popes—rivals—Gregory and Benedict—that is to say, deposed the actual vicar of Christ and the pretended. This action was taken because a council, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, could not tell the genuine from the counterfeit. The council then elected another vicar, whose authority was afterwards denied. Alexander V. died, and John XXIII. took his place; Gregory XII. insisted that he was the lawful pope; John resigned, then he was deposed, and afterwards imprisoned; then Gregory XII. resigned, and Martin V. was elected. The whole thing reads like the annals of a South American revolution.

The Council of Constance restored, as the Cardinal declares, the unity of the Church, and brought back the consolation of the Holy Ghost. Before this great council John Huss appeared and maintained his own tenets. The council declared that the Church was not bound to keep its promise with a heretic. Huss was condemned and executed on the 6th of July, 1415. His disciple, Jerome of Prague, recanted, but having relapsed, was put to death, May 30th, 1416. This cursed council shed the blood of Huss and Jerome.

The Cardinal appeals to the author of "Ecce Homo" for the purpose of showing that Christianity is above nature, and the following passages, among others, are quoted:

"Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech, which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church."

These passages should not have been quoted by the Cardinal.

The author of these passages simply says that the origin of the Christian Church is no harder to find and describe than that which unites men—than that which has entered into the formation of speech, the symbol of their union—no harder to describe than the origin of civil society—because he says that one who can describe these can describe the other.

Certainly none of these things are above nature. We do not need the assistance of the Holy Ghost in these matters. We know that men are united by common interests, common purposes, common dangers—by race, climate, and education. It is no more wonderful that people live in families, tribes, communities and nations, than that birds, ants and bees live in flocks and swarms.

If we know anything, we know that language is natural—that it is a physical science. But if we take the ground occupied by the Cardinal, then we insist that everything that cannot be accounted for by man, is supernatural. Let me ask, by what man? What man must we take as the standard? Cosmas or Humboldt, St. Irenæus or Darwin? If everything that we cannot account for is above nature, then ignorance is the test of the supernatural. The man who is mentally honest, stops where his knowledge stops. At that point he says that he does not know. Such a man is a philosopher. Then the theologian steps forward, denounces the modesty of the philosopher as blasphemy, and proceeds to tell what is beyond the horizon of the human intellect.

Could a savage account for the telegraph, or the telephone, by natural causes? How would he account for these wonders? He would account for them precisely as the Cardinal accounts for the Catholic Church.

Belonging to no rival church, I have not the slightest interest in the primacy of Leo XIII., and yet it is to be regretted that this primacy rests upon such a narrow and insecure foundation.

The Cardinal says that "it will appear almost certain that the original Greek of St. Irenæus, *which is unfortunately lost*, contained either *τὰ πρωτεία*, or some inflection of *πρωτεύω*, which signifies primacy."

From this it appears that the primacy of the Bishop of Rome rests on some "inflection" of a Greek word—and that this supposed inflection was in a letter supposed to have been written by St. Irenæus, which has certainly been lost. Is it possible that

the vast fabric of papal power has this, and only this, for its foundation? To this "inflection" has it come at last?

The Cardinal's case depends upon the intelligence and veracity of his witnesses. The Fathers of the Church were utterly incapable of examining a question of fact. They were all believers in the miraculous. The same is true of the Apostles. If St. John was the author of the Apocalypse, he was undoubtedly insane. If Polycarp said the things attributed to him by Catholic writers, he was certainly in the condition of his master. What is the testimony of St. John worth in the light of the following? "Cerinthus, the heretic, was in a bath-house. St. John and another Christian were about to enter. St. John cried out: 'Let us run away, lest the house fall upon us while the enemy of truth is in it.'" Is it possible that St. John thought that God would kill two eminent Christians for the purpose of getting even with one heretic?

Let us see who Polycarp was. He seems to have been a prototype of the Catholic Church, as will be seen from the following statement concerning this Father: "When any heretical doctrine was spoken in his presence he would stop his ears." After this, there can be no question of his orthodoxy. It is claimed that Polycarp was a martyr—that a spear was run through his body, and that from the wound his soul, in the shape of a bird, flew away. The history of his death is just as true as the history of his life.

Irenæus, another witness, took the ground that there was to be a millennium—a thousand years of enjoyment in which celibacy would not be the highest form of virtue. If he is called as a witness for the purpose of establishing the divine origin of the Church, and if one of his "inflections" is the basis of papal supremacy, is the Cardinal also willing to take his testimony as to the nature of the millennium?

All the Fathers were infinitely credulous. Every one of them believed, not only in the miracles said to have been wrought by Christ, by the Apostles, and by other Christians, but every one of them believed in the Pagan miracles. All of these Fathers were familiar with wonders and impossibilities. Nothing was so common with them as to work miracles, and on many occasions they not only cured diseases, not only reversed the order of nature, but succeeded in raising the dead.

It is very hard, indeed, to prove what the Apostles said, or what the Fathers of the Church wrote. There were many centuries filled with forgeries—many generations in which the cunning hands of ecclesiastics erased, obliterated and interpolated the records of the past—during which they invented books, invented authors, and quoted from works that never existed.

The testimony of the "Fathers" is without the slightest value. They believed everything—they examined nothing. They received as a waste-basket receives. Whoever accepts their testimony will exclaim with the Cardinal: "Happily, men are not saved by logic."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH YELLOW FEVER AND ITS PREVENTION.

MAY 1st, 1862, the United States forces were in full possession of New Orleans. The Commanding General had issued his proclamation, the terms of which have become history.

On the first of June, 1862, New Orleans was re-opened as a port of entry of the United States, and became a city of large commerce from the sea, and south of Vicksburg, where the river was closed from the North.

Before the reader can comprehend the exact circumstances in regard to the yellow fever in New Orleans, which are now for the first time to be detailed at length, a succinct description of that place and its surroundings must be given:

The city lies, in its populated part, along a sharp bend of the Mississippi River, on the eastern bank, for some six or seven miles, between Chalmette to the south, where Jackson opposed the forces of the British, and Carrolton on the north. The river is shut out from the city along its whole length by an embankment which has been the growth of many years, more than a century since its settlement, called a "levee." Standing in the streets of the city, in time of high water, you look upwards to the ships in the river, borne up by the waters some thirty feet above your head. In low water the river falls some fifty fee , but still remains at the very great depth of three to five hundred feet.

No stream, sewer, conduit or other opening enters into the river from the City. At or near Carrolton, up river, cross embankments or "levees" shut out the waters from the city in time of high water, and extend over the swamps surrounding Lake Pontchartrain, which is a lake of some forty by twenty-four miles, more or less, lying west of the city, and communicating with the

gulf with certain straits called the "Rigolets." On the south a similar but lighter levee prevents the encroachment of the Mississippi upon the city.

On the north, some three or four miles below Carondelet, a canal leads from a point about eighty rods east of the river bank to the lake, and is filled by the waters of the lake, which in times of high water are some twenty feet, more or less, below the river. That canal was built by Hon. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, some sixteen years before the war of the Rebellion, and afforded navigation from a basin at its head to the lake, but in no way communicating with the river. Below that was the Bayou (gut) St. John, a natural water-course from a basin near the centre of the city to the lake. It had in early times been dug out and straightened, and was called the "old canal," and was navigable in an inferior degree to the new canal. Still below that was the Bayou Bienville, which also afforded water communication with the city, from Lake Pontchartrain and its branch, Lake Borgne, in the same manner as the old canal, except that it was a natural stream.

The lake was four miles, more or less, from the river; was filled by water partially freshened, coming from the gulf, and was affected more or less by the tides, but never above a couple of feet. Indeed, the waters of Lake Pontchartrain were very considerably more affected by the wind than the tide. A heavy "norther," or north wind, continued a day or more would blow the water of the lakes out through the Rigolets into the Gulf so as to lower the height of the surface in the lake a foot and a half to two feet; a strong south wind would stop the exodus of the waters and drive them back to the ordinary tide level, or perhaps six inches more.

There were no such structures as sewers, or underground drains in New Orleans. All the drains were surface water courses, or ditches, whose office it was to carry away the surface water of the city from the rains, into the bayous and canals and thence into the lake. It will be seen at once that New Orleans could be very easily kept clean from the miasmatic gases which affect other cities which are drained by sewers, and arise therefrom, because these drains or ditches being on the surface are perfectly approachable, open to the fresh air, and could be thoroughly dredged, cleaned and washed out.

The reader must take with him two other facts: There were no cemeteries in New Orleans in the sense that they are generally understood; that is, places for the burial of corpses under ground. There were large numbers of structures above ground in which were vaults of brick, and in some cases stone, in which coffins could be placed as in an oven, with iron doors to close them, and in some cases they were bricked up.

Again, there were no vaults under ground for the deposition of excrementitious matter. That was disposed of in another form which it is not necessary to describe, but not in a cleanly manner.

The city was surrounded by swamps, except on the river side, in which there were enormous growths of vegetation yearly, which was not in any way consumed or removed, which vegetation showed itself as early as January, and, of course, in a large degree ceased its growth in the June, July and August following, and began a decay of the most rapid kind.

New Orleans itself had been built upon what might not be inaptly termed an immense raft of trees, timber and shrubbery knit together by vines and branches, weighted down and pressed together in the earlier days by the silt which came in from the river, which then overflowed its banks, the whole being bound together by the fibres of the enormous vegetable growth before spoken of.

When a building is to be built in New Orleans no foundation is laid; the surface of the ground is made smooth and level, and on that is placed a cypress plank, and on that begins the building of the brick wall of a building of more or less height.

The United States Custom House, which is a very large building of granite, inclosing acres, was built on an immense raft of live oak, floated upon this under raft upon which the city is built. It had settled down nearly six feet when the events happened that are herein narrated, and was still settling.

It has been told, and believed to be true, that in New Orleans one can drive a pile down some sixteen feet and find the usual resistance which in soft ground would be found to such forcing down of a stick of timber, but that afterwards the bottom of the pile finds itself in water, and that it may be driven to any depth without further resistance, another pile being placed upon the top of that one, and so driven indefinitely. Indeed, in endeavoring

to stop a break of the river in the bank or levee which has been spoken of shortly above the city, it was thought advisable to sink a ship so as to fill the opening and give opportunity to build against the river, supported by the hull. The ship was put in position to sink, and it did sink until its top-gallant masts were no longer to be seen or felt, and that ship has never been seen or heard of since, except possibly by the inhabitants of the corresponding latitude and longitude on the other side of the world.

The high temperatures of summer came on soon after the landing of the troops, but at this time there was no considerable malaria from decaying vegetable matter, for everything uncovered was vigorously growing. It is true in the environs largely, and in the city itself to a smaller extent, malarial exhalations which bring on the congestive fever popularly known as "fever and ague," or the "shakes," for which the cinchona bark of Peru, in the form of quinine, is claimed to be a specific, find place in New Orleans throughout the year. The cause of it, decaying vegetable matter under specific forms, is quite universal, and entirely irradicable. This cause of the disease is everywhere in that vicinage, but of course much more active and troublesome to the health of the city in the warmer months.

Our troops soon learned that the inhabitants of New Orleans and the people of the South as well, relied with great confidence, as an element to conquer our armies, upon the coming of the yellow fever season, which was expected to make its advent and devastations from the middle of June onward and remain until frost became the eradicator. Our army was very much exposed to it. We had Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts and Wisconsin troops, and all were northern men, and the most southern were from Indiana.

The pleasing hope of this assistance to the "cause now lost" was by no means concealed from us. We were full-blooded, fresh-lipped men, as entirely unacclimated to that or kindred disease as could possibly be found. It was assumed that fright at its ravages and dread of its dire effects would be the great promoter of the dread disease, and so we were treated with the most vivid tales of its deadly ravages, its incurable hold upon northern men, and the fact that in 1853 yellow fever had so swept the city that it was impossible to bury the dead even in the oven-like brick holes which we saw, and from which we shrank,

the city then being without any Northern troops to fill high the funeral pyres, could only get rid of its dead by cremation.

We were shown the awesome statistics, that in 1853, beginning on the 1st of August, with one hundred and six deaths by yellow fever, and one hundred and forty-two, including all diseases, the number increased daily until for the first week, ending on the 7th, there were nine hundred and nine deaths by yellow fever and one thousand one hundred and eighty-six by all diseases; that the next week showed a continued increase to one thousand two hundred and eighty-eight deaths of yellow fever, and one thousand five hundred and twenty-six of all diseases; that the next week was one of still greater fatality, the total deaths from yellow fever being one thousand three hundred and forty-six, and of all diseases one thousand five hundred and seventy-five, and that on a single day, August 22d, the deaths from yellow fever were two hundred and thirty-nine, and of all diseases, two hundred and eighty-three. Thus the month of August exhibited a grand total of five thousand one hundred and twenty-two deaths by yellow fever and seven thousand deaths of all diseases.

We were also told that these figures by no means showed the ravages of that fell disease; that there were many thousands carried away from the city sick, who died, and many thousands whose deaths were not returned for record. Indeed, it was summed up in this way: "That only the unacclimated were liable to the disease, and that must exclude the old acclimated population, which, with the slave and free colored persons embraced at least two-thirds of the summer population of New Orleans—that this would reduce the number liable to yellow fever below thirty thousand, and of that number one-fourth had died in three months.

We were the unacclimated.

This was the story told to the Commanding General. The solitary sentinel got the story of the danger in a different way, as in the early hours of night he paced his lonely beat guarding some public building, a stench arising from the dirty streets almost nauseating him; and if he asked a passer by "what is the matter that such a smell should be here," if an acclimated person he would reply, "why, what is the matter? It is always so." And thus marching his thoughts would stray home to the healthy air of his native village. Two newsboys would hang on to the lamp-posts and apparently carelessly, but purposely, call to each other in the man's

hearing, in language like this: "Jimmy, have you heard the news?" "No; what is it?" "They have got the 'yeller' fever down in Frenchtown prime; eleven have died to-day, there, and its spreading. The Yanks will catch it awful. I shall be glad, won't you, when they either die off or run away in their ships?"

It was said that the acclimated people prayed that the fever might come. I never could quite believe that; but there are many things that render it almost probable. They appeared to me to devote themselves to a condition of perfect nastiness which must bring on yellow fever. If they prayed for the fever at all, they didn't do it aloud in their churches, because our soldiers used to go to church; yet, in the course of the liturgy the clergyman always gave out, at a certain point, that there would now be given an opportunity for silent prayer, and then the people either prayed for the yellow fever, or Jefferson Davis to come there victorious; neither of which was comforting to the Yankee worshiper, when in silent prayer.

May 10th, the streets were reeking with putrifying filth, and the smells from the decomposing matter were, to a Northern nose, unbearable. Everything had of custom been thrown into the streets that the inhabitants desired to be rid of, and lay there seething and rotting. The canals and all their tributaries, the drains, were covered with green slime so thickly that the water was not visible. In the pools were dead animals floating about, with every other description of animal decomposition.

The superintendent of streets and canals was sent for; his attention called to this condition of things, and he was asked if he could apply any remedy. He insisted that there was nothing unusual, and he didn't know of anything that could be done or why anything should be done, and he had been there a great many years.

The disease would soon be upon us. It came before the end of May in 1853, and was supposed when once there to be irradicable.

The General in command was in the very unfortunate predicament of not having a single surgeon in his army who had ever seen a case of yellow fever. He immediately applied to Washington to send him one; but to get such detail through the usual course would take, and did take, many weeks.

The General's time and attention, in addition to all other duties, were very much taken up by the multiplied and continued

application of his officers to be allowed to resign and go home, to do which there was very great temptation, independently of a wish to avoid this awful disease, believed to be surely and steadily approaching, from which men shrunk with trembling who, with a gleeful smile, would have marched up to a cannon's mouth upon the simplest order.

New regiments were forming in all Northern States by hundreds, in which the officers who had formed a part of the "Army of the Gulf," which occupied New Orleans, and whose glories were being made the subject of song and story in the North, would, if they were at home, find instant appointment and promotion. Regimental surgeons' certificates of ill health of officers almost rained upon the General. A surgeon with his belief in the probable ravages of the yellow fever could truthfully certify that in his judgment the applicant for resignation would not live more than sixty days if he remained in that climate; and, as the officer, eager to go home and get promotion, could not be spared, the General had nothing to do but to assure him that the necessities of the service required the General to try the experiment whether he would live sixty days, and that if the officer died the General would apologize to the surgeon for doubting his medical skill.

There was one man who could not go home. He must perform the duties which devolved upon him, and those were to save his army.

The first thing to be done was to prevent the importation of the disease. Quarantine grounds were upon the river some seventy miles below the city. Just below them were the forts St. Philip and Jackson, by which Farragut had run, now occupied by our troops, which controlled the river. Who shall be placed at the quarantine to see that no contaminated vessel shall come up? No loyal man could be had with the requisite knowledge. Besides, vessels with heavy cargoes had sailed for New Orleans, some with perishable goods to be spoiled or made unsalable by forty days detention, and thousands of dollars would be given for a permit to come up. Such permit, therefore, must come from the Commanding General only, as the safety of all depended upon the steadfastness with which this safeguard against this disease was held.

A doctor was sent for who had been candidate for quarantine physician the year before, but failed of election. Men spoke

highly of him as learned in this specialty, and an upright fearless man, though a rebel. A conversation substantially like this ensued:

"Doctor, you were candidate for quarantine physician?"

"Yes, General."

"Did you believe yourself fully qualified for that position?"

"I would not have sought the place otherwise. I was here in '53."

"What is the annual salary?"

The sum was named.

"Very well; you will not be needed except from the 1st of June to the 1st of December. If you serve you will have the salary for a year for so doing. Will you serve?"

"I will."

"But, Doctor, you are a stranger to me, and against your country's cause. How shall the General know that you will serve faithfully? Suppose we have this understood between us: You shall search all vessels in regard to their cleanliness and freedom from disease, and you shall report the facts as you find them to the General by telegraph. No ship shall come up without his order by telegraph. If you report the facts truly, the General shall be responsible if an infected ship is let up. If you report the facts wrongfully, and the yellow fever comes up in a vessel, for that the General will hold you responsible, and punish bad faith under that responsibility with death as soon as the facts can be found. Will you take the place?"

"I am not afraid, General."

"It is then understood. You shall have all the assistance you desire." And but one case of yellow fever ever did come to New Orleans during that doctor's inspection, and for that not the slightest blame attached to him.

The fever may be generated, and if not generated the seeds or germs, or, as it is now fashionable to call them, the "microbes," that is, the "littlenesses" (?) of yellow fever, as I understand that word, may be preserved, carefully done up in clothing or woolens from the effects of frost, and break out, if a congenial and fructifying atmosphere is found in which the "microbes" may plant themselves.

The General had read as carefully as might be every account that had been written of the fever of 1853. He had examined

the map carefully as to where it had broken out and in what direction it had extended its ravages. He learned that it had always broken out and raged in the worst form and most virulently, around the French market. It was assumed that some cause could be discovered for this fact. He made a personal examination of the market, and did find what appeared a most efficient cause for the disease. Indeed, no reason could be seen why the yellow fever should not remain there in permanence save when killed by frost, assuming that his theorization upon the causes for and feeding of the yellow fever was correct.

The General had never heard of the yellow fever in the East; had heard of the plague, of cholera and leprosy as terrible scourges. While this country was substantially exempt from them, why should we be cursed with the other? He had not within reach, if there are any such, any works to enlighten him upon this topic.

He knew of one, and everybody else knew of the same one, the Bible, but which he had not heard quoted as a work on diseases; in that were the books of Moses. Now, without discussing the question whether Moses was taught directly of God as to the writing of his books and his instructions to the Israelites, as wholly one side of this examination, it is certain that Moses had "all the learning of the Egyptians," which included all the learning of that time in the world, upon dealing with the diseases incident to large bodies of men gathered together in a hot climate.

The General had before read with admiration Moses careful provisions in regard to leprosy and against the plague, and also as to preserving the bodies of his people free from corruptions and unhealthiness, and enforcing them even, with the belief on the people's part that he could invoke divine power to enforce his provisions.

The General observed that while Moses seemed to take no care as to diseases which might arise from the miasma from decaying vegetable matter, and while nothing is said of that peculiar fever which we know coming to us from such matter, yet that Moses enforced the most thorough, careful and minute cleanliness in regard to all dead or decaying animal matter, of every description, of which he used very large quantities.

The altars blazed with continual fires, upon which were placed as expiation for all offences, descending even to trespass, parts

of animals large and small, from the bullock to the turtle dove, of which the fires consumed upon the altar very small portions, and other not very large portions were devoted to the sustenance of Aaron and the sons of the priesthood. Moses, over and over and over again, requires every day that the carcass, the offal, the dung and refuse parts of all animals sacrificed be carried without the camp and there burned up, and the ashes even buried.* And the same imperative orders were given in regard to every part of the animal that was not burned on the altar or eaten as food by the children of Aaron.

And it is wonderful to observe the most stringent orders for the most unremitting care that every possible part of, or excrementitious matter from the human body should be day by day carefully buried, and every Israelite was armed with an implement for that purpose.†

Not only this, but every exhalation from a dead body of any sort was treated as "uncleanness," and whoever touched anything dead, or had any dead matter issue from himself partaking of blood, should wash himself with water, and thereafter not "come into camp till even."

So much and so great care was taken that not a microbe of putrifying flesh, and especially human flesh, should taint the pure air of Palestine, or even the wilderness.‡

So Moses had neither typhus fever, cholera nor plagues not inflicted by the Lord for punishment among the children of Israel during a forty years' march. By feeding his people substantially upon manna, a purely vegetable product, the leprosy was gradually worked out of them. That he had no diseases from decaying vegetable matter might be accounted for by the fact that while he was wandering in the wilderness there was not then, any more than there is now, any considerable vegetable growth except in the shape of trees,—nothing like the jungle of the Louisiana swamps.

Again the General had observed that in locations in our own country where "the chills and fever" were very prevalent, attacking almost every man, woman and child in the Western and

* Leviticus, Chapter 4, verses 12-20. These orders are repeated over and over again in the Book of Numbers.

† Deuteronomy, Chapter 23, verses 10, 11, 12, 13.

‡ Vide Deuteronomy and Numbers *passim*.

Southern wilds, yet in such places there was no indigenous yellow fever, or any, save when transported there. He observed also that where there was no decaying vegetable matter, emanations from decaying animal matter, and more especially the excrementitious matter from the human body, even exhalations only when confined so as to be inhaled by living people produce typhus or "ship fever." He therefore deduced from these considerations the belief that the yellow fever would not be engendered in any locality where there was decaying vegetable matter alone, or where there was decaying animal matter alone, but that it required an atmosphere which contained the seeds of disease which cause the congestive fever, and, at the same time the seeds of disease which cause the typhoid fever; and that the causes of these two diseases thus united result in the yellow fever; or, more carefully speaking, produce an atmosphere in which fever may be propagated and flourish if once any seeds of it were introduced. He doubted, then, that an atmosphere could be so tainted with germs of typhoid fever and germs of congestive fever, as to generate yellow fever; but a single germ of yellow fever being introduced into such an atmosphere, wherein human beings are breathing and living, will cause the spread of yellow fever with an activity and intensity, as the germs which produce these two diseases more or less permeate the atmosphere.

To illustrate so that he may not be misunderstood: A gardener desires to raise mushrooms. He may make a bed of pure Savannah mold mixed with pure ox-dung, but no mushroom will spring up from any seed placed in that bed. He may make another bed of like pure mold and horse-dung, but no mushroom will spring from that bed. But let him make another bed wherein he shall mix his mold with horse and ox-dung combined, and under proper circumstances as to light and heat, the same as in each of the other cases, and from the slightest impregnation of the bed at one corner thereof, if you please, with "mushroom spawn," which is so intangible that it cannot be discerned in the mold which encases it, to be even a microbe, and twenty-four hours will gladden the gardener's eyes with a plentiful crop of mushrooms springing up all over the bed, and for weeks continuing so to do.

Why mushrooms will not flourish unless the bed is made of the two kinds of manure is not yet known. Why yellow fever will

not flourish in an atmosphere unless these two sources of the disease, congestive and typhus fever, form a climate for it, is not known, nor has the General ever seen any statement why it will not; but he thinks he knows from experience that it will not.

What, then, was to be done? It was impossible to clean the city of rotting vegetable mold, but it was believed possible to clean the city from all deleterious emanations of animal matter.

The General, therefore, employed eleven hundred men, who were hired at a dollar a day, to be paid out of the city treasury, for the purpose of cleaning the city at once. The City Council had not then been abolished, and thereupon they passed a resolution that the General was paying the laborers too little. This was at once acceded to, and the laborers were paid a dollar and a half a day. As citizens were to foot the bills, it was thought they might fix the price.

A part of the cleansing force was sent to the French market, which dug and scraped that all over, cleaned and removed the filth and sent it down the river.

We went through every street where there was any suspicion of animal matter. We hoed out, swept out and brushed out every drain and ditch in the city, and took advantage of the rains of the early summer, which came down in drenching showers, to drive all this filth into the basins and canals. We then waited for a favorable opportunity, when a norther had blown the water out from the lake some two feet deep through the Rigolets into the Gulf, and then we put the water-works of the city pumping and running at their full capacity, while we brushed down the banks of the canals, and sent the water, with the accumulated filth, out into the lake, where it was carried by the wind miles off into the Gulf. We then waited for a south wind to blow uncontaminated salt water back into the lake and fill it up again, and then that water filled the canals. We did that twice over, until the water in the canals was as clean and clear as any body of water.

Meanwhile the most stringent orders were issued to the people of New Orleans that nothing should be thrown into the streets, open spaces or alleys; that either a box or a barrel or some such convenience should be obtained by every family occupant of a tenement, into which everything of offal, animal or vegetable, and every other waste thing should be put and exposed at the

area gate three times every week, when mule teams would come by and take up the barrels or other receptacles and pour their contents into a cart, and if that left the barrel clean and sweet, well ; if not, a quantity of chloride of lime would be placed in it by which it might be purified.

Besides that, an order also went forth that every household should clean up its areas and back yards, to the acceptance of an inspector detailed from Headquarters, and once in ten days at least, and sometimes oftener, the yards were all inspected. And the most careful and stringent efforts were made to see that nothing of human or other animal excrementitious matter should exist in the city, except under such circumstances as would make it thoroughly harmless.

True, we had to put one man in the guard house for throwing some paper into the street, he insisting that he was to judge whether it would do any harm or not to disobey the order and throw it there; and we had also to put one fashionable lady in a carriage to take her to the jail because she refused to clean up her place, saying that "she should not clean her premises at the order of any Yankee officer;" but at the sight of the jail she changed her mind and was clean and healthy afterwards.

The result was that while we had at the quarantine station below in the river the yellow fever raging in vessels which came there, but were not permitted to come up to the city, we had but one case of yellow fever in that city, and that was the case of a man, whom the captain of his vessel had reported to the health officer had come with him from New York, when the sick man had actually been taken as a passenger at Nassau, where the yellow fever was raging. The captain went to jail for three months, and paid a fine of five hundred dollars.

We immediately took possession of the square where this man was sick, had everything thoroughly cleansed about the square, acclimated persons took charge of him and they were not allowed to come out at all until they were thoroughly cleansed. On the sixth day he died, and we took such care of his remains that the disease did not spread at all.

Nor was the absence of yellow fever the only result of this cleanliness. All diseases became very much reduced in prevalence, so that although in and around New Orleans we had a very considerable force of troops, yet with all these unacclimated men, and

about one hundred and sixty thousand, as near as can be remembered, of population of New Orleans, the General commanding was enabled on the first of October, 1862, to report to the State Department that the city of New Orleans had a less bill of mortality than any city in the United States, north or south.

He, however, guarded New Orleans as well as possible against this and all other epidemics in other years, and it is believed the city has been substantially free from epidemic and malarious diseases since, although she is not by any manner too clean.

This preventive was made by cutting through the forest and chapparal up at the bend of the river from its bank over to Lake Pontchartrain, in making an avenue there some eighty rods wide, so that the air which blows up the river in the summer, daily, beginning about nine o'clock at night from the gulf, could have free passage across the lake, which, being a shallow body of water, would probably allow the air to move through this opening because of evaporation. In return the "norther" would sweep down the river by the city, and change the air because of its movement.

The General and his Medical Staff,—for a most competent medical officer, Dr. McCormick, sent to him by the first of July, —received perhaps too much credit for the result which was attained in the treatment of the yellow fever, or rather in its prevention in New Orleans.

After this, however, the General had a much more satisfactory experience with the yellow fever in Virginia and North Carolina in the campaign of 1864:

The city of Norfolk is situated about thirteen miles from Fortress Monroe on the Elizabeth River in Virginia. Whenever, before, the yellow fever has struck the Atlantic coast, it has by way of apparent preference paid Norfolk a visit. The most remarkable of those visits was in 1857, and will be remembered as having been very destructive of life. The North was called upon, as she ought to have been, for immense sums of money to save the city from that fell destroyer.

The General went over from Fortress Monroe to inspect Norfolk in the winter and spring of '63-'64 several times, and about the first of March active operations were begun to clean the city. Norfolk had been in armed occupation by the Confederates and by the United States since the spring of 1861. Without saying whose fault it was or intending to blame anybody for the condi-

tion of things the General found there, it may be said, that the city was simply enormously nasty, uncared for, and full of everything that would engender disease.

There were two hundred and fifty men whom the General had found on his hands when he took the command, under sentence to hard labor by courts martial; besides he had men that were all the time deserving that sort of promotion, because it is not to be disguised that we nearly emptied our prisons into the army, and to punish offiences became an enormous duty devolving upon those who had command.

That body of men was taken and with them that transportation for which there was then no use; and for many weeks there was taken out from that small city, say, not then exceeding fifteen thousand inhabitants, an average of three thousand loads of every conceivable sort of filth a week. The city was cleaned thoroughly and after the fashion I have described in New Orleans. A portion of her streets were paved and care was taken that there should be nothing that partook of decaying animal matter left in the city.

The result was that Norfolk had not a case of yellow fever in it, nor, so far as has been generally known, has she had one since that was not brought there.

This result is rendered still more remarkable because no effective quarantine could be had at Norfolk, especially because a regular communication by steamer was had all through the hot weather of 1864, via the Dismal Swamp Canal and the Sounds, with North Carolina, and especially the city of Newbern. Supplies were sent down from Norfolk to Newbern, men went back and forth continually, and, as that communication was for military purposes, it could not be interrupted.

Newbern was then a little town of about four thousand inhabitants on the Neuse River, on a sandy pine barren soil, with no considerable vigorous vegetable growth around except along the river. The General visited it in the course of inspection in January, and saw there, then, nothing which would lead any one to suspect that city ever had or ever would have yellow fever, and therefore the General took no precaution against that disease. But in the summer yellow fever broke out in the most virulent form, and a very large portion of the inhabitants, both black and white, died of it. It was very virulent. A good many of the

troops, for we occupied it, had the fever, and his remembrance is that nearly five out of ten of all the people and soldiers either left or were stricken with the disease. Still, a continual communication had to be kept up between Newbern and Norfolk, but the disease finding no atmosphere prepared for it at Norfolk never went there, although only a little more than a hundred miles away.

The General was curious to ascertain what caused the disease at Newbern, and went there as soon as the active duties of the campaign were over. The town had been in the occupation of both armies; the Confederates had besieged it, and we had besieged it, and both armies had occupied the outskirts, and the sinks of the two armies, open trenches filled with human excrement, had not been properly covered, but had been left entirely uncared for when the troops moved off, and the smell of the ordure and filth on a fine autumnal day was perfectly perceptible at the distance of two miles, making an atmosphere in which, if the yellow fever could be engendered from such a cause, it would be likely to be produced; and although inquiry as to that was made, he never heard of its been brought there.

The General directed those sinks to be built up, and he believes there has been no yellow fever in Newbern since.

I have been informed of another instance still more striking, and if my information is incorrect those people who are applying for a reward of a hundred thousand dollars from Congress to discover remedies for the yellow fever, may do well to investigate the case. I learned that on the Bayou La Fuorche, near the crossing of the Texas & Opelousas Railroad, some ten years ago, as near as I can remember, there was a sudden and very virulent breaking out of yellow fever. There was nothing of the kind there in 1862, although the yellow fever was at Galveston and other points of not distant neighborhood. Rendered curious by the fact, I wrote to a gentleman and asked some questions about the conditions and circumstances surrounding the place. I knew there was vegetable matter enough there to do the mischief, but I could not see where the necessary amount of decaying animal matter could come from in that little village. He wrote me, however, that there had been an accident on the railroad to a Texas cattle train by which some large number of cattle were killed and wounded. Those owning them simply stripped off their

hides and tumbled their carcasses into the bayou, where they lay festering and putrifying under the summer sun, and the inhabitants partook of the atmosphere in which were mixed the germs of disease supplied to it by the decaying animal and vegetable matter, and thereupon came upon them this very virulent attack of epidemic yellow fever which I have reason to believe was never there before. Certainly I never heard of it.

I hope one result of this article will be to bring out the facts of this case. Indeed, I have been tempted to write it hurriedly amid very pressing professional vocation, sat this time because I desire that while public attention is called to this very terrible disease—which has one of its worst features in the fact that a man hardly knows that he has it, or that it is making any inroads upon his system, so insidious and deceitful is it, and therefore is only actually convinced of it by the belching forth of the horrible "black vomit"—it should be directed so that sanitary measures for cleanliness may be had at once, as sure prevention *wherever it can come.* DO NOT WAIT.

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

THE FAST SET AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

UNFORTUNATELY for Harvard the excesses of certain students have fastened upon the University a reputation which, to say the least, is undesirable. Perhaps the thought that Harvard can be unfortunate in any way may not readily occur to many, but the fact that parents are known to hesitate before entering their sons at Cambridge, and in some cases decline to do so, because there is said to be so much fast life there, must of itself prejudice the future of the 'Varsity in some measure. Even prosperous Harvard cannot escape unharmed from an assault of public opinion. From time to time statements and counter-statements have appeared, on the one hand affirming the existence of a distinctly fast set at Cambridge and rebuking its wild and midnight revels; and on the other hand denying the existence of such a coterie, or, at any rate, attempting to gloss over the conduct of the accused. The college authorities themselves may be reasonably suspected of efforts in the latter direction, for it is unlikely that they can be ignorant of facts which are patent to an entire community. If they have not regarded the subject lightly, it is certain that they have adopted no heroic measures for the remedy of abuses that must ere long affect Harvard seriously.

Is there, or is there not a fast set at Harvard? If the answer is "yes," will it not apply to other American colleges as well? Or does Harvard present unusual opportunities or attractions for fast men? Questions of this sort have been asked so many times without bringing a satisfactory reply that it may be well to give to the public a fair presentation of the facts as they are, facts hitherto withheld (for excellent reasons of their own, no doubt) by the Faculty. Lest the very title of this paper should move scores of worthy persons to indignant remonstrance, it may be remarked at the outset that Harvard life, while not of itself fast, presents

many attractions for the gay men who form a small though conspicuous part of the membership of the various classes, and who appropriate to themselves the rights and privileges of an influential set. A clear exception having thus been made, many worthy souls may cry with the first breath of morning:

"Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung!"

The Harvard Faculty, with the aid of elaborate statistics backing an exhaustive report which was founded upon a special investigation, proved, last summer, not only that an athletic student is not of necessity a poor scholar, but that numbers of the best men in college are devoted athletes. Having thus silenced the popular cry against college sports it is possible that the authorities may regard the popular conception of Harvard fast life as being considerably exaggerated, and as having no better foundation of fact than the other prejudice against college athletics.

Without doubting for a moment that the Harvard Faculty during last May and June accomplished the almost miraculous task of conducting an investigation that investigated, it is well to bear in mind the fact that the evidence necessary to demonstrate a close connection between high scholastic percentages and "nines," and "elevens," and "crews," and gymnastic training, was to be obtained with comparative ease and accuracy. After all, it could have been no very great feat to vindicate Harvard from the charge of sacrificing brain to brawn; but the Faculty would be met with a task of altogether different dimensions were they to undertake to show that the fast men of the college and the high marks of the class are on intimate terms with one another; and their task would be still more difficult were they to undertake to prove by statistics, however elaborate, and reports, however exhaustive or exhausting, that Harvard does not offer unsurpassed opportunities for young men who are bent upon a career of unhindered rapidity.

In the first place, it would be essential for the Faculty to agree upon a definition. A given number of persons may have as many notions of what constitutes a fast life as they have of the merits of the various denominational roads to heaven. One thing is certain; it would be wholly useless to accept the Boston definition. In Boston a man may be fast if he takes an innocent sherry between the acts of a tragedy, if he keeps a shell on the river, or has a tandem on the Brighton road; and, although he may not be

wholly lost to grace if his hours are prolonged at the Somerset Club, he is quite as meet for repentance as was that famous clergyman of the Hub whose parishioners lost all faith in his orthodoxy because he preferred a swift horse to a slow one.

There is but one way to approach the subject of fast life at Harvard, and that is from the standpoint of the fast Harvard man. Harvard's definition of fast life will go further than the definition afforded by any other authority in the country, unless it be that of New York, and it is possible that the fast young man may fare the worse on that account. To be fast in the Harvard sense is to run the scale of "manly pleasures," and then jump the border and plunge into the babbling stream of dissipation. It will be understood, of course, that the dissipation of Harvard's fast set is of the sort that modern refinement exalts as "gentlemanly." A fast Harvard man when in his cups is proudly conscious of the fact that he is still a gentleman, and, though he may cause his neighbors and the police some annoyance, his exuberance of spirit never descends to the common level of an inebriated costermonger's joy—at least in his opinion. A member of the fast set is not a sot; he is not a hopeless case by any means; but there is not a pleasure, legitimate or forbidden, that he leaves untasted during his college life. No one will resent more quickly than he any imputation of grossness or license in his conduct; in his wildest excess he is always "the gentleman;" which, being interpreted, means in the plainest phrase that he dresses his vices and his extravagances better, and that he pays more for them than other men.

Harvard is about three miles from Boston. To the Gothamite, or the Chicagoan mind this may not seem an incentive, or even an opportunity for hilarious excess; but in the very teeth of metropolitan prejudice it can be urged that even provincial Boston is fully equipped with every aid to the gay life. Harvard men know this, and in their search for convivial, financial, pugilistic, or amorous adventure they shape their course due East from the Delta. They return when they choose, sometimes the same night, sometimes the next day, sometimes a week hence, and occasions have not been lacking when an absence of three weeks followed the starting forth.

There are upwards of two thousand students at Harvard. Naturally, a multitude of characters is found in this goodly

number. Perhaps a majority are quiet fellows whose utmost gaiety will scarcely bring the traditional blush to the cheek of modesty. Of the remainder, most drink a little, play a little, get into all sorts of foolish and reprehensible scrapes very often, and rather desire a reputation for rapidity than actually get up the high speed; while the "fast set" will comprise, say, one man in every twenty—not an alarming number of wild oat sowers and gleaners, to be sure.

In many other colleges the social life centres in the rooms of the students. At Harvard the social life is most manifest in the clubs and societies. Of these societies the D. K. E., having, perhaps, two hundred members, is the most conspicuous, and, as many think, the least desirable. All the members of the D. K. E. may not be fast, but the society itself does not conceal a desire to be thought as boisterous and as jovial as the law permits. To such a point have the nocturnal celebrations of this body been carried, that the D. K. E. long since became a reproach to Harvard student life. Its members have often been brought up, not only by the Faculty, but by the police magistrates, on charges that most young men, not collegians, would be ashamed to meet. There has of late been a certain pretence of reforming the D. K. E., but reforms in college life, like reforms in politics, are seldom more than "springes to catch woodcocks withal,"—glittering promises to quiet the exacting multitude.

The D. K. E. is called a fast society, but, while members of the fast set belong to it, the society is not the fast set itself, although it is perhaps its dearest wish in life to be considered so. The society is held in evidence by its high spirits. These spirits are kept in individual lockers during the day and let loose at night, to the utter dismay of the neighbors and the local advocates of prohibition. The members greet a police raid on their premises not with sorrow or with anger, but with delight, as if the presence of the officers of the law afforded proof of the soundness of the society's pretensions to dissipation. The members of the D. K. E., like their superiors in the gay ranks, have a profound consciousness that they are gentlemen; and so it is to be presumed that when they broke the tableware at the conclusion of a recent feast, and made kindling wood of the furniture, they compassed these joyful exercises with all the arts that distinguish the gentleman from the cad.

But the distinctively fast set at Harvard is a thing by itself, and it dwells apart from ordinary life. It is a close clique, within which are cliques still closer. It has no specific organization, no by-laws, and no unquestioned leader to whose decrees it must bow. It is composed of rich men and their satellites, and it numbers, all told, say one hundred men, with pocket incomes ranging from $2,000 to $10,000 a year, and more if occasion warrants and their parents permit. Their expenditures are as liberal as the judgment of their fathers is limited. Their dress, their rooms, their table, their habits and their notes of hand—the shadow of extravagance is over them all! If they learn nothing else at college, they easily acquire the education of the spendthrift; and they talk with nonchalance of an outgo of thousands a year before they have mastered the rudiments of the first lesson in the value of money. Their pride is in their reputation as fast men; for this reputation they work as hard as other men work at Greek and conic sections, and in this reputation they glory. They are not high in their classes; they are, indeed, very poor scholars as a general thing, giving as little attention to study as will suffice to keep their names on the college books, burning midnight oil every night in the year, and yet only for study when examinations are at hand, at which trying periods they place themselves under the diligent and expensive care of tutors. It may be said that the fast men buy their way through college. They have plenty of money, and when they need brains they can very easily purchase the necessary assortment from their tutors. They are "good fellows" by universal consent, and their social eminence is attested by the fact that they take their pleasures, as they say, "as becomes gentlemen, and not in the manner of chumps." From this it will appear that there are two classes of fast men at Harvard: "the gentlemen" and the "chumps." Mr. Eugene Field, the savant of Chicago, has lately thrown a strong light on the origin of this term of opprobrium, and, according to his researches, it appears that "the word 'chump' was new born about 1883, and was originally used to designate the heavy, English sort of swell who bought wine for chorus girls. The essential conditions of true chumpery are:

"(1) The man must be large in person and solemn in manner. (2) He must 'open wine.'"

No traveler or *bon vivant* in America will need an intro-

duction to the Parker House in Boston. Nor will any of these worthies need to be told that the youths who haunt that hostlery, in overcoats ridiculously small, and trousers "a world too wide for their shrunk shanks," with walking sticks carried wrong end up, and with voices that apparently embrace all mankind in their confidences,—no patron of Parker's will need to be told that these anomalous bipeds are Harvard men. Parker's is the Boston annex of Harvard College. Collegians fast and furious, and those who are feebly imitative and lack fat purses, betake themselves to the famous caravansary on School street, the first to do the "smart thing," and the others to pretend to the extremes they cannot hope to grasp. To be carried home in a cab, through absolute incapacity to get home in any other way, is to reach a distinction not attainable by less fortunate mortals who, though they may reach a high state of intoxication, have, like the poor in the familiar rhyme, "to walk be jabez." But if Harvard men who have dallied too long over the wine cup would always go home in a cab, outer barbarians would have much less cause to heap anathemas upon them. The Harvard man drunk and the Harvard man sober is inclined to exclaim with Ancient Pistol:

> "The world's mine oyster,
> Which I with sword will open!"

The Harvard man drunk is apt to assert this aggressive creed in a manner as discreditable to himself as it is offensive to the considerable bivalve which he claims in his usual gentlemanly fashion. When he, with a dozen comrades in a similar state of spirituous ecstasy, takes possession of the last car to Cambridge, bullies the conductor, frightens belated women and children, and ogles attractive maids, it must be confessed that he and his free companions merit the broken heads which they occasionally put to bed in college halls.

The demeanor of a large class of Harvard men is, as the world knows well, one of ever conscious superiority; and this is rarely diluted with even the smallest suspicion of condescension. Add to this a bountiful supply of fire-water, and the Chesterfieldian claims of the Harvard man have, of necessity, to be taken on trust. Even a lordly sense of superiority to all mankind is but a questionable warrant for publicly kissing a young woman whose acquaintance one has enjoyed, first and last, for full sixty

seconds ; and yet, when the gallant is brought before the frowning Faculty, the strongest plea that can be urged in his favor is : "He is a gentleman, and has always borne himself as becomes a gentleman."

The Faculty may frown, but they will rarely do more than frown or admonish. It might be well if the college authorities pronounced sentence of suspension more frequently. As for expulsion, that is an affair so rare that when it occurs the collegiate world is horrified. The sin at Harvard seems to be the discovery rather than the act of error itself. It is, or at any rate it has been, the policy of the college authorities to shield the evil-doer when he has not publicly disgraced himself ; but let him appear in the police courts, or let the public hear of his escapades, and "the reputation of the college must be sustained." It is not Harvard's place to teach manners ; the student should be fairly grounded in this branch of learning before leaving the kindergarten.

The fast set is, of course, as fashionable as it is gay. If you tell one of the elect that his set is snobbish, he will reply: "Not so. Harvard is democratic, and men are judged here purely on their merits." In this case one can conclude only that Harvard's idea of democratic spirit is like the way of the Mongolian in the poem—vain and peculiar. A man who does not belong to the fashionable set may be a very worthy fellow, but at best he is unfortunate, and he is treated with an air of patronage that is not always gracious. Harvard men who deny this can do so only after forgetting the condescending paragraphs printed in Boston's leading society paper by college correspondents whose lament was that certain men who won distinction in the class of '88 were not members of the best set in college. Heaven forbid! Had they belonged to the best set in college they might never have won distinction in their studies.

When asked how much a fast man has to spend at college to do justice to his position, one of the number replied : "As much as he can get. It is difficult, if not impossible, to say how much another man spends ; only he, or his father or guardian, will be likely to know. One or two men are credited with spending $10,000 a year, but few of us, I dare say, spend more than $5,000, while the average in the set would be a little below that. Of course this is my own estimate ; if you want to know the facts ask the other fellows—and they won't tell."

All Harvard men, like a few of their less favored fellow creatures outside college walls, have an eye, if indeed they are not all eyes, for a pretty face under a love of a bonnet. But the men who aspire to a reputation for rapidity love more than the face. They have a vigorous and confessed appreciation for the "human form divine," and comic operas, blonde-beauty troupes and spectacular shows, merit their patronage in proportion to the cut of the theatrical wardrobe and its adaptability to anatomical charms. Managers of this highly intellectual species of entertainment have been known to make their dates for cultured Boston in order to meet term-time at Harvard. The old habit of "suping" at the play has of late years fallen into "innocuous desuetude," or if it finds favor at all, it is only among a few callow freshmen. Suping was not fast enough for the fast men, who now take their drama in front and ogle the stars or the chorus girls, according to the depth of assurance or pocket in individual cases. Floral tributes to the passing fair who disport themselves in tights, carriages at the stage door and suppers after the play, with vivacious coryphees, soubrettes or prima donnas to lend a sauce to appetite, testify to the collegian's love of the dramatic art in these days. Nor does his appreciation pause here.

Boston, the sedate and well contained, may, perchance, read the preceding paragraph with dismay seasoned with doubt; but New York, whose views of the fast life are catholic, will accept this chronicle in a spirit as sincere as that with which it is presented. What should Boston have known about "The Parsonage," where the morals of Harvard youth were depleted along with Harvard purses; where wine ran freely from dusk till daybreak, and where hundreds of dollars were dissipated over the wildest orgies that ever went unmolested by the police? What should Boston have known of it, even though an Alderman had owned this palace of joy, whose sirens lured on their victims, while prayer and praise were ascending in the church not more distant than the thickness of a brick wall?

Gambling has been very nearly crushed out at Harvard, if the college authorities are to be believed. But it may be urged, with all deference to the dignitaries, that circumstances occasionally justify a respectful doubt of the best intentioned representations. College authorities are not always informed of what is taking place

under their noses, and the Harvard authorities sometimes slumber in blissful ignorance of the revels of their merry young men.

"The bane of Harvard College is poker," said an instructor recently, and the experience and observation of a college man who sometimes puts his ideas into print warranted the following plain statement last term, and it may be said, parenthetically, that when the present term is a little older, a similar if not a worse condition will undoubtedly prevail, for they say that '89 is the wildest class that has been at Harvard for years. "One of the most surprising things," says the authority just mentioned, "is the universality of poker; like the measles, it attacks rich and poor; some rooms are regular dives where games are always going on. I dropped into such a room the other evening where seven men were playing, and four or five more were lying around reading novels and waiting for a chance to play. In college the dual life may be followed with greater success than in after years. I know a 'wicked sport' who is preparing for the ministry; he is a regular poker sharp; his room is a den; and the other day, when a fellow hailed him with 'Hello! will you play to-night?' he replied with the utmost nonchalance: 'No, I can't; I'm going in to Phillips Brooks' prayer meeting.' His strongest claim to religion is that, as the boys say, he is a 'Christian' about paying up his I. O. U.'s."

Here is a pen picture of a Harvard card den drawn by a college correspondent: "The poker room with its heated atmosphere impregnated with the sickening smell of stale cigarette smoke, its 'curses both loud and deep' at ill luck, the wild, feverish talk, the hysterical laugh, and the ghastly faces on which are written greed and avarice and despair, is a bad school for any one, and it makes short work of these freshmen, 'on whose lips the milk is scarcely dry.' About one-half of the constant poker players practice disreputable tricks. One is driven to the conclusion that it is chiefly rascals who take to poker, or that poker makes rascals. One of the 'talent,' who plays on the square, said to me the other day that he would have to play in a gambling-hell in Boston hereafter, where he would run less risk of being cheated."

It requires but a few moments to lose a hundred dollars at a game, as many fast men and would-be fast men know. One of the set dropped a cool thousand at poker last year. He may have been the hero of his clique after that; his foolishness entitled

him to the honor. From poker to betting, or from betting to poker—either way is but a step and a step easily taken. "Bet and be a man," is a motto that very many Harvard boys have appropriated. The fruitful result of all this financial insanity is the sea of paper that inundates Cambridge every now and then. The I. O. U.'s of college men are as plentiful as blackberries; and certain local tradesmen of kindly heart lend money at as reasonable a rate as five per cent. a week.

A college youth cannot spend $10,000 a year without being fast, and fast in the complete sense of the term; nor can he spend $5,000 a year without being fast. Indeed, when his expenditure exceeds $1,500 or $2,000 the legitimate inference is that he is a wild youth, always providing that he does not keep horses or a yacht—either of which are expensive luxuries, even when taken in the mildest form.

"Harvard is a world of itself," says the student of to-day. And, like the great world outside, it has changed amazingly during the last four or five decades. Less than half a century ago sixty men were considered a large class; now the average is two hundred and fifty. Then the character and mode of life of every man were known to every other man; a condition now impossible where every man's acquaintance is limited to his "Society," and his intimacy restricted to his clique. Then quick and constant communication with Boston was unknown, and, as the fare (by omnibus) was twenty-five cents, most of the students walked to town and back again. Then an atmosphere of simple village life pervaded Cambridge; now the place is a "prohibition" city where thirsty students may find favor at the druggists' without "winking." Then the college men from the country lived on $300 a year, including tuition, and the great body of students did not exceed $500 a year in their individual expenditures; now the man who spends less than $1,000 in a twelvemouth is considered poor indeed, and a five-thousand-dollar man is not regarded as a spendthrift. Then, although most, if not all, of the students drank, they did not drink to excess. They were very moderate in their use of wine. One man, who had a keg of beer in his room, was thought a monstrously dissipated fellow to go to such an extent. Intoxication was rare then; now it is all too common. Then a man in his cups was regarded with pity, or scorn, or contempt by the great body

of his fellow-students ; now he is said to pursue the "manly path," although it is not as straight a path as most men wish to tread. Then about one man in ten was a total abstainer, and looked upon as a "milksop"; now, although there is more drunkenness, there is more charity for the fellows who "lack manly spirit." Then the Don Juans were very, very few, and there would have been a public scandal had a medical examiner rejected eight out of nine candidates for positions in athletic games on the score of unmentionable disease. Then such men would have been socially ostracised ; now their sufferings are purely physical.

Harvard's proximity to a large city, and the fact that the homes of most of the students are far away, may account for much of the "wildness" in the college life. In this case famous conditions are somewhat changed, and while the mice are away they play as only college mice can play. At Harvard a man is very much his own master, and very poor mastery some of the men exhibit. It is not easy to see how President Eliot, the Faculty and the Overseers together can alter things. They cannot make foolish men wise, and they cannot make saints of giddy and licentious worldlings. If it were practicable, as it is not, it would be unwise to establish a system of espionage, for while the Faculty might exercise a degree of repressive authority in Cambridge, such a course would end only in making bad matters worse by driving the students to Boston for their flighty "larks." Now they go to town voluntarily ; it would be rash to force them there. Nor would it be a simple matter for the Faculty to prevent the gay Lotharios bringing the fair and frail companions of their dissipations into the yard on Class Day. The expressed contempt of fellow students might affect a reform here. Had such contempt been taken from its shell of indifference last June, it is possible that some men would have slunk into dark corners for very shame. It is bad enough to be conspicuous outside the college territory with the creatures of fascination, but self-respect as well as respect for the venerable 'varsity might induce men to exclude the priestesses of pleasure from precincts for which some other men at least show reverence. If it is impossible for the Faculty to subdue the misdirected energies of the fast men at Harvard, an aroused college sentiment may be capable of affecting a reform. This, and some trifles of common sense on the part of indulgent fathers, might heighten the moral tone,

perforce. When *pater* cuts down the allowance, refuses to take up the notes and to honor the debts of excess, *filius* will, of necessity, be nearer chaste, if it is impossible for him to be pure.

"But," exclaims an outraged community of Puritans, "all this is slander! There are good men at Harvard, hard-working men, noble men; your picture is a gross misrepresentation."

Peace, my masters! There are such men as you say, many of them no doubt, but they form not the subject of our disquisition. He that writes of moles deals not with the stars.

ALECK QUEST.

WALL STREET AS AN ECONOMIC FACTOR.

It will be thought doubtless by the majority that an article on those features of Wall street which are not directly connected with so-called stock-gambling should resemble the famous chapter on the snakes in Ireland.

It must be confessed that the place has not a widespread reputation for conservatism. But it is doubtless true that no locality in the world, of equal notoriety, is subject to such general misrepresentation as the three or four blocks shadowed by the spire of old Trinity, and collectively designated as "Wall street." Press and Pulpit make common cause against it. The severest comparisons, the most bitter denunciations are used to portray its dangerous and disreputable character. Young men and old, rich and poor, wise and simple, are alike warned to shun the fatal seductions of the place. It is possible to see there, almost any day, worthy men and women, who are making evidently their first visit to New York, and who move about with a half expectant and half frightened air, as though they would not be much suprised at the sudden appearance in the flesh of the veritable bulls and bears of which they have heard so often.

There are others whose distrustful and almost defiant manner indicates plainly that they are constantly on their guard and ready to resist any insidious attempt to draw them into the toils of speculation. Sometimes, too, preachers and teachers frequent the place, always, of course, with the desire and intent to gain knowledge of its ways and to gain nothing else. Occasionally, however, in order to make their experience as practical as possible, and that they may speak understandingly of the subject, they venture to speculate a little or "take a flyer," as the phrase goes. Having no acquaintance with the business, their fate is that of most novices, and then they solace themselves for their losses by bitter attacks on Wall

street and eloquent denunciations of the evils of gambling in stocks. One well known preacher confesses that he visits dance houses and other places of evil repute simply for the purpose of seeing their iniquity with his own eyes, and as he condemns such places with, if anything, less severe and uncharitable language than he uses in speaking of Wall street, I have thought it likely that his experience in the latter place has been rather more extensive and vivid than a purely theoretical knowledge would demand. Judges, too, occasionally say hard things about the Street—but there is reason to think that they also are not always moved by that impartial sense of justice which we are wont to associate with the bench. It is reported that one of the most prominent and witty lawyers at the New York bar once said that it was useless to argue a case before a certain court when the stock market was going down, and he has not yet been arrested for contempt of court. The editor who fails to have a fling at Wall street as often as two or three times a week, especially if he live in the South or West, must be unusually well supplied with prize fights and divorce cases. And what demagogue addressing his constituents omits in any speech to denounce it as the home of the monopolist and the hotbed of injustice? All classes, in fact, seem to consider the place as fair game. And, without doubt, their action is, to a certain extent, justified. It cannot be denied that there is speculation in Wall street, nor that it sometimes runs rampant. But it is equally true that the speculative fever seldom originates there. By themselves, the frequenters of that place can do but little to arouse public attention. Their operations, no matter how bold or desperate they may be, seldom create a ripple in the outside world. Panics and corners may succeed each other in quick succession, and the winners of to-day become the losers of to-morrow, but only those who read carefully the financial columns of the daily papers know whether the bulls or the bears are uppermost. It is only when the public is strongly impressed with a feeling of hope or despondency that Wall street assumes a prominent position. When the crops promise to be good, when the reports of various branches of trade are favorable, and when the majority of men take a cheerful view of the future, then Wall street shares and makes manifest this buoyant feeling. But let disaster appear in any form,—even

though the cloud be no larger than a man's hand,—and the market then instantly reflects the change. In such popular movements the regular or professional dealers of the street are as powerless as puppets. When the panic of 1873 closed the Stock Exchange and brought to a standstill the business of every banker and broker connected with it, many said: "Oh, it's nothing but a Wall street panic," and went on their way accordingly. But within a few months business generally slackened, the real estate market became dull, speculation everywhere died out, depression took the place of confidence, and then it became apparent that Wall street had only shown first the signs of a great commercial wave. And, as usual, there were good and conservative reasons for it. Speculation had been running riot throughout the country with but little check since the war. Credits were extended and profits existed, in many cases, only on paper. The year before, in 1872, our imports exceeded our exports by nearly $160,000,000, and the inevitable pay-day could not be any longer postponed. But after the dull times of the five years succeeding the panic of 1873; after men had charged off their bad debts, marked down their inventories, reformed their business methods and reduced their living expenses, matters began to mend again. And as the first signs of trouble had been seen in Wall street, so there appeared the dawn of a new era of prosperity. In 1878 and 1879 bankers plucked up courage to negotiate loans for new enterprises. Money began to flow into the Street, and with it came customers who made brokers happy. In 1880 speculation was rampant again, and the whole country was buying stocks. Our exports were large, gold was flowing to us in a stream never before equaled, and our prosperity appeared to be boundless. Money brought a lower rate of interest than had ever been known here, and the rise in the prices of stocks and bonds seemed to have no limit. But at such periods some event invariably occurs to bring people to their senses. As, in 1857, it was the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, and in 1873, the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., so, in 1881, the shooting of Garfield marked the culmination of the speculative fever. And in those long weeks when the nation awaited in breathless suspense the result of the assassin's shot, the fluctuations of the stock market recorded the alternation of hope and despondency in the hearts of

the people. Then, too, men said when prices began to fall: "It's nothing but a Wall street move," and for a while those who predicted lower prices, and operated on their convictions, were actually condemned as wanting in loyalty to the wounded President. But the note of warning had sounded, and nothing could stop the liquidation of speculative ventures. Stocks fell without exception, until many, which, in 1880 and 1881, had sold at or about par, or $100 a share, fell to less than $10. And in one instance—that of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad—the decline was over $107 per share; or, in other words, the value of one hundred shares of stock fell from $11,200 in 1880 to $400 in 1884. This depreciation was but the forerunner of depression elsewhere. Iron furnaces went out of blast, manufactories were closed and business generally became stagnant. Then followed two or three years of dullness in commercial circles throughout the country, succeeded by a general improvement, which was felt all over the land. And, in this case, again, the change began in Wall street. The settlement of the troubles between the trunk lines, and the amalgamation of the New York Central and West Shore railroads, in 1885, was the first event which marked returning confidence. As before, the multitude were skeptical, and regarded it as having no significance outside of Wall street. But, gradually, its influence made itself felt. The increased earnings of the great railroads begat confidence in other roads. Men not only bought stocks which had been hitherto neglected, but began to reorganize bankrupt properties and to build new roads. This created a demand for steel rails, and their price advanced in a few months from $26 per ton to $40. All over the land new iron mines were opened and new iron furnaces started, until the iron business of the country attained a prosperity hitherto unequaled.

Now, in these great popular movements one truth becomes very evident to those who watch them carefully, and that is the inability of any one man or set of men to withstand them. The Vanderbilts and Goulds are as powerless as the smallest traders. Old Commodore Vanderbilt did try in 1869 to prevent the price of his favorite, New York Central, from falling below a certain figure; but his brokers were literally swept away by the rush to sell. Jay Gould has lost millions in efforts to stem the popular current, and his present enormous fortune is due to his appreciation of the necessity of joining instead of fighting it.

The multitude lose money in Wall street because they fail to follow this course intelligently. The average trader simply bets that prices will fall to-day because they rose yesterday. And if they continue to rise for several days he doubles and trebles his bets, on the principle of the gambler at cards. As a consequence a steady popular movement swamps him. Such men are neither more nor less than gamblers. They are the men who continually talk stocks on the streets and in the cars, who boast over their petty gains and howl over their losses. The laws of trade and political economy are to them meaningless words. They are the froth, the scum, on the surface of the stream, and, to carry out the simile, their numbers are a sure indication of the depth and strength of the current beneath. Nothing connected with them is more remarkable than their sudden disappearance. Like the flies, they are here to-day and gone to-morrow. They learn their lesson and go their ways, poorer, sadder and wiser men. Their places are, however, soon supplied; for Wall street, like the brook, can sing:

> "Men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

It is a remarkable fact that Wall street is a most successful teacher of humility. Its lessons are hard, sometimes merciless, but they are effective. And sometimes, too, they are pathetic. During four years of active service in the late war I saw hosts of brave men and many deeds of even reckless daring. But I have met on the floor of the Stock Exchange men of as dauntless courage and steady nerve as could be found in any army. I have watched them fight a losing battle day after day, when their wealth was gradually wasting, and when every turn of fortune's wheel made their positions worse. But they fought gamely to the end, with a cool bravery worthy of success. Sometimes, however, the overstrung nerves fail suddenly, and a pistol shot ends a career which usually deserves at least some pity, but which rarely gets it. It is a proverb in Wall street that plenty of pluck and a good bank account will ruin any man. Nowhere can be found more striking exemplifications of the truth of the old saw "that he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." Occasionally a bold and dashing genius scores a lasting success, but the percentage of such cases is almost infinitesimal. The men who control affairs, who conduct great negotiations and

who amass large fortunes are, as a rule, conversative to the verge of timidity. Watchful of the signs of the times, and quick to take advantage of them, they never follow popular movements to their end. Those who achieve the greatest success recognize the truth that the strongest combination in business affairs is a union of speculative and conservative elements. It is difficult to determine at times the line of demarcation between them. I suppose that whenever any one buys, with a view to subsequent sale, anything for which at the time of purchase he does not see an existing demand, the transaction is a speculative one. This is as true of the small grocery man who buys fifty barrels of flour or potatoes more than his usual quantity, because he thinks circumstances indicate an advance in price, as it is of the trader in the Produce Exchange who buys 50,000 barrels for the same reason. If the commodities are actually bought and paid for in both cases, it is difficult to see why both are not equally legitimate. The test seems to be not so much in the kind of transaction as in the degree.

There can be no objection to the speculative feature so long as it does not overpower and run away with the conservative. No merchant nor manufacturer can make a fortune simply by supplying an existing demand. The successful men of business invariably look ahead, and their reward comes in proportion to the correctness of their judgment of the future. Nearly every man has views more or less decided as to the course of events, and as few have all they wish of this world's goods, those views usually have some bearing on the question of income. As soon as receipts exceed expenditures the speculative element asserts itself. Very few are content to invest their surplus with an exclusive regard for income and return of principal. Nearly all, even of the most conservative, strive to secure both an assured income and a prospect for increase in the value of the principal. But there is another class, numbering far more than is generally supposed, who consider themselves, and who really are conservative, but who, nevertheless, are influenced by speculative impulses. They are the men, and the women, too, (and I am bound to say that, proportionately, the women outnumber the men), who are content to go without present income from an investment, provided it promises large rewards in the future. I call them conservative because the gambling element of chance does not con-

trol their operations. They act only after a study, more or less careful and intelligent, of the facts in the case, and invest their money with patient confidence. This is the class which buys unimproved real estate, and stocks which do not pay dividends. They would be shocked, probably, to be told that they are the mainstay of Wall street. But it is true, neverthless. Nearly every one of our great railroads has been fostered by and reached prosperity through their support. The process is a familiar one, and has been repeated scores of times. A road is built, and the stock is pitched into the speculative arena, where it becomes a financial football. It is almost never successful at the outset. It gets involved in debt, becomes bankrupt, and the men who have started it simply as a speculation lose money. There are not only no dividends, but there are often assessments. Meanwhile, the country grows and business increases along the line. Gradually the stock is absorbed by this conservatively speculative class of investors. As the supply diminishes in the open market and the prospects of the road improve, it becomes easy for the professional speculators to manipulate the price to suit themselves. If the speculators had to carry all the load, or could only sell to each other, their careers would be brief. But this small yet steady investment demand becomes after a while an important factor in their calculations, and they make the most of it. Where the cautious outsider buys ten or twenty shares, the daring professional trader will buy as many thousand, and this is the reason why so many of them are ruined in stocks which prove profitable to the genuine investor. The speculator assumes too heavy loads and has to throw them overboard at a loss on the appearance of a financial storm, while the man who has bought no more than he can pay for waits patiently for the clouds to roll by. There are illustrations of this process at our doors. Thirty years ago the stock of the New York & New Haven Railroad was one of the speculative favorites of Wall street. It was even ultra-fashionable, for the treasurer indulged in a fraudulent over-issue of stock. The road did not pay dividends, and the price ranged from fifty to sixty dollars per share. Gradually the stock was taken from the market until not enough remained there to satisfy the demands of the traders, and now, with the price above two hundred dollars per share, transactions in it are few and in small amounts.

The New York Central is another instance. From 1867 to only a few months ago, notwithstanding the fact that it paid dividends, it was a leading speculative stock. The dealings in it were at times enormous, and the fluctuations in price frequent and of great range. But since the settlement of the trunk line troubles public confidence in it is so great that it seems to have taken its place permanently among the investment stocks. This is true, also, of the leading roads as we go further West. The Lake Shore, the Rock Island, the Chicago & Alton, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Chicago & Northwestern, and scores of other roads have all gone through the same experience. In other words, the speculators of Wall street and the outside conservative element which has come in quietly to their assistance have combined to support these great corporations in the periods of their infancy and weakness. Under this protection they, in turn, have helped to develop the country, and are paying large return to those investors whose foresight enabled them to read the future aright. The history of the world shows no series of business enterprises so brilliant, so prosperous, and, on the whole, so beneficial, as the railroad system of this country, and nearly every important road in the system has been launched in Wall street. Granting the evils of speculation, and granting the gross mismanagement which has existed in some notorious instances, nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there are redeeming features connected with an agency which has produced such splendid and beneficent results.

I have made no special mention this far of that feature of Wall street through which its influence makes itself felt most potently, and which, in public estimation, often stands for the place itself; I mean the New York Stock Exchange. The eleven hundred men who compose this body are but a fractional part of those who do business in the Street. While the majority of them are possessed of comfortable fortunes, and while the list of membership includes a few men who are enormously rich, it must not be supposed that the influence of the Exchange is due to the wealth of its members or to the operations which originate with them. If, as I have said, Wall street is the heart of the financial interests of the country, the Stock Exchange is the heart of Wall street. It is the innermost centre to which all eyes are turned, and which, by common consent, reflects the condition of the financial world.

The fluctuations of feeling in monetary circles are recorded as quickly in the Stock Exchange as the changes in the atmosphere are noted by the barometer. A generation ago this was not the case. Then the Exchange was a place where a few men met for an hour or two every day, dealt in a moderate amount of stock and bonds, sat in comfortable chairs around a table or cockpit, and spent almost as much time in cracking jokes at each other's expense and knocking off each other's hats as in attending to business. Even in Wall street their influence was comparatively small, and outside of it they were unknown in the financial world. The war changed all this. The fever of speculation aroused by it manifested itself nowhere so much as in the Stock Exchange. The brokers were driven out of their chairs, and instead of a single call of stocks were forced to have continuous dealings during nearly the whole day. As the old board was too conservative to keep up with the times a new one was formed. In 1879, after the older organization had tried in vain for several years to ignore and suppress its younger rival, the two boards were united. From that time to the present the influence of the Exchange has grown steadily and marvelously. In London, only a small number of prominent bankers are represented at the Stock Exchange, but with only two or three exceptions, all of the leading banking and foreign exchange firms of New York are connected with the Stock Exchange through one or more partners. Within the past year the sons of the senior members of two of the firms which have governed the rate of foreign exchange for the last quarter of a century have paid twenty thousand dollars each for memberships in the Stock Exchange. Twenty years ago these firms would have thought such a connection decidedly *infra dig.* The conservative character of this change is shown by the fact that these houses deal chiefly in bonds. Ten years ago the transactions in bonds were comparatively small, but now millions sometimes change hands in a single day. The total par value of the various issues thus far admitted to the Exchange exceeds eighteen hundred millions of dollars, while the amount of stocks on the list is over two billions three hundred millions of dollars. No security can be placed on its list until it has been first examined by a special committee, whose business it is to see that the company is legally organized, and its stock and

bonds properly engraved and duly registered in a reputable trust company. In other words, while the governors avoid any responsibility as to the value of securities, they exercise great care to prevent swindling by illegal companies and forged or improperly issued certificates. Having done this, they feel justified in falling back on the old precept, "*caveat emptor.*" Their object is simply to create a market where buyers and sellers may deal under the protection of reasonable rules. That they have succeeded fairly in this effort is shown by the result. Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia are as near Wall street for the purposes of business as though they were but a block away. One hundred and ten private telegraph wires run from offices connected with the Exchange to various parts of the country. Orders for the purchase and sale of stock have been sent from Chicago, executed in the Exchange and the transaction reported back to Chicago within a minute. The average time occupied in sending messages by cable to London is not much over six minutes.

Many firms make a specialty of trading between the Stock Exchanges of New York and London, so as to take advantage of any differences which may exist in the two markets in the same security. In order that this may be done with safety and profit great celerity is required on the part of the cable company, and messages have been sent to London and the answer received in New York within three minutes. During one day in December, 1886, the Western Union Company alone delivered through its office in the Stock Exchange building six thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine messages. If to these are added those sent by other companies and those delivered to the various offices of the bankers and brokers, the number will exceed ten thousand. On this day the number of shares dealt in at the Stock Exchange exceeded one million, the par value of which would be one hundred millions of dollars. The impression prevails quite generally that these figures are deceptive, and that they represent only such an amount of bets on values. But nothing could be further from the truth. Every transaction reported in the Exchange presupposes the actual delivery of and payment for the property dealt in. And the exceptions are so few as to be infinitesimal. The securities have as tangible value as bank stock or merchandise. And when it is reported that fifty or one hundred millions of stocks have changed hands at the Exchange in a day it may be known that the transfer

of property in settlement of these transactions will be as real and genuine as if they were based on dry goods or hardware. The certificates of stock are delivered to the purchasers and are paid for by checks which are certified by the banks and on which greenbacks or coin may be drawn. When it is remembered that dealings seldom amount to less than $10,000,000 in a day, that the daily average through the year is over $20,000,000, and that it has exceeded $100,000,000 in one day, some idea may be formed of the extent of the public interest in Wall street. But perhaps a better basis for a correct estimate is the number of stockholders in the various great corporations represented on the Exchange. In the New York Central, Union Pacific, Western Union, Northern Pacific and other companies of similar character and capital, the number in each runs from 6,000 to 8,000. One trust company reports that it has some 23,000 stockholders registered on its books, and others have still more. A majority of these hold small amounts, frequently as low as five and ten shares. Many of them are women and professional men, who invest their savings slowly, and who cannot be justly considered otherwise than conservative. They are, however, classed by their less thrifty neighbors with the monopolists and bloated bondholders. And it would be well sometimes for our virtuous law-makers to remember that their outbursts of wrath against corporations affect the genuine and comparatively poor investor far more unfavorably than the professional speculator. The latter, alert and well informed, sees the impending storm and protects himself, while the former, too much occupied with other affairs or too inexperienced to detect the signs of danger, makes no move, and sees his or her property shrink rapidly in value.

It is estimated that from one hundred to one hundred and fifty millions of securities are created yearly by the construction of new railroads. Of this amount probably nine-tenths are negotiated in Wall street. No one from the West or South thinks of doing anything in the way of railroad building without first going there. The above figures may seem large, but to them must be added city and county bonds and the stocks of mining, manufacturing and other companies until the amount is swelled to many hundred of millions. Now what can the speculators, brokers and bankers of Wall street do with such a burden? Left to themselves they would be crushed by it. But the countless

thousands whom they represent carry it off according to their various means. The great moneyed institutions and individuals of large wealth absorb $100,000 at a time. Lawyers, doctors, merchants and other small investors take lesser amounts, and after a while the immense mass of securities is dispersed, while the money received is sent all over the country to pay laborers and manufacturers, and, finding its way into general circulation again, gives a new impetus to the material prosperity of the nation.

It should not be forgotten by those who are so ready to denounce Wall street that in the stirring events of the past twenty-five years it has been found invariably on the side of the government, ready to throw its influence in favor of law and order, and that it has always taken a conservative position on financial issues. At the breaking out of the rebellion the government had to consider no more serious question than that of money. Men were abundant and so was patriotism, but soldiers had to be paid and munitions of war to be bought. There was no such national currency as we have now, and the government's store of gold was soon exhausted. After the battle of Bull Run had shown that the war was to be a serious affair, Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, came to New York and met, in one of the banks of Wall street, officers of the principal banks of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. I do not, of course, intend to claim for Wall street the exclusive credit for standing by the financial measures of the Government at this time, but it cannot be denied that the Government looked chiefly to it for support, and that it took the lead in the movement. The report of the Loan Committee of the Associated Banks of New York, issued in the Spring of 1862, said: "The credit of the Government had become impaired to such a degree that a large loan could not be obtained in any ordinary way. Men's hearts failed them; the rebellion was on so large a scale and had so unexpectedly broken out and raged with such fury that to subdue it seemed to most persons to be impossible. Then it was after careful deliberation and consultation with the Secretary, that the banks decided it to be wise for them to depart from their usual legitimate business and sustain the Government credit and stand or fall with it. This act restored the public confidence and was the highest indorsement of the public credit that could

then have been given." Acting on this determination the banks loaned the Government fifty million dollars of gold in August, 1861, as much more in October, and still another fifty million dollars in November, or one hundred and fifty million dollars of gold in four months. The strain was too heavy for them and the next month specie payments were suspended. Then followed the various paper issues of the Government,—legal tender and demand notes, postal currency, seven thirties, ten forties, and other bonds, all by the million. The expenses of the Government were never less than thirty millions of dollars a month, and sometimes they amounted to ninety millions. The public debt in August, 1865, was about two billion nine hundred million dollars, and of the bonds representing this amount nearly all had been negotiated in Wall street, or through the instrumentality of its representatives. The importance of such an agency cannot be over-estimated. It was second only to the army, and without it the army could not have existed. Of course speculation ran wild there, and it is not strange that among the traders there should have been many who cared little for the country and who knew nothing of patriotism. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that the best and most prominent men in the Street supported the Government not only with their wealth, but with loyal hearts and earnest counsel. The force of their example was far-reaching. In their efforts to sell the government bonds they appealed to the patriotism of Union-loving citizens all over the country. The business connections established in this manner have not been severed. They were indeed the basis of that broad and close relationship to the whole nation which has proved to be Wall street's greatest strength. Its supremacy as the financial centre of the country dates from this period. Previous to the war Boston was the great clearing house for the banks of New England, which were comparatively independent of New York; but, since the war, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are as dependent on Wall street in financial matters as the smaller cities, and are as closely connected with it as the cities of Great Britain are with London.

Wall street supported the Government again on the resumption of specie payments on the first of January, 1879. The banks of New York, with those of Wall street in the van, strengthened

the hands of the Government by agreeing to receive United States notes, not only for ordinary balances, but in payment of the interest on the public debt and of all the coin obligations of the Government. Backed by this powerful ally the national treasury was safe in proclaiming its willingness and ability to pay all demands in specie. For the first time in seventeen years the public creditors could take, according to their desire, either coin or paper for their debts, and with the perversity which characterizes so large a portion of mankind, when they found that they could get coin, the majority preferred paper.

I hope it will not be thought that I appear as a defender of Wall street. It is one of the advantages of living in New York that one is not obliged to take up the cudgels continually in its behalf. The inhabitants of smaller towns appear to regard criticism as something personal and to be resented. But New York is sufficiently metropolitan, not to say cosmopolitan, to take care of itself. And every year makes this more true. The great cities of the interior may become greater; Chicago and St. Louis may, metaphorically speaking, tear their hair in envious rage at each other's progress; but New York regards their growth and struggles with calm complacency, conscious that the increased prosperity of either or both must add to its own wealth and importance. As soon as a man makes three or four millions of dollars anywhere in the country, he feels impelled to go to New York and live there for at least a part of the year. And the most cosmopolitan part of New York is Wall street. It feels the increase of every kind of business. The rich merchants of Chicago may import their goods direct from England and the continent, and so ignore the New York jobber; but they must look to Wall street for a market for their foreign exchange. The planters who ship their cotton by way of New Orleans, or any other Southern port; the Colorado and Montana miners, who send their bullion to the smelters in the various parts of the country, and sometimes even to Europe; the great millers of the Northwest, who make and export thousands of barrels of flour a day; the Western commission merchants, who ship a hundred millions of bushels of wheat yearly,—all these look to Wall street as a clearing-house for the financial part of their transactions. Every year adds to its strength and importance. It should not be considered a mark of Yankee boastfulness to

predict that the next century will see New York assume the place now held by London as the financial centre of the world. All the indications point that way. The growth of our manufactures and the production of the precious metals tend constantly to turn the balance of trade in our favor. No one who is not in a position where the fact is forced on his attention can realize the change which has taken place in this respect in the last fifteen years. While we are not now entirely independent of the European money markets, the time of our complete dependence has passed. At present American securities are the most attractive investments for European capitalists. Our bankers no longer offer them at prices which yield the buyer excessive rates of interest, but demand and receive terms which are equal to those commanded by the choicest foreign securities. Our Government bonds, which twenty years ago paid the foreign purchaser, the discount included, a higher rate of interest than would be promised in these days by any Western wild-cat stock, now rank equal to the Consols. of Great Britain.

Wall street is the delight of the free trader. I do not mean to imply by this that the majority of its frequenters know or care much about the principles of free trade as they are taught by learned professors, but that the laws which govern trade naturally, the principle of demand and supply, for instance, work with a certainty and regularity which must carry joy to the opponents of protection. Knights of Labor and capitalists are alike powerless to affect for any length of time the operation of natural and legitimate fluctuations of prices. If a Vanderbilt cannot maintain the nominal value of a stock above its normal figure, it is equally true that Powderlys and Arthurs, with ignorant rabbles behind them, are impotent to block the wheels of commerce except temporarily, and thus influence unfavorably the prices of securities. The great mass of citizens hold the even tenor of their way, and their movements are reflected in Wall street with never failing accuracy. If a formidable strike occur, or riots or other disturbances, watch the stock market, and after the first shock is over it will record their course as quickly and correctly as a steam gauge notes the varying pressure in the boiler. During the war, Congress tried to stop speculation in gold by the enactment of a prohibitory law, but the only effect was to increase the speculation a thousand fold, and the law was quickly repealed.

A man can find protection in Wall street only in an active brain and a conservative temperament. It is no place for one who is born tired or who wants assistance from a paternal Government.

I hope, furthermore, that I shall not be suspected of a desire to describe Wall street in such attractive terms as to tempt men to try their fortunes there, either as lambs or shearers. I might as properly advise a clever boxer to challenge Sullivan or Dempsey, or any of the other shining lights of the prize ring. No one should venture there until he is quite sure that he is fitted for the work. To speak more particularly of the Stock Exchange: I know of no more severe test of virile qualities than it presents. A successful man there must be strong and active in mind and body, possessed of steady nerves, and ready to stand by his word, cost what it may. He must watch the telegraph instruments which bring news from various parts of the world, and be prepared to act promptly either for himself or his principals on the report of any important occurrence. The tempers of the various leaders in European politics, the condition of the crops in India, floods in the Missouri River, or the appearance of the potato-bug in Kansas; all these may be reported in quick succession, and demand not only correct judgment but decisive action. It is like watching the pulse beats of the whole earth. The strain both on the nerves and the mind is at times terrific. Opinions formed in the morning must be changed at noon, and the evening's news furnishes no safe basis for the next day's operations. The actual physical wear and tear is exhaustive. The mere contact with constantly moving crowds of excited men, the incessant rushing to and fro consumes the bodily strength, and so indirectly saps the mental and moral power.

Nevertheless, the arduous and perilous nature of the work will not deter confident and courageous men from undertaking it. In fact, it is in itself an inducement to many. And keenly alive as I am to the difficulties and dangers which beset any and every man who is engaged in Wall street life, I am not surprised that it attracts men with strong bodies and sound heads, and both of them well educated. They will find the field wide enough for their loftiest ambition and their most energetic efforts. They will value especially their education. The day has passed when bad spelling could be considered as indicative of a plethoric bank account. When Wall street represented but a small area, men

who were ignorant and narrow, but shrewd and determined, could take leading positions. But every day makes it more necessary that its leaders should be men of breadth and intelligence. Its constant and rapid growth in the future and the widening of its influence may be regarded as beyond dispute. Standing as it does to-day as the representative of the financial interests, both speculative and conservative, of sixty millions of people in this country, and intimately connected with the leading nations of the world, it is probable that the majority of those now living will see it conducting the operations of a hundred millions of American citizens and exercising a paramount influence in commercial transactions everywhere. It will be well for it if its course be guided by the counsels of men of liberal education. And while, on the one hand, it will be benefited by their co-operation, it will, on the other, present to them a fitting field for labor, where their best powers will find the widest scope. I confess to being an optimist so far as the material prosperity of this country is concerned. While our commensurate improvement in moral and intellectual strength may not be altogether assured, it seems to me impossible to form an exaggerated estimate of the increase of our wealth.

Hitherto in the history of the world the great development of wealth has been accompanied by evils which have tended to make it a curse. But if the human race is really improving, this should eventually cease to be true. The most powerful factors in the improvement will be men of intelligence and education. We should develop higher types of men, those who have the power to combine theoretical knowledge and the practical application of it. The tendency of large operations is toward concentration, owing to the inability of individuals to control them. In business matters concentration develops in the form of corporations, and corporations naturally find their homes in financial centres. The labor struggle of the day is merely the effort of working men to hold their own by organization, against the combination of capitalists under the protection of corporations. All thinkers regard it as one of the vital issues of the time and one which education on both sides will be most potent to settle. In no place in this country can the educated man put himself in more direct communication with the labor element than in Wall street, the home of corporations, and in no place will a just intelligence exercise a more widespread influence for good. The

conservative element, already so powerful and so efficacious in the development of the country, will be strengthened by the accession of such men and will contribute more than ever to the increase of the national prosperity. With its growth will come a comparative diminution of that speculative fever, which, although it has played a not altogether useless part in the commercial history of the country, is to be repressed rather than encouraged. It will never disappear entirely, nor would it be well that it should, for it must always represent the emotional factor of the business community. It stands as the exponent of the popular confidence in the future of the country, and, when kept within bounds and serving only as a spur to conservative action, it will tend to produce a most beneficial combination. Then, and probably not until then, will Wall street cease to be the object of general criticism and censure. Meanwhile eulogies and denunciations are alike powerless to affect it. What the country is, that it will be. It will grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. To intelligent observers, looking beneath the surface, the powerful underlying current will be visible, and they will recognize the fact that the place exercises an economic force which in extent and usefulness is excelled by no other in the country.

BRAYTON IVES.

CATHOLICISM AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

EVERY religious person believes that God is a factor in all politics, the Great Silent Partner in all earthly affairs. Every non-religious person knows that a great many things happen which he does not make happen; which no man and no combination of men make happen; which come under a constitution of things entirely outside of his authority or even opinion. The Power which made these things happen, whether with the Christian we call it God, or with the agnostic we call it force, is always an active working power, present and constant force, entirely apart from our recognition of His or its participation. I shall say *His*, because that best expresses my own conviction; but I mean now exactly and only what the agnostic means by *its*.

The law of God underlies every human law, every social custom, every political movement and speech. If these are not in conformity with that universal law, sooner or later—generally later—they come to grief. One of the hardest things to be understood is why it is so often later. We are created under a hidden law, and we find it only by bumping our heads and breaking our hearts against it. Often the broken heads and hearts do not discover it at all. They have the suffering, but the bystanders only, and not many of them, see the logic in it, and deduce any lesson from it. The sufferers see it not at all; do not know why they suffer. So far it seems that they suffer in vain.

God does not treat men as wise men treat their children. When the baby violates a little law touching forbidden things, the wise mother gives the little sinner a little rap, and so, quickly and not very painfully, he learns to respect the law. It would not be a wise mother who should let the baby go on meddling day after day, year after year, without notice or without adequate notice, and by and by, suddenly, for no greater or graver meddling than all the preceding years have practiced, come down with a swift rod and a heavy hand, not upon the baby alone, but upon the whole brood of brothers and sisters as heavily. Yet this is the way that the Power outside ourselves makes for righteousness.

Undoubtedly it is, on the whole, taking in the widest scope of individual action and reaction, the best way; but to any single observer, righteousness does not seem to be so swiftly or so economically made as it would be by more direct methods.

Every one admits the universality of the law of truth. Truth is to the world of mind what gravitation is to the world of matter. The representation of this law in social, human life is by words. "Mere words," we say depreciatingly, but words are the current coin of the realm of soul, the medium by which men interchange thought. To understand and to regard the meaning, the use, and the weight of words is the last result of culture, the high-water mark of civilization. It would seem that the way to teach this most effectively and least painfully would be to make every little deviation from accuracy cause a little immediate shock to some nervous chord, a little thwarting of some cherished plan of the deviator, so that he shall, on the spot, withdraw the false note and re-attune himself to the simple and sublime harmonies of truth. Thus, even although he have a very strong bent in favor of discord, speaking lies as soon as he is born, the inevitably recurring penance would, by its inevitable recurrence, at length gently but thoroughly train the evil trait out of him till there was formed in its stead an invulnerable habit of truth-telling. Has any one ever pictured to himself what this world would be if every person in it—I will not say told the truth, but told nothing but the truth? How largely would the acrimony of a political campaign disappear, how much of argument might be dispensed with, if men would be strictly accurate in representing the views of their opponents?

What, instead, really does happen under the unseen, irreversible government of the world is this: In a country founded by Protestants and with Protestants still largely in the majority, Protestant pulpits describe, antagonize, refute and sometimes denounce and traduce Roman Catholicism. I am speaking entirely from the point of sight of a Protestant—a Protestant not only by every trait and tincture of heredity, but by every conviction of reason; a Protestant to whom some of the assumptions of the Roman Church seem not only unwarrantable, but well-nigh intolerable. For a long time the Protestant preacher has it all his own way. There are few Roman Catholics in his town, none at all in his church. The few are ignorant, never hear his words and have

not the knowledge to discriminate or eliminate truth from error. The people who do hear him have no personal interest in Roman Catholicism, believe it to be a false system; the harder it is hit, the better they like it. So if he be a man who little regards the meaning, the use, and the weight of words, he misrepresents with vigor, and pungency and impunity, the tenets and the teachings of this historic church to his heart's content, and nothing happens.

But by and by something does happen. The heavens fall. What caused it? The preacher is false and fatuous indeed, but no more so than he has always been, and no more so than many others have always been. The error, the inaccuracy, are no greater; only the surroundings are different, not the guilt. It is simply that he is no longer in his own church, protected by sympathizing or indifferent hearers, speaking to a homogeneous congregation of his own faith. He is in the thick of a national fight, where there are blows to give and blows to take; a fight in which all men's interests are at stake and many men's desires are keen; where Roman Catholics are strong, outspoken, and alert; and a watchful foe present and more alert, eager to take advantage of fallacy or misstatement. He has been prattling Rum, Romanism and Rebellion all his life, liking the sound of it, and has never been summoned to give account; but this once he prattles it, and the false ring reverberates from shore to shore, the policy of a great nation is reversed, the power of a great party is revoked, the jar of gelatine has become a jar of dynamite, whose detonation is heard throughout the civilized world.

It is not necessary to discuss the ignorance which could permit such effect from such cause. That is another matter important but germane. The significant point now is the fact that such causes do produce such effects; that misrepresentation, with or without malice, springing perhaps only from lack of mental training, from a mere habit of careless half-seeing, of feeble, flabby thinking, may sputter along through a half century making no more stir than the soft snap of popping-corn; and at the end of the half century, without warning, explode in a thunderbolt of disaster.

The work wrought by one libel was an evil work, but it would be an incalculable blessing if it could teach men to be accurate at all times, lest at some time their inaccuracy should precipitate ruin.

In another form the same leaven has been spreading, in a lesser sphere as yet, but approaching what larger spheres we know not now. The Roman Catholics for a long while had the doctrine of indulgences all their own way, and in America for a long time the Protestants have had the rendering of that doctrine all *their* own way. In this case it must be said, in justification of the Protestant rendering, that the word easily lends itself to its own bejugglement. The word *indulgence* in any connection with *sin* has a certain natural slant towards indulgence *of* sin. Calvinists have a similar difficulty in distilling a sweet reasonableness out of the phrase *total depravity*, and to that extent can sympathize with Roman Catholics. Protestants have hitherto regarded the doctrine with tranquil disapprobation—as a doctrine atrocious but remote, defunct, a mere reminiscence of Luther, the occasion of the Reformation. But in Rome one is roused out of this asphyxia of disapproval, and has to contemplate the doctrine of indulgencies as a living agency, a present practice, advertised in the churches as regularly as the Congregational churches advertise "Friday evening meeting," more openly, indeed, for it is set in carven letters big enough for the passer-by to read, broadly overarching the church doors: "Plenary indulgence daily and perpetual for the living and the dead," in Latin generally, but there it is. Thus one is obliged to find out what it means. If indulgences to commit sin are granted by the Roman Catholic Church, it behooves the nineteenth century to know it. The nineteenth century, in one case at least, had recourse to no Protestant authority, but to the highest Roman Catholic headquarters, convoked the College of Cardinals as it were!

The College of Cardinals responded promptly, fully, satisfactorily. The one cardinal flower representing it was a century plant, and opened full blossom upon the theme. He was, to dismiss the figure, a man of great learning, and he fortified all his statements with the written word, with official citations. If it had been a little startling to find in the Eternal City a vigorous and ever renewing crop of indulgences, what was it to come home to the to-be-eternal city and find that Leo X. was there before me, and that Luther and Tetzel were leading each other just as lively a fight around Boston common as when the one lifted his protesting knees from the *Scala Santa* to nail upon the church door of Wittenburg his five and ninety theses against the other! What

satisfaction was it then to be armed with an opinion from the source of opinion! After hearing from the lips of Holy Mother Church an exposition of the doctrine of indulgence, as it was and is held, taught and practiced by that Church, I am compelled to believe that the doctrine is radically wrong, is founded on false mechanical theory, is without warrant in Scripture, in reason, or in human experience; but it is not an indulgence to commit sin. The real Catholic doctrine is just as false—not just as pernicious—to my thinking, as the false Protestant rendering of it, but the false Protestant rendering of it is not the real doctrine; and it is just as bad to teach a lie about a false doctrine as it is to teach false doctrine. The possible or even the actual tendencies of a doctrine are not to be confounded with the doctrine itself; still less are the extravagances of extremists, the misconceptions of the dull, the malpractices of the corrupt to be accepted as official acts and utterances, the voice of the Church, the platform of the party. Vagaries are monopolized by no sect. Camp-followers are common to all armies. Phillips Brooks, and William M. Barbour are Protestants, but so are Samuel Small and Samuel Strong. Tetzel was a Catholic, but so is Cardinal Manning. Would the scientific standard of the American churches be correctly presented by such a clerical cosmology as has been lately promulgated: "Out in space there hung a great chunk of rock and mud and water and shell. God stood over that original anarchy of elements, and said: 'Atlantic Ocean, you go right away, and lie down there! Pacific Ocean, you sleep there! Caucasian range of mountains, you stand there! Mount Washington, you be sentinel there! Mount Blanc, you put on your coronet of crystal there! Mississippi, you march there; and Missouri, you marry it there.' And he gathered in his Almighty hands the land and mud and rock, and rolled and heaved and moulded and dented and compressed them into shape, and then dropped them in four places, and the one was Asia, and another was Europe, and another Africa and another America."

I am not assuming, even, to investigate the vexed question of the Boston school. I take it only as it stands in the newspapers, that a large part of the Roman Catholic community and some part of the Protestant community think that the text of "Swinton's History," and the comments of Mr. Travis are erroneous and misleading—teaching that the Roman Catholic Church has

granted indulgence to commit sin; in consequence of which the objectionable book has been removed and Mr. Travis practically censured, to the great satisfaction of one part of the community and the great dissatisfaction of another part.

It is very hard that a young man who teaches only what he has been taught himself, only what thousands of young men and women have been taught and are teaching, should be singled out and set aside for penalty while all others go scot free. But thus the world is governed. Apparently, it would be better for the world that the first man who misrepresented the Catholic doctrine of indulgences should be caught up, exposed, and set aside or reinstructed than that ten hundred men should go on with impunity for ten years, and at the end of the ten years one man receive the whole weight of punishment. But after all, thus accuracy *is* taught. The attention of the people is called to the importance of discerning and inculcating truth. While the Roman Catholics were weak they could not help themselves, and we went on saying what we pleased. Now they are numerous enough in some places to hold the balance of power, and they hold it with a mighty grasp. It is well that they do; that is what majorities are for. It would be better if Protestants would learn the meaning, the use, and the weight of words, because it is in the line of right thinking and true culture; but if they will not, then heaven be praised that they *must* learn it in order not to array the majority against themselves and be voted down at the next election!

A naïve and significant reason for not excluding from the Boston schools the objectionable text-book is, that it has been in use ten years without protest! Scarcely more weighty is the allegation that the outcry against it is not honest—that the objection to it is simply the opening wedge for riving our school system and dividing the public school money between Catholics and Protestants. This may be true, but it is irrelevant. It is not of the slightest importance why Catholics want their church history to be taught accurately. The practical point is, that they wish their history to be taught accurately; and the point is just as strong, even if they only pretend to wish it. If the schools refuse to teach correctly, persist in misrepresenting their creed, they are strong enough to make the welkin ring, and where they are in a majority it is a somewhat deafening ring.

The sundering of our free school system, the dividing of the

public funds, the recognition of sects in the administration of the Government would be the death-blow of the Republic, would mark the failure of the American experiment. Because this issue is one of vital importance, it should be freed from every entangling alliance, from every superfluous and incidental side question, that it may win on its merits, and not lose on any subordinate demerit. To heed every just demand is not to compromise, but to strip for the fight—in resistance to unjust demand. Never, never should our schools yield one jot or tittle to distinction of sect, to recognition of sect ; but a first requisite for maintaining this position is not to allow sectarianism to creep stealthily within, while we are sturdily beating it back without the schools.

But, says the confident Protestant, the Protestant view *is* the true one. The Roman Catholics persistently misrepresent history. They do not want the truth because it condemns themselves. They must gloss it over for self-justification. Are we to bring up our children in ignorance because Roman Catholics are unwilling to face the truth ?

To a certain extent, yes. The differences between Protestants and Catholics are not to be fought out in the public school. There are times, seasons, fields for this fight; but the public school is not one of them. Truth is of the first importance. If any truth of history is so hidden, remote, doubtful, that we cannot come to an agreement about it, far better to leave it alone than to teach as indisputably true what, at best, is only disputably true. If there is so much to be said on each side that neither side can convince the other, the only resource is to suppress both sides or insert both sides. To force either side to accept the other's view is mere absolute despotism ; is to re-enact the drama of Galileo, with the Boston School Board for the Holy Office and with Roman Catholic Galileos. In the realm of thought is no rule of the majority.

There are plenty of undisputed topics. With entire unanimity, all creeds permit two and two to make four. No good Catholic, Jew, or Agnostic will forbid the nominative case to govern the verb in number and person. The most pugilistic, not to say partisan churchman, will never bring the Tropic of Capricorn to bear on the ballot-box. Even in history, there are statements on which all sects could stand, though they are harder to find. The backbone of my own historical knowledge has hitherto been that Columbus

discovered America ; but as testimony is coming in now, the only reallly certain thing about it seem to be that whoever deserves the credit of discovering America, it was not Columbus.

It is not necessary to teach history in the public school; but it is necessary that the public school should live. To live, it must be absolutely non-partisan in religion, in politics, in science, in everything. We should resent the introduction of free trade or tariff teachings into the public school text-book. We should not permit the Congregationalist to teach that his is the only true Apostolic Church. We would not permit the Roman Catholic to declare to our children that the Constitution of the United States is an atheistic and reprehensible instrument. Just as important is it that we forbid the Protestant teacher to declare that the Roman Catholic Church teaches the indulgence of sin.

This is not interfering with freedom of speech. It is preventing interference with the freedom of schools. Our public schools, like all our institutions, and more than some of them, depends for its lasting strength upon the love and loyalty of all the people. The very essence of the common school is community. Nothing should ever be taught in schools supported by the common fund except that which is accepted by the common faith. If there were as large a number of geographies maintaining that the earth is flat as there are Roman Catholics maintaining that Protestant-Catholic history is false, this round world ought to be spun out of the common schoolroom quicker than any surreptitious marble taw in the hand of an agile and mischievous schoolboy, though we diminish thereby no jot or tittle of our faith that the earth is round.

Whatever makes the public school odious weakens its hold. Nothing can make it so odious as attacks upon the religious, whether or not false, faith of any of its supporters. If the attacks are well founded they are altogether out of place. If they are ill-founded they have no place.

There is not only a certain *ought*, but a possible *must*. We live under the reign of the majority, and when the majority is Roman Catholic it is as certain as the going down of the sun that they will not permit the public schools to teach what the Church holds to be false. It would be more intelligent for a Protestant majority in power to countermand such teaching because it is not pertinent, than to wait till it becomes a minority and find that it is

not possible. Our schools could well afford to relinquish all control of contested statements and give the time and mind thus spared to a mastery of the methods by which facts are ascertained. We could well afford to let Luther take his chances for the future if the minds of the rising generation could be taught the laws of evidence, the proprieties of argument, the rectitude of debate, the meaning, the use, and the weight of words.

If this is absolutely impracticable, if men say this is the only time and place in which our children can learn history, then the next best thing is to do with history as is already done with the Bible in the schools where Roman Catholic parents desire it, use a Catholic as well as a Protestant version of history. We must have the Douay as well as the d'Aubigny rendering of Luther and the Reformation. If parents insist that their children shall travel over controverted fields each party must be allowed to choose its side of the controversy. Anything else would be an attempt to enslave opinion. There are great disadvantages attending this course. There will probably be some unedifying spectacles of infantine debate, more earnest than convincing. But there would also be advantages. Each side would know that there was another side; which is something—which is more than that, suggestive. This is practically all they would know. Neither side would be compelled to learn the other, and the ingenuous mind of youth is not largely given to learning from its school book more than is required. But a few would look at the other side, and the many would have a greater respect for opponents who could quote as largely and cite as learnedly as themselves.

My own theory of common-school education could omit the whole history of the Protestant and Catholic churches without missing anything of value to our common-school system or to our other cherished institutions. No system of public schools can survive the narrow intellectual tyranny of forcing both sides of a controverted history to accept, as unquestioned truth, the belief of either side.

Let every vestige of sectarianism be not only willingly but eagerly and thoroughly removed from the public school; and then let us, if need be, stand for the unsectarian public school with hand to the sword.

GAIL HAMILTON.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

COQUELIN AND HADING.

THE Comedie Française is recognized as the academy of the stage, where the purity of French speech is preserved, and the mimetic art is cultivated and perfected. It adopts the best actors and actresses, when they have been made so elsewhere. It has become an article of faith to believe in its supremacy and to bow before its dignity. But perfection means, among other things, immobility, and progress is life; when that ceases, dissolution sets in. The resignation of Sara Bernhart and M. Coquelin, and the disintegration acknowledged to be going on within the company of the Theatre Français seems to indicate that great conservative institution has served its purposes.

Fifty years ago, a group of artists, distinguished by their independence of the great Dramatic Pantheon, was formed on the Boulevards; at its head stood Frederick Lematre; to it adhered Lafont, Madame Dowal, Madame Georges, Madame Guyon, Madame Albert, Laferriere, Melingue, Rose Cheri, Desclees, Charles Fechter, and others not less conspicuous nurselings of popular affection. This may be called the romantic school, to distinguish its method, if it had any, from the classic school of the Theatre Français. It was the natural outcome of the age, and its high priests were Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas. Some of these distinguished favorites were enticed from the Boulevard into the Salle Moliere, where, like leading men of the House of Commons when elevated into the Lords, they lost their prominence and retired into dignified obscurity. Madame Hading and M. Coquelin afford us a charming opportunity to compare these two schools of acting, and incidentally to measure with the standards they exhibit our own Anglo-American method, of which Burton, Blake, and Jefferson present familiar examples.

M. Coquelin, a very distinguished member of the great French Academy, is so correct a mimic, that he seems to have reduced the art of acting to one of the exact sciences. He is a doctrine on action, and works like a piece of exquisite machinery. In articulation and elocution his diction is perfect. In gesture, posture, grimacial power, he is minutely admirable. If he be lacking in pathos, let it be remembered that the classic comedy is purely comic and anti-pathetic. The art of mingling tears and smiles is a discovery of the present age—it is an innovation, and belongs to the romantic school. This admixture is hysterical of its nature, and cannot be machine-made; being, therefore, uncontrollable by art, it is regarded as irregular, and forms no part of the discipline of the classic comedian.

D'Israeli once remarked that Gladstone had no redeeming vices, no endearing weaknesses; and M. Coquelin in his art exhibits a similar disheartening perfec-

tion. He is more admirable than charming, for charm is an indefinite quality not measurable by rule or by school; it is appreciable by sympathy. It is a matter of temperament; it belongs to a human being as odors belong to a flower; it is a natural gift, which may be affected injuriously by instruction. I have just met with a young person, not out of her teens, who of course knows little or nothing about acting in its artistic sense, but she possesses a fund of natural pathos so powerful that she may be regarded as a dramatic dynamo charged with sympathetic fluid. This young lady can for a single scene of passional power rise above the level of Bernhardt and reach very nearly to the sublime plane of Rachel; for let it be known to this generation that Sara is to Rachel as the sleek and graceful panther is to the royal Bengal tiger.

The spasm or great throb which excites the exquisite sympathy of the spectator is not always at the command of the artist who may possess this power, for it is rather an emotional effect of nature than of art. In some it is only momentary, in others it is a prolonged paroxysm. Therefore it is excluded from the classic school of comedians as being repugnant to control; they point out that the artist, being scarcely master of his passion, betrays for the moment that it has become the master of him. Then his helplessness is manifest in the commission of some fault which they pronounce to be a blemish, but the public seize on with admiration.

That M. Coquelin is a very great artist is indisputable; that he is a great actor is a question on which it is permitted to the two schools to divide.

Madame Hading will be a much greater actress than she allows herself to be at present. Some performers have the dual power to be present amongst the audience looking at themselves on the stage, listening to themselves. The absence of this part of them is sensibly felt and resented by the public. The critics call it self-consciousness and circumspection. Madame Hading is afflicted with it; it belongs to her novitiate. In some novices it becomes constitutional; with her the artistic power will soon assert itself, and when her fine gown will not accommodate itself to her action, she will tear it into shape; this when her soul is not in corsets and her face is no longer under the mask of pigmentary beauty. Between her and nature there is only vanity; between Coquelin and nature there is a principle and a creed.

We, in the Anglo-American school, believe that each artist is fitted by physical gifts and inclination to fill a certain line of characters and region of emotion. Thus, we hold the same tragedian is not capable of performing equally well the intellectual *Hamlet* and the sensual *Othello*. The passions of *Shylock*, *Richard the Third* and the *Moor* found their issue in Edmund Kean, who failed to personify the dignity of *Hamlet* and *Coriolanus* and was unequal to all the requisites of *Lear*. We believe that no person can sink his personality, but it must permeate all his efforts. The actor cannot, therefore, suit all parts, but only those for which he is physically and sympathetically cast by nature. The elder French classic school insists that the actor should quiet his personality and endure another moral and physical being. We hold this effort may produce rather an outward and visible form than the inward and spiritual grace of the character, whereby the eye of the spectator will be deceived with the mask, the "little bits of business," and the movement of an artificial figure. Those who remember Burton in *Captain Cuttle*, Blake in *Jesse Rural*, or Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*, will understand how the personality of the actor was apparent without affecting the portrait he represented, even as the personality of Vandyk or Landseer is present in every work of each of these painters. The greater the artist, the greater the personality. This the elder branch school repudi-

ates and denies. Again, we ignore the presence of the audience as much as possible, even in our soliloquies, while both the French schools emphatically acknowledge and address the public, making it what may be called, in Irish, a silent interlocutor.

I have elsewhere deprecated the vain pretense that acting is an effusion uncontrolled by art; but, with great deference to the old school, I deny that it is a purely artistic process uninspired by "a fine phrenzy." To reconcile the two operations is the method of the romantic school of Young France, and of the Anglo-American school in this country; where I contend that, in comedy, our study of nature is more close and more faithful, and, if the term may be used, more effortless, than we find in either of the French methods.

DION BOUCICAULT.

II.

THE REGENERATION OF THE COOKING-STOVE.

DURING the first eight months of 1888 we took out of our Pennsylvania hills 23,619,291 tons of anthracite. During the year, at least 38 million tons were distributed among our shops, railroads, steamboats and kitchens.

It may be humiliating to confess it, but our civilization is to-day founded on a fire-pot. Beauty would faint were it not for the kitchen range, and wit grow cold without the furnace fire. Trade at the arts would stand still were it not for the steam boiler.

When in 1828 Neilson patented his hot blast the steel rail became possible, and without the rail the Republic would be impossible.

When an oil lamp is lighted, the wick must be turned down, because, as we all know, the flame in a few moments grows brighter and hotter. The lamp is a hot blast in little. The oil rising in the wick approaches a small zone of high temperature, and is turned into a gas. This gas chemically unites with the oxygen of the air, and the result is heat and light. The fixtures about the flame soon become heated, and the air passing through the brass work takes up a part of this heat. As a result, the oxygen meets the oil at a higher temperature, and the chemical action is more rapid, hotter. Neilson's idea was an inspiration. He heated the air blast blown into a furnace, and got more heat out of his coal.

Other men went further, and in gas-fired furnaces heated the gas as well as the air, and, developing Neilson's hot blast, gave us the modern high temperature regenerative furnaces. A few years ago Siemens applied the idea to gas lamps. A regenerative gas lamp is one in which the gas and air are both raised to a high temperature before they reach the burner. The result of this regeneration is more light and heat at a material saving of gas.

All combustion is now thought to be really the burning of a gas. The lighted match brought to the candle wick vaporizes the wax, and it unites with the oxygen to give heat and light. The wick then becomes a gas producer. Practically, every lamp is a gas lamp. The poet, toasting his shins before the hearth, may sing of the blazing hickory, but his back-log and fore-stick are only gas works in little, and the crackle and singing of the fire are only the blowing up of miniature gas tanks.

With the exception of a simple form of hot-blast steam boiler furnace invented in this country, the regenerative idea has not spread beyond a few gas lamps and the high-temperature furnaces in glass works, iron works and steel mills. And yet we are told that, at our present enormous output of anthracite, we shall see our mines exhausted in less than a hundred years. Of all this vast tonnage burned

in our steam boilers and ranges, only an infinitely small percentage gives us useful heat. The American cook stove is perhaps the best thing of its kind ever invented, and yet it is a scientific shame. We probably use up every day in the year fifty times the fuel actually needed to make the morning coffee and rolls of the nation. Of course, there are many causes for this waste, but chief among them is the fact that we use cold-blast stoves. Every housemother knows that the fire burns better in a hot stove than in one just started—because the air needed for combustion is warmer, because in a certain way the stove makes its own hot blast.

Why does not some bright stovemaker copy the regenerative gas lamp, and make his products of combustion heat his blast? How it may be done is not here to say. It can be done, and the man who will do it will be a second Neilson. Furthermore, hot fuel is better than cold fuel, just as a hot blast is better than cold air. The coming cook-stove will be a regenerative stove—probably a gas stove—and when it comes cooking will be a pleasure as well as a fine art, adding greatly to the general sum of happiness around the national breakfast table.

This way lies the path of progress. Our system of getting fuel out of the ground is wasteful enough. Our common method of burning it is wasteful to the last degree, wasteful of time, labor, comfort, temper and money. The regeneration of the cook-stove is worthy of our highest scientific thought and study.

CHARLES BARNARD.

III.

COFFEE-DRINKING AND BLINDNESS.

HAVING for the past fifteen years made a special and continuous study of diseases of the eye, and the morbific agencies affecting that organ, I must confess surprise at the novel and startling claims of Dr. J. M. Holaday in his article upon "Coffee-Drinking and Blindness," in the September number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The statements of the writer in relation to the effects of coffee-drinking upon the eye, find little or no support in the testimony of the great body of learned oculists whose evidence upon the subject of ophthalmology certainly deserve some consideration. There is a positiveism and almost dogmatism in the writer's assertions that would seem to demand more accuracy of physiological statement, and more amplitude of clinical evidence than he adduces in their support, and personal idiosyncrasy renders many common articles of food poisonous to some persons, while the same articles are health-giving and almost indispensable to others; and the facts which the author sets forth in regard to the influence of coffee upon his vision only emphasizes this general law. He says: "I have no doubt but what this weakness of the eyes, which results from coffee-drinking, is due to the sympathy which the optic nerve has for the nasal cavity." If in his physiological researches the writer has established the facts set forth in this claim, he owes it to the cause of humanity to enlighten the medical profession upon the intricacies of the mysterious path by which he has reached the important discovery. He further says, "The brain, again, is intensely affected thereby (coffee-drinking), because the principal nerves of the brain branch off from the nasal cavity." To our mind, neither the physiological nor anatomical fibre of this quotation would suffer from further elucidation. His graphic description of the "slim and ghastly" multitude of "runts," with "eyes and features rendered flat" by coffee-drinking, meets a daily refutation in the stalwart, bright and full-eyed multitude, who have reveled for a life-time in the delectable aroma of this subtle and "death-dealing" coffee, with no thought of surrendering either their beverage or their vision. Again, in the face of the experience of the whole military world to the contrary, our author makes the assertion that coffee militates against "a muscular

inspiration and prowess." While no intelligent person will deny that the excessive use of coffee has an injurious effect upon the entire nervous system, upon all the special senses not confined to the eye, and upon all the vital functions of the human organism, or that in some rare idiosyncracies it proves extremely poisonous, yet the general sentiment of the people, fortified by the experience of mankind, will place the brand of extravagance upon the claims of the article under discussion, and a great army of lively and robust "runts" will continue to thrive in all functional health and activity on that popular beverage known as coffee.

HAYES C. FRENCH, M.D.

IV.

WHOSE ENGLISH—PRESIDENT'S OR QUEEN'S?

THE Note and Comment in the October REVIEW, entitled "President's English," was remarkably entertaining, and it is not without interest to note that the peculiarity of President Cleveland's English is to an extent equaled by the peculiar diction noted by Mr. Archibald Ballantyne in "Longman's Magazine."

Mr. Ballantyne is not writing about President Cleveland, but about a British parson named William Barnes, "who was an enthusiast for the strictly English element in the English language."

"What we want," said Mr. Barnes, "for the pulpit as well as for the book, and the platform, and the people, is a pure, homely, strong Saxon-English of English stems, such as would be understood by common English minds and touch English hearts"; and as a specimen of what the English language would be under such conditions, he translates into the vernacular of his own parish one of Her Most Gracious Majesty's speeches to Parliament. His version runs as follows, and for grotesqueness it is not unworthy of a place beside the President's speech of acceptation:

(1.) My Lords and Gentlemen: The satisfaction with which I ordinarily release you from discharging the duties of the Session is, on the present occasion, qualified by a sincere regret that an important part of your labors should have failed to result in a legislative enactment.

The lightheartedness I do mwostly veel when I do let ye off vrom the business upon your hands in the Sessions is theäse time a little bit damped, owen to a ranklen in my mind that a goodish lot o' your work vell short o' comen into anything lik laws.

(2.) The most friendly intercourse continues to subsist between myself and all foreign powers.

The very best o' veelens be still a-kept up in deälens between myzelf an' all o' the outlandish powers.

(3.) Diplomatic relations have been resumed with Mexico, and a preliminary agreement has been signed, providing for the negotiation of a new treaty of commerce and navigation.

Zome deälèns have a-been a-took up ageän wi' Mexico, an' we've bwoth a-put our hands to an understanden-like that we'd meäke a new bargain about treäde and seafeärèn.

(4.) I have to lament the failure of the efforts which were made by the European Powers assembled in the recent conference, to devise means for restoring that equilibrium in the finances of Egypt which is so important an element in its well-being and good order.

I can't but be ever so zorry that nothèn come out o' the doèns o' the Girt Powers o' Europe that put their heads together tother day in the girt talking and tryèn to vind out zome wäy o' puttèn to rights ageän the money-stock ov Egypt, a thing that do goo so vur towards the well-beèn and well'doèn o't.

(5.) I continue to view with unabated satisfaction the mitigation and diminution of agrarian crime in Ireland, and the substantial improvement in the condition of its people.

I do still zee to my unlessened happiness how vield crimes be a milden'd and a lessen'd in Ireland, and in what a soundly bettered plight be the vo'k.

Mr. Barnes himself can do better than President or Queen, as appears from a specimen of his own workmanship:

The mind strength and body worksomeness of the Saxon, which are of great might for good when well spent, need a training in wisdom to keep them from mis-

chief. The Saxon's mind . . . is destructive, and his sprackness wants the guidance of refined thought. . . . Thence it is that seats put out at towns are often wantonly wrenched asunder, that bars and stiles are notched by bearers of an axe, that the guide-post is upset, and coping stones are pushed off bridge walls, and trees and shrubs are damaged, and the limb sprackness is spent in whittling sticks.

If Mr. Barnes' ideas were carried out we might look for a new and enlarged edition of the dictionary. Here are some of the changes he would make:

Electricity	Fire-ghost.	Perambulator	Push-wainling.
Superannuated	Overyeary.	Magnificent	High-deedy.
Democracy	Folkdom.	Statics	Weightcraftlore.
Criticism	Deemsterhood.	Quadrangle	Fourwinkle.
Botany	Wortlore.	Generations	Child-teams.
Telegram	Wire-spell.	Annals	Year-bookings.
Altercation	Brangle.	Enthusiasm	Faith-heat.
Haughty	Overmindy.	Butler	Cellar-thane.
Omnibus	Folkwain.	Appendix	Hank-matter.
Semi-detached houses	House-twin.	Ambassador	Statespellman.
Active	Sprack.	Epidemic	Manqualm.

Of all this, Mr. Ballantyne says what may be equally applicable to the "I," "my," "me," and "myself" of the President's speech—"an author who instead of using his own (native) language in its richest and truest literary form takes up a linguistic fad . . . makes his work provincial instead of literary."

GEOFFREY CHAMPLIN.

V.

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

INTEMPERANCE is a great evil, but it is not the greatest. It is chiefly a physical disease, and can be cured. Prohibitory legislation always evokes two greater evils than the evil it seeks to exterminate. If the laws are rigidly enforced, they breed a brood of hypocrites; if they are dead letters, they engender a contempt for law. I have so profound a respect for individual freedom that I would rather see the whole nation drunk from deliberate choice, than any man sober from compulsion; and I have so profound a respect for personal integrity that I would rather see a thousand drunkards than a single hypocrite. Drunkards sometimes reform; but hypocrites have lost even the capacity to reform; they are like girdled trees, and rotten to the core. Drunkenness is only a mental skin disease. A prohibition law will only be both successful and not worse than drunkenness when it is passed and enforced by every individual *for himself*.

EDWARD F. HADMAN.

VI.

THE AGE OF MENDACITY.

IT is easily susceptible of proof that there is to-day far more lying and misrepresentation of what we may term a professional type than there has ever been before. If figures are demanded it is only necessary to glance at any of the daily journals, run the eye casually, as it were, over the columns, note the number of easily detected falsehoods therein contained and multiply by the total alleged circulation as given in the sworn statement at the head of the day's issue. More than this, if each paper is read by several different persons it is fair still farther to increase the estimate, for a lie is surely a lie every time it is repeated. Thus by a very simple arithmetical process it is possible to show that millions of falsehoods—clad in all the authority that printer's ink still carries for many minds—are sent out daily upon their mission to distort the truth, if not directly to promulgate actual falsehood. During a political campaign of course this practice of journalistic lying is vastly increased, for the pernicious doctrine that justifies mendacity for political purposes has its natural effect. It is regarded as "good journalism" to print in

"deadly parallel columns" all the falsehoods perpetrated by one's "esteemed contemporary," but the withdrawal or correction of one's own lapses, intentional or otherwise, is very bad journalism indeed.

But the journalistic liar is not the only professional of his class. Side by side with him stands the lawyer, and it is by no means certain that the latter should not take precedence when it comes to down-right scientific work. His training from the very outset contemplates the defense of clients known to be in the wrong; contemplates in other words the suppression of the truth and the promulgation of deliberate falsehoods in open court with the avowed intention of misleading the jury.

The writer has heard a lawyer in private conversation exult over the fact that, knowing a man to be a particularly brutal murderer, he had secured a verdict of manslaughter through his management of the defense. Probably most of the lawyers who read these lines will not be at all in sympathy with the lay sentiment that revolts at such a standard of professional honor. For the lawyer, indeed, there is some shadow of excuse, his training and practice lead up to falsification by degrees almost imperceptible. In many civil cases both sides may frequently believe themselves to be in the right, and there are often nice shades of meaning in testimony, documentary and otherwise, that afford abundant opportunity for honest difference of opinion. A few years of experience in such lines of thought must, almost of necessity, blunt the legal conscience, until its proprietor, perhaps, does not hesitate to justify himself—nay, to feel a certain pride in undertaking the defense of a client whom he knows to be a rascal, or of a corporation which he knows is guilty of buying up legislatures. It is an accepted axiom of law that every party to a suit has a right to tell his own story in his own way, but a true standard of professional honor should disbar any one who attempts to keep a self-confessed criminal out of prison, or who attempt to mitigate the just punishment of any transgressor, be he individual or corporate.

There are of course professional liars in this complex civilization of ours, outside of journalism and the law, but these two are conspicuous from the necessary conditions of their respective callings, and while they are permitted, nay encouraged to persevere, the popular regard for truth must of necessity deteriorate.

HOWARD PALIN.

VII.

A SEVEN-SIDED PARADOX.

I. THERE are three hundred colleges in the United States, with all the appliances for the highest learning, and any young man, of however limited means, can manage to obtain a reasonably good education. Their thousands of graduates are in every conceivable occupation, and include men who are eminent among the world's scholars, philosophers and statesmen. Yet in choosing a president four years ago we managed to bestow the office upon one who had never seen the inside of a college nor made up the deficiency by private study.

II. Our country contains profound lawyers, and brilliant ones, who have practiced in our highest courts and even appeared before international tribunals. Yet we have given the chief magistracy to a lawyer who had never succeeded in gaining more than a moderate practice in one of the smaller cities.

III. Our two houses of Congress contain statesmen of long experience, exhaustive knowledge, and great skill. But all that they can determine upon after the most careful deliberation, we submit to the whims and prejudices of a vetoer who has never been a member of any legislative body, and who exhibits a marvelous ignorance both of general history and of legislative precedent.

IV. A few years ago we were engaged in a terrible war for the life of the nation, in which more than two million of our citizens bore an active part. In nearly every State there are men who risked their lives for their country and distinguished themselves on the battlefield, and who now in maturer years are showing daily proofs of ability and integrity in their various callings. But instead of giving our highest prize to any of these, we have bestowed it upon one who stood aloof from the great struggle, though he was a brawny young man with no special ties to detain him at home.

V. The Democratic party offered in succession, as presidential candidates, George B. McClellan, Horatio Seymour, Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden and Winfield S. Hancock, and with each of them it was defeated. When it offered a candidate who could stand no comparison with any one of them, either in public services or in private character, it was successful.

VI. We have many citizens in public life who, both by instinct and by breeding, are gentlemen in the worthiest sense of the word. But to represent us in our highest office, and receive the ministers from foreign courts, we have chosen a man whose vulgarity and lack of breeding are conspicuous at every turn, from the clumsy wit of his veto messages to his ostentatious disregard of the Christian Sabbath.

VII. A considerable number of citizens who professed to be intent upon a great reform gave their confidence and their votes to the candidate of a party that, so far from being identified with any reform, has opposed every one that has ever been effected. The President thus seated has openly, notoriously, and systematically disappointed every expectation on which he gained independent votes, and has brought about his own renomination through the ordinary machinery of the lowest class of politicians. Yet most of those sanguine reformers are preparing to vote for him a second time.

Solution.—There are but two possible explanations of this cumulative paradox. Either the dishonesty of the so-called Independent surpasses all that has ever been laid to the charge of the strictest partisan, or else we are undergoing an epidemic of political insanity.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

VIII.

WITH FOUR GREAT MEN.

HENRY CLAY.

I HAVE interviewed seven Presidents of the United States, two or three kings and queens, including his Majesty of Dahomey, and the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

My first experiment in interviewing a great man was an amateur one—I have since practiced it professionally—about forty-five years ago, and was on Henry Clay. He was at Saratoga, and I determined to see and talk with him. I cannot remember the name of the hotel, but I know it was not the leading one of the place, and the servants were all blacks, and very proud of their great guest, guarding him with a vigilance which only a negro knows.

Whether the man to whom I applied for an audience with the great statesman was Mr. Clay's own man, or not, I do not know, but his majesty informed me most positively that,

"Yer keyant see Mass Clay, sah! less yer sen up yer kyard an yer business."

The first I complied with, the last I hesitated about, but finally said that I

had no business, but curiosity to see the great man. After the servant had been upstairs a few minutes, I saw a head bent over the balusters of the first floor, which I knew to be Mr. Clay's by his portraits, and was aware that he was making an inspection of me, which inspection was immediately followed by the mention of my name and the invitation to "Come up!"

Mr. Clay was in his shirt sleeves, without a vest, his suspenders hanging loose, his hair awry, and in a pair of cloth slippers that looked as though they might have been in the wars; but, with all this, there was a light that beamed in his face unmistakably of intellect, and notwithstanding the unpicturesqueness of his square-cut mouth, when he smiled, he smiled all over. He stood in the entry until I had mounted the stairs, then advanced and took my hand, not releasing it until we had reached his room, during which time I was endeavoring to make some sort of apology for my early call, and he as earnest in assuring me that I had done right, and that he was glad to see me, which I by my vanity and by his earnestness was made to believe, and when he had led me to a chair and apologized for going on with his dressing while he talked, I felt perfectly at my ease.

I always have thought since there was a sublime policy in all that interview. He talked for history, as if he knew that the time would come when I would tell it to thousands, and that it would be to his interest to make an impression. He started out as with the idea, not so much of talking himself as making me talk, and began by asking me my business, or profession. At that time I was an artist, in a branch that led me into intimate connection with engraving on wood, then an art in its infancy, having less than two score of devotees, but since increased to a thousand, or more, in this country. He questioned and listened, went on with his toilet, and suggested ideas until, as I found that he was dressed, I rose to go, looked at my watch and saw, to my astonishment, that I had been there an hour and a quarter, but yet the great man had made me feel that I had not bored him, but, on the contrary, that he had been pleased with the talk.

Whether this was the perfection of policy and politeness combined, I cannot tell, or whether it was all real; but, when I was going, he asked earnestly for my address in New York, which, when he had received, he promised that whenever he came to that city he would call on me and have another talk. He came here half a dozen of times afterwards, but the call never came off. Years afterward I was telling of this interview and promise to Thurlow Weed, and the old man laughed. "Yes!" he said, "that was like Henry; he always sent everybody from him charmed, because he made them think he was charmed with them." I have no doubt this was true, though it was a wet blanket on my vanity.

WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A second damper was one administered by Thackeray, to whom I was once telling of this interview with Clay, and his mournful remark to me on the penalties of greatness, the greatest of which was that he never was alone, even in the sanctity of his own bedroom; he did not know but "somebody might be peeping through the keyhole." I ventured to say that such a feeling must be terrible, and a living nightmare. "Oh!" said Thackeray, "*you* need never fear that."

As I was then in the first flush and vanity of my literary career, I felt as if the remark was impertinent; but it was Thackeray all over; he never missed the chance.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

My next contact with a great man, where I felt as if politeness, without policy, redeemed everything, was with Abraham Lincoln in 1861, when everybody flocked to Washington, and I, among the rest, on what I thought was national

business, but what I am now inclined to believe was entirely my own. I had little experience in approaching great men, and what I did have had always been attended with success. I wanted to see the President, and I made my way directly to the White House, thinking I had only to announce that I was there, and be received with open arms.

I found a crowd of men, women, and officers in uniform about the corridors, and asked one of them where I could find Mr. Lincoln. He pointed to a door that stood ajar, and I went to it without thinking where it might lead to, and pushed it further open. As I afterward learned, the doorkeeper had only that moment left his post to go into the next room for an instant. As I looked in, I saw a tall, gaunt individual sitting at a table in the middle of the room, looking over some papers. He said nothing, but beckoned with his finger, and as his portrait was not then as familiar as it was afterward, I did not recognize him. I went to him, and he asked me, as I then thought, in a slight tone of irritation, "What do you want?" I answered that I wanted Mr. Lincoln. "I am Mr. Lincoln," he said, more pleasantly. I at once dashed into my business, and dispatched it in as few words as possible, all of which I had rehearsed before, and though, as I now know, it could not have interested him in the least, he listened with profound attention. When I had finished, he scratched a few words on a piece of paper, signed it A. L., and handed it to me with the simple words, "Take that to Mr. Cameron."

At that moment, as I rose to my feet, a man entered with two cups and saucers, a plain tin pot, and the usual paraphernalia for tea or coffee.

"Take a cup of tea, Colonel?" said the great man. At that moment I thought of the old story told of some afterward celebrated marshal, with whom Napoleon made the same mistake; and as I was only trying to be a colonel, my airy, fairy scheme being to organize a regiment of compositors, pressmen, writers, and general newspaper men, to disseminate Northern newspapers, and their ideas, as we advanced into regained territory, why I thought it a good chance to get off the old story on the president, and said, "In what regiment, Mr. President?"

"Oh! that will all come in good time," he answered, with a little laugh. "This is not a thing of a day."

I thanked him, and sat down to my coffee, saying something about intruding. His answer was:

"I'll tell you when to go. I guess I've learned that in this place, if I've learned nothing else. Beside that, I think you've learned something from the well-bred dog, and you know he always got out before he was kicked out."

The coffee was finished, and very bad coffee it was, during the drinking of which we had a little talk about coffee, and how to make it, in which he agreed with me that it was in the making, not in the coffee itself, and related how, when he was a young man, after traveling all night, cramped up in a stage, in southern Illinois, he stopped at a small wayside inn, where he had fried chicken, buckwheat cakes and coffee for breakfast.

"Such coffee, sir! to say nothing of the buckwheat cakes and chicken, I had never before tasted. It was delicious, and as I found out afterward was simply made from parched rye."

I did not say anything to Mr. Lincoln about his having been cooped up all night, and being cold and hungry, but I had a suspicion that this may have had something to do with the coffee.

The coffee dispatched I again rose to go. He took my hand very solemnly, and said, as I went out: "Don't mind Cameron if he's cross. He has a great deal to trouble him. Let me know how it turns out."

SIMON CAMERON.

And now from the great man who was naturally polite and amiable, I sped to the small one who was born snappish, and snobbish, and made every body about him the same way. On the route to him, at the War Department, I looked at the paper Mr. Lincoln had written. It read : "Examine, I think well of this. A. L."

I made my way, under surveillance, as though I was suspected of wishing to steal, to Mr. Cameron's door, and was met by a surly Irishman or Scotchman, who told me. as though he was himself the Secretary of War, that Mr. Cameron was engaged, and to my farther questions as to when I could see him, replied, with a scowl, that he did not know. "Come back in a week."

"See here, my friend," I said, "You don't seem to have any idea about time. Have you got a watch ?"

"No !" was the snarling answer.

"Well, take this one," I said, detaching my own, and slipping it into his willing hand. "It may help you to count time for a man who has none to spare."

"Come back in half an hour," he said, with a grim smile, as he slipped my ticker into his pocket.

I came back in half an hour, and was admitted to the little, great man, who, as the very extreme of Mr. Lincoln, sat enthroned in an immense velveted and gilded chair, surrounded by half a dozen clerks and lackeys, and bearing upon his face a look half of weariness, half of contempt. I was not asked to sit down, and delivered my credentials, Mr. Lincoln's bit of paper. He took it superciliously, glanced at it, and said, "Well, what is it ?" and commenced to speak in an undertone to one of his lackeys. Those who have been placed in a similar position can imagine that I did not tell my story very clearly. I was simply overawed by snobbery, and when the principal snob sneered and said, "It's all nonsense !" I backed out, and went upon my way satisfied that the struggle was over. At the door I met the now owner of my watch, who vouchsafed the inquiry as to how I made out, but when I answered "Not at all," I noticed that he studied time well enough to know how to keep it.

J. W. WATSON.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

MEN AND MEASURES OF HALF A CENTURY.

It cannot be otherwise than pleasant to sit at the feet of a wise and observant man like the distinguished author of this handsome book,* and go over the ground traveled by him during an active and laborious fifty years of life. The tide of narrative flows evenly along these pages, and one gets the impression of being in the company of an exact and truthful historian. We have had an abundance of war books, and therefore the calm and frank opinions of a civilian and statesman, who served his country faithfully during a most critical period of her history, is especially entitled to attention, and in this instance will in the main command approval and admiration. Mr. McCulloch writes from personal observation and recollection only, and hence the scope of the work is much more limited than the title would suggest. Many men prominent in American affairs, to say nothing of other nations, are conspicuous by their absence from these chronicles. The author describes a circle radiating from himself as a centre, and abstains, perhaps wisely, from discussing either men or measures that do not revolve in some way around him. Thus the book is in no sense a history of the half century. A very large portion is occupied with personal opinions and judgments of men who figured prominently during the war, and it is only fair to say that in these estimates of men and measures he shows a kindly and sagacious spirit, though he does not throw much new light upon either. His defense of General McClellan as a military commander is interesting and worthy of attention. General Grant comes in for mingled praise and criticism, and the author has been at some pains to analyze the mental and moral fibre of that distinguished man. One of the passages of the work to which, in our view, exception might be taken, is that in which he condemns the North American Review for certain articles on prominent public personages; but Mr. McCulloch is certainly entitled to his own opinions on that subject, and to the adoption of this method of expressing them.

II.

SCHOOLS OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

The publication by Messrs. Lee & Shepard of the suggestive books written twenty-four years ago by Miss Frances Power Cobbe and entitled "Broken Lights,"† is exceedingly timely. The recent controversy touching the Christian

* "Men and Measures of Half a Century." Sketches and Comments. By Hugh McCulloch. Secretary of the Treasury in the Administrations of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson and Arthur, Charles Scribner's Sons.

† "Broken Lights." An inquiry into the present condition and future prospects of religious faith. By Frances Power Cobbe.

faith in the pages of this magazine has awakened wide and general interest, both among the clergy and laity, and opens the door for a freer discussion of fundamental religious principles, both within and without the Church, than has for many years been tolerated in this country. The different schools of Christian thought and philosophy prevalent in England a quarter of a century ago still exist, with an increasing tendency towards liberalism, as it is sometimes called, and the freedom of intellectual debate; and the division of parties sketched by Miss Cobbe is not at all inapplicable to this country, where, however, the lines of "orthodoxy" are still very finely laid down. Woe be to the clergyman in any of our "orthodox" American churches who should avow the principles of the "Essays and Reviews," or the party which our author describes as the Second Broad Church. The laity in America are content to follow implicitly the leadership of the clergy, and the palæologists, or adherents of the doctrine of a historical revelation and of the old theology, are strong and zealous for "the faith once delivered to the Saints." Nevertheless, many thoughtful men among our preachers and pastors already feel the foreshadowings and questionings indicated in this book, and are "biding the time" when they may speak with boldness words which, if spoken now, would assuredly cause them to be driven ruthlessly from their posts. We have not space to discuss the points raised in this treatise, but can have nothing but respect for the calm, judicial, and spiritual tone of these essays.

III.

DR. A. H. BRADFORD'S SERMONS.

THE modest and manly preface to Dr. Amory H. Bradford's book of sermons just issued* gives a feeling of expectancy to the reader which is not doomed to disappointment. Dr. Bradford says that "a rational and credible idea of God" "cannot be taught in the schools," and that yet "on clear views of God hang the glory and usefulness of human life." What he proposes in these sermons is to make clear that "God has manifested himself in a form which can be understood by men." By this he means discerned by the spiritual understanding, for, of course, if it could be made clear to the intellect it could be taught in the schools—as it is in a sense, taught. This distinction is important, and leads on to the second great purpose in the author's mind, namely, to show that the "Deity is never far from humanity," and that "the spiritual life is the life of God manifesting itself through the spirits of men." This sufficiently indicates the range of thought in these discourses. Little stress is laid on dogmatic theology, but the lines of discussion run parallel with the received dogmas of the evangelical school. In the sermon on Conditions of Spiritual Sight, we find mentioned Purity of Heart, Sincerity, Obedience, Self-surrender. Among the characteristics of the theological thought of the age the preacher enumerates first, The Supremacy of Christ; secondly, The Fatherhood of God; thirdly, a tendency to discuss duration as distinct from the nature of future punishment; and lastly, a return to the doctrine that Christ's Spirit is to abide in his disciples, leading them into all truth. The discourse on the Incarnation does not give a precise definition of that doctrine; on the other hand, we are told that there is apparently the most sublime disregard in the Bible as to whether the Incarnation and the Atonement are understood or not. "In some unknown way" "omnipresent Deity manifested Himself through a human body." The reader will find in these sermons sensible and practical views of

* "Spirit and Life: Thoughts for To-day." By Amory H. Bradford, D.D. Fords, Howard & Hurlbert.

Christian life and duty, and of the encouragements and consolation flowing from a humble acceptance of the Christian faith, rather than any strong or striking presentation of doctrine.

IV.

THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

WHOEVER may be the author of the anonymous novel entitled "Aristocracy,"* it certainly cannot be said that there is any disguise as to his motive and intention. The book is evidently written with the sole purpose of bringing the titled and privileged classes of England into contumely and contempt. When Thackeray drew his pen and ink sketches of the prevailing follies and vices of the *élite*, he at least signed his name, and thereby drew upon himself a great deal of criticism, but this attack is by a hidden assailant. Thackeray had the merit of genius, and his pictures are those of living types of men and women, with enough of light and shade about them to suggest variety of character and temperament. The same cannot be said of this unknown critic. A great and wealthy class of society, like the English aristocracy, stands in need of just such a whole souled and manly critic as the author of Vanity Fair, but one hardly gets the impression from Thackeray (as one does from this novel) that as a class the British nobility is entirely composed of men and women unworthy of respect. If the author of "Aristocracy" has drawn his sketches from living men and women—which is quite possible—he has been unfortunate in his associations; if he intends his readers to draw the conclusion that his pictures represent the aristocracy as a whole, we think he has undertaken too much. According to him the English nobleman is a mean, selfish, sensual, sordid, cowardly wretch of a man, and the English noblewoman little if any better. There are only two tolerably respectable people in the group he presents for our study. One of these is an American, a young man who is anything but a typical American, for he appears to be a wandering, aimless kind of a fellow, a man-flirt, the son of a millionaire Californian speculator, with nothing to do but amuse himself and spend his father's money. The other respectable personage is Lady Edith, a younger daughter of the Marquis of Oaktorrington (pronounced Otton), and who seems to have sufficient good sense to despise her relations. She falls in love with the captivating stranger at sight. The other characters are simply abominable, and the picture of fashionable society is that of a sink of corruption and of all kinds of meanness. Our countryman is "a middle sized young man of eight and twenty," with "close-cropped brown hair" and "a small mustache." His complexion is pale and he wears "tortoise-shell rimmed eye-glasses." He picks up in America a real live lord who has been experimenting as a cow-boy on a Colorado ranch, and does not like it. "My lord" is young, almost penniless, and evidently out of his element, and the millionaire's son takes compassion on him and brings him back to his English home; and, after a series of misunderstandings and predicaments takes back to America the young man's sister. All this is well enough, and possibly some portion of English upper-class society is just what it is here set forth to be. If so, this book is a righteous rebuke; but if the types of aristocracy here represented are only exceptional, then the book is mischievous and malevolent. Let such books as these be multiplied and widely circulated in Britain, and the result, one would suppose, must be to bring about a righteous revolution. With hard times and suffering among the masses, and rampant profligacy in the upper ranks, the day of retribution cannot be far distant. But a more charitable and correct view would be that there are two widely distinct types of people among the

* "Aristocracy." A novel. D. Appleton & Co.

British aristocracy, just as there are among the wealthy classes of America. There are plenty of rich people here whose manners and morals are decidedly vulgar, and, thank goodness, there are some of whom America need not be ashamed. Is it not more than likely that the aristocracy of the Old World comprises many great and good men, and noble and virtuous women, as well as the opposite?

V.

REMINISCENCES OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

"THIRTY Years of Paris" hardly, perhaps, conveys as a title an idea of the subject matter of M. Alphonse Daudet's book,* at least to the general reader, although the author's name is conspicuous on the paper cover. M. Daudet writes in an agreeable vein of himself as a man of letters, beginning with his entrance into Paris a lad of sixteen, resolved to achieve fame and fortune in literature. He had been an usher in a school and was a raw, country lad. Fortunately, he had an older brother in Paris, who took him for a time under his wing, and he was, therefore, saved from absolute starvation. His first real success in life was an engagement as a writer on *Figaro*, then under the editorial charge of Villemessant, a tyrannical and capricious man, who had no other principles than were begotten of his love of success and and power. Villemessant cared little for his literary staff, except to get brilliant work out of them, and as soon as any unfortunate *aide* showed signs of weakness he was summarily dismissed. This was in the "fifties," when Gambetta was making his mark, chiefly among the students of the Quartier Latin. "He was even then," says Daudet, "the man we have all known and admired. Rejoicing in life, rejoicing in talk, this loquacious Roman grafted on a Gallic stock intoxicated himself with the jingle of his own phrases, making the window panes vibrate with the noise of his thundering eloquence, most frequently ending in exuberant explosions of mirth. Both he and his friends were wholly absorbed in politics, and from the Quartier Latin they were already laying siege to the Tuileries."

From personal reminiscences and sketches the author glides into a narrative of the circumstances connected with the birth of his principal books. This species of talk generally proves to be entertaining if it come from out of the abundance of the heart, and M. Daudet's heart is full of love for his life-work. His great charm as a writer is his closeness to nature. His characters are all drawn from the life. He has often been compared with Charles Dickens, and, curiously enough, he was at one time driven almost to his wit's end to escape the charge of copying one of Dickens' characters. He is, however, no copyist. He gives in these memoirs the story of some of his best characters. There is also, towards the end of the book, an interesting account of an odd club of authors in Paris, then but little known, but all destined afterwards to become famous—Zola, Flaubert, Goncourt, Tourguéneff, and Daudet. Girardin wished to become a member, but as he was not a literary man was refused. The club met monthly at a dinner and styled their festival "the dinner of unsuccessful authors." They dined at seven and never separated before two in the morning. They discussed each other freely and without flattery or mutual admiration, and when they had exhausted themselves on bookish topics they branched off upon the ever present themes and ideas of love and death. Tourguéneff would stretch himself on the sofa and say, "Oh, I never think about death. In our country no one has any very distinct idea on

* Alphonse Daudet: "Thirty Years of Paris." George Routledge & Sons.

the subject; it is a vague, distant notion, enveloped in the Slavonic mist." It is curious to note the self-depreciatory tone in which these men honestly indulged. Daudet himself was the first to find himself popular. As he would answer the questions of the others as to the size of the editions of his works he began to feel almost like a culprit, and Zola would exclaim, "Our books will never sell!" No one was more delighted than Tourguéneff when he discovered that people read his works.

Altogether there is a singular charm about these recollections. The translation is admirably done by Laura Ensor, and the illustrations and off-hand sketches lighten up the pages wondrously well.

VI.

SOME RECENT FICTION.

AMONG the best of the numerous libraries for vacation reading may be named The Town and Country series of the Messrs. Appleton, the first four volumes of which are before us. If the first installment is a fair indication of the character of the series, it is safe to say that it does not contain trash, that its literary standard is good, and at times excellent, and that it furnishes clean reading in an inexpensive and convenient form.

"The Steel Hammer,"* which was published in Paris a year or two ago, and is now for the first time presented in an English version, is a detective story of the better class, and takes its name from the instrument with which a murder was supposed to have been committed in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris. The suicide of the suspected murderer, and the haunted life of the real criminal, furnish material for some powerful dramatic situations, but the final denouement is reserved for the sequel, which constitutes the third of the series, and is entitled "For Fifteen Years."†

In this the novelist's art has made plausible the rather improbable scheme by which the widow and child of the innocent man are received into the household of the murderer by the wife, who vaguely suspects the truth, and for years the mask of friendship conceals the settled purpose of the two women, who are seeking, the onereveng e, the other concealment. The few characters of the story are well and clearly drawn, and the book will prove of absorbing interest to the numerous lovers of this class of fiction.

Fewer points to commend are found in "Eve,"‡ a new English novel which has too frequent lapses into the regions of the improbable and too many blemishes of style to permit of classification with the best of the series. The plot is sufficiently involved and entertainingly wrought out, however, to hold the attention of the summer reader, and the leading personages are unusually well portrayed. The author's clumsy device of dumping his objectionable characters over a precipice in order to the final adjustment of the tangled state of affairs which he has helplessly woven, does not commend itself to the good sense of the reader.

In "A Counsel of Perfection"§ the reader experiences an agreeable surprise, for the decidedly neutral title is not likely to attract one. "Lucas Malet," the pen name of Mrs. Harrison, a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, is the for-

* "The Steel Hammer." By Louis Ulbach. Translated from the French by E. W. Latimer. New York: D Appleton & Co.

† "For Fifteen Years." A sequel to "The Steel Hammer." By Louis Ulbach New York: D. Appleton & Co.

‡ "Eve." A novel. By S. Baring-Gould. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

§ "A Counsel of Perfection." By Lucas Malet. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

tunate possessor of a power of introspection combined, to an unusual degree, with a magnetic style. The sketches of travel in Switzerland, seen through the eyes of the heroine, who is the paternally oppressed daughter of a selfish, unreasonable bookworm, are charmingly told, and the general trend of the story proves, in retrospect, to have been entirely satisfactory. "The small, neat features" of Antony Hammond, when taken in hand by the old artist, Time, could never have stood for an ideal to the noble girl whose filial devotion teaches her to disregard them. And having asserted her independence, and vindicated her right to have a lover, the critic feels that nothing more could have been done for her. This number is by far the best of the series, from a literary standpoint, and though almost entirely devoid of incident, will meet the approval of a large class of readers who reject more highly flavored fiction.

In the Gainsborough series, "A Little Maid of Acadie"* contains the material for a charming pastoral tale, and at times one is almost forced to conclude that such a one has been produced, so dainty is the little François, and so enchanting some of the descriptions of Acadian scenery. Nothing could be more improbable than the sequence of events, which terminate so abruptly and which the most ordinary novelist should have been able to construct without the cumbrous *impedimenta* in the way of apologies with which the concluding pages are burdened.

A few pages of decrepit poetry, an entertaining, but highly improbable, tale of fashionable life at Newport, and two minor sketches, furnish an excuse for the artistic binding, gilt-edged leaves, and gold-lettered title of "Stray Leaves from Newport."†

The luxurious fancies and delightful unrealities of the Arabian Nights are reproduced in a translation of a Turkish romance.‡ The author of the "Mukhaygalat," of which the volume under consideration forms the second third, was a Cretan, and the author of several valuable treatises on mysticism, philosophy, and the sciences in which he was an adept. He died while on a diplomatic mission to Persia, in 1798. Through the ignorance and carelessness of his heirs, this book is the only one preserved to us. The collection is said to have been made with a view of exalting the occult sciences as practiced by the dervishes, but to the English reader, it will appear only as a series of marvelous and entertaining Oriental tales.

The first impression produced on reading "A Story of More Lives Than One"§ is that of the theatre-goer who steps behind the scenes and inspects the mechanical contrivances, by means of which the brilliant stage effects are produced. The author's motive is to show the terrible results of the pessimistic philosophy when practically wrought out in human life, as contrasted with those of the Christian believer. His prelude is, however, so extended and so minutely descriptive of his plans and purposes in writing, that the whole story is anticipated before the first chapter is finished. The characters are unreal creations, entirely lacking in perspective and coloring, and the didactic conversations which are forced into their mouths have no appearance of being the product of their own brains. Mr. McKenzie, the faithful old Scotchman, whose life is contrasted with that of the pessimistic hero and fore-ordained suicide, has a very unnatural way of beginning his remarks in broken English and then falling into very good English. A superficial

* "A Little Maid of Acadie." By Marian C. L. Reeves. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† "Stray Leaves from Newport." By Esther Gracie Wheeler. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

‡ "The Story of Jewad." A romance. By Aziz Eferdi, the Cretan. Translated from the Turkish by E. J. W. Gibb, M. R. A. S. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

§ "Stubble or Wheat? A Story of More Lives Than One." By S. Bayard Dod. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

survey of the respective merits of leading American colleges adds nothing to the author's reputation for profundity. The book is not lacking in good points, but the writer has many crudities of style to overcome before he will be classed with the best story-writers.

VII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO COMPILE into a few volumes all that is good of many books is an undertaking which many able men may wisely shrink from, and yet this very task has been accomplished by Mr. Stedman and his co-laborers. The "Library of American Literature"* stands, and will stand, pre-eminent among its fellows. It is the one successful compilation of the age.

It is a pleasure to praise a good book when such a work is found among the many trashy volumes put forth to-day by the publishing houses; and it is not very often that the REVIEW is called upon to do so, but in this case it is both a pleasure and a privilege to taste of the literary feast which Mr. Stedman has invited us to. His name was, of course, a guarantee that what he provided for our mental delectation would be excellent; but in the "Library of American Literature" he has set forth a mental feast unparalleled in its completeness and its excellence. The ten volumes of which the series is composed are, and will be, invaluable to those who have not a remarkably well-equipped public library near at hand. Abounding in American incident, rich in literary merit, redundant in historic lore, permeated throughout with that spirit which has made these United States a nation—no books can be so wisely and safely placed in the hands of our youth as these. They amuse while they instruct. They teach while they entertain. They are *good*, *very* good.

Mr. Edmund Pendleton's story, "A Virginia Inheritance,"† is a readable, well written affair, but not entitled to rank above the average holiday novel. The scene is laid partly in New York City and partly in Virginia, and the leading characters are a city lawyer of good social standing, the members of an old Virginian family, a hot-headed youth from the same State, and sundry people moving in fashionable circles. By the terms of a will the Virginians are threatened with the loss of their old home, which passes to a city cousin, who engages the lawyer to conduct negotiations. The oldest daughter of the house is a charming girl, strong-minded, but ingenuous and captivating, and the lawyer finds himself face to face with a very complicated problem. The ways of sleepy, delightful old Virginia and of New York, in some of her social and commercial aspects, are faithfully delineated. The "old general" is a good study. The author evidently writes from careful observation.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. reproduce in translation a series of the works of Victor Hugo, of which we have received copies of "Toilers of the Sea," "Notre Dame de Paris," "By Order of the King," "History of a Crime" and "Ninety-three." The translations seem to have been done with care, and although it is obviously impossible to reproduce the exact idioms and to convey the entire meaning of the author in any translation, yet as a whole and without stopping to discriminate between

* "A Library of American Literature," compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. Charles L. Webster & Co.

† "A Virginia Inheritance." A novel. By Edmund Pendleton. D. Appleton & Co.

the merits of the several translations, the work may be pronounced excellent. Thousands who have never read a line of Victor Hugo's writings will thus be brought into communion with that impetuous and powerful man.

Mr. Henry James's novel, "The Reverberator,"* deals with certain phases of Parisian social life, as experienced by an American family, and also with some peculiarities of society journalism. It strikes us as rather dull and commonplace.

"The Elect Lady,"† by Dr. George MacDonald, is not entitled as a story to much remark. The character-sketching is good, but there is an absence of anything that appeals strongly to the imagination of the reader, and the interest is sustained with difficulty. The scene is laid in Scotland, and the people are all Scotch. The author's puritanism is reflected in the rather austere piety of the leading personages. Such people as Andrew Ingram doubtless do exist, and are subject to like passions and emotions as ordinary mortals, and though they live in a world of mysticism, into which few are privileged to enter, they are yet not without their admirable qualities, and in many things may be studied with advantage. Andrew Ingram is a man without a moral feeling, and with original ideas about religion, which bring him into a passive kind of antagonism with the hypocrisies and inconsistencies of conventional churchism. Such men sometimes win the deathless devotion of women of a peculiar temperament. The purpose of the writer seems to be to show how this may happen and how people of high moral ideals do their love-making.

The scene of the little story "Ninette"‡ is laid in Provence, and the story itself illustrates some of the manners and customs of the peasantry of that interesting region. Otherwise there is not much to be said about it. Ninette is a pretty type of a French farmer's daughter, born to early poverty and hardship, and persecuted by a virago of a mother-in-law and a middle-aged suitor, who is the villain of the plot. How she emerges from her troubles and how life runs along among these lowly people form together the backbone of the sketch.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

History of a Crime. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Huntington Smith. 2 vols.

By Order of the King. Victor Hugo. Translated from the French by Isabel Hapgood. 2 vols.

The Captain's Dog. A Story for Young and Old. Written in French by Louis Enault. Done into English by Huntington Smith. Illustrated.

A. Lovell & Co.

Inductive Language Lessons. Elementary Grammar and Composition, etc. Harris R. Greene, A.M.

Astronomy Note Book, for High Schools, Academies and Colleges. Marion L. Berneike, M.D.

* "The Reverberator." By Henry James. Macmillan & Co.
† "The Elect Lady." By George McDonald. D. Appleton & Co.
‡ "Ninette." An Idyll of Provence. D. Appleton & Co.

J. B. Lippincott Co.

Book of Day Dreams. Charles Leonard Moore.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Spirit and Life. Thoughts for To-day. Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Citizen's Atlas of American Politics. 1789–1888. A Series of Colored Maps and Charts Fletcher W. Hewes.

Amos Kilbright; His Adscititious Experiences. With other stories. Frank R. Stockton.

The Five Talents of Woman. By the Author of How to be Happy.

Men and Measures of Half a Century. Sketches and Comments. Hugh McCulloch.

Cassell & Co.

Autrefois. Tales of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere. James A. Harrison.

Principles of the Economic Philosophy of Society, Government and Industry. Van Buren Denslow, LL.D.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

Illustrated Commentary on the Romans. Rev. Lyman Abbott.

D. Appleton & Co.

A History of Charles the Great (Charlemagne). J. I. Mombert, D.D.

The Advance Guard of Western Civilization. James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke).

Riverside Press.

Monadnoc, and other Sketches in Verse. J. E. Nesmith.

Lee & Shepard.

Up the North Branch, or a Summer's Outing. Capt. Charles A. J. Farrar.

Broken Lights. An inquiry into the present condition and future prospects of religious faith. Frances Power Cobbe.

Religious Duty. Frances Power Cobbe.

Fireside Saints: Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk, and other papers. Douglas Jerrold. Now first collected.

The Wishing Cap Papers. Leigh Hunt. Now first collected.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Essays on Practical Politics. Theodore Roosevelt.

The Tariff and its Evils; or, Protection which does not Protect. John H. Allen.

J. D. Barber, Nashville, Tenn.

Christian Womanhood. Rev. W. C. Black, D.D.

Ticknor & Co.

The Recollections of a Drummer Boy. Harry M. Kieffer. Illustrated.

Wm. L. Allison.

The Western Wanderer. Ombra. Richard P. Parrish.

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IS STANLEY DEAD?

THE dark continent, which Mr. Stanley has done so much to make us acquainted with, hides him from us at present in her innermost recesses.* Speculation is rife not only as to his whereabouts, but even as to his being alive. Mystery always enshrouds the doings and fate of him who ventures beyond those gloomy barriers of forest, mountain, swamp and river, which screen Central Africa from even the faint and reflected gleams of civilization. This is now the case with the great traveler whose name has long been synonymous with successful daring, perseverance, determination, indomitable pluck and marvelous powers of endurance. Having had the advantage of being able to study his character during one of our little wars, where I watched him when exposed to danger and to musketry fire that made some around him, may I say somewhat unsteady, I feel convinced that he has reached Emin Pasha. Of course, he may have succumbed to disease, or been killed by some chance shot on his march to Wadelai. Although he was almost

*Gen. Viscount Wolseley mailed a contribution to this symposium on the 12th of November; but as it failed to reach New York in time for the printer, his lordship, on the 21st instant, sent by cable the subjoined brief synopsis of his delayed contribution.—EDITOR NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

proof against African fevers, this possibility cannot be eliminated from our calculation. The strongest and most seasoned often fall a prey to fever at last. He was such a master of tribal African warfare that I am sure he would never fall into any trap laid for him or his party. It is possible that his handful of fighting men may have been trampled to death by sheer force of numbers, but I am certain he was not surprised by any enemy, no matter how adroit. Let us examine the facts and reasons upon which I base my belief that Stanley is alive: In the first place, we have had no news of his death, and, according to our most recent information, he was alive and pushing forward towards his goal. In the case of every desperate enterprise I estimate its chances of success not so much by any exhaustive study of the difficulties to be surmounted, the dangers and foes to be conquered, as by my knowledge of the leader's qualities in the enterprise in question. The strong point upon which I rely in forming the opinion I have come to, is my personal knowledge of Mr. Stanley's fitness to conduct the expedition he undertook. I pin my faith upon the man, and, thinking of him, I forget the dangers and the difficulties which have beset him on all sides. Why dwell upon the obstacles to be overcome in the four hundred miles of trackless country lying between Yambuya, his starting place on the Aruwimi River, and Emin's headquarters at Wadelai, on the Bahr el Jebel. Stanley felt he could master those obstacles, and I believe he has done so. This is convincing to me because I know him, but to those who have not that privilege the following dates will, I think, go far to at least convince them that the time for despair has not yet come. Stanley started on the 28th June, 1887, from his camp at Yambuya, leaving Major Barttelot there to collect carriers and follow him when he had done so. Stanley's party numbered in all about four hundred souls. The last news we had from himself was only up to the 19th July, 1887, when he was well, and had made eighteen marches from his starting point. Some deserters from his party subsequently reached Barttelot's camp the following November. They had left Stanley when they said he was only about forty marches from Yambuya. He had had some fighting, and had entered a hilly wooded country, cut up with rivers and marshes, and where no food was to be had. Following upon these reports came the vague rumor of the arrival of a white pasha in the Bahr el Gazelle province. There can be

little doubt, I think, that Stanley was that pasha. His advance would take him near the southern frontier of that province, from whence the news of his having reached either Sanga or Tangasi would quickly spread northwards through Darfur and Kordofan, from one market place to another, until it had reached the bazaars of Khartoum. There the Mahdi's followers would probably regard it as news of a British expedition, undertaken to avenge General Gordon's death. This rumor would soon spread down the Nile to our outposts in the great Nubian desert, and so reach the enterprising correspondent of Cairo. A careful investigation of the date when Stanley most probably reached the places on the edge of the Bahr el Gazelle, which I have named, and of the time which that news would take in reaching our advanced post of Wady Halfa, tends to strengthen the assumption that Stanley and the White Pasha are one and the same person. Last June intelligence reached us, which, if true, would have given cause for grave anxiety. It came from Leopoldville, at Stanley Pool, and was to the effect that our great traveler had been wounded, and was in great danger. We received, however, at the same time letters from Major Barttelot informing us that none of those about him put any faith in the report. The latest news we have heard of him came from Zanzibar on the 1st instant, and I think there is a fair semblance of truth about it. It professes to tell us of Stanley's doings to this time. Last year his force was said to be much reduced by desertion, disease and losses in action. He had traversed a most difficult country, through which progress had been extremely slow, and where he had had to fight for food. He had been seriously ill and had recovered, but one of his white companions had died. If this report be true, as I think, we have every reason to believe he should have reached Wadelai before the first day of this year. Now, for what we know of Emin Pasha, the latest real news we have from him was dated Kilbiro, on the Albert Lake, 2d November, 1887. Up to that time he had had no news of Stanley. In June last a report came from the Victoria Nyanza that some men who had been taken prisoners a few months before by the Uganda in their war with the Unyoro had escaped, and brought news of Emin up to April, 1888. A careful scrutiny of the dates will show this to be an impossible story. These men had been prisoners with the

Uganda for some months before their escape, and had left the mission station at the southern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza last April. Their news, in fact, must date back to about the beginning of this year, when they could not have been in touch with Emin, as most recent letters from the Uganda missionaries inform us that Kabrema, the chief of the Unyoro, has been at war with Mwanga since May last, that he had put to death Captain Casati and Mahommed Biri, the emissaries of Emin. As far as one can gather from all we have learned from Zanzibar, the country between it and Emin Pasha's headquarters has been so disturbed by this war that no news or messengers have been allowed to pass through the line of contending tribes. It is not only that we have no news of Stanley since last November, but neither have we had any from Emin. To me it is quite evident that we shall hear of both at the same time, and I believe it will be to the effect that Stanley reached Emin about the end of last year. Upon reaching Wadelai it is certain that Stanley would give his men a rest of some six or eight weeks, during which he and Emin would have time to decide upon a plan of further operations. It is possible that they might wait some weeks longer for poor Major Barttelot, the news of whose murder is not likely to reach them direct. Emin tells us in his last letter that it was not his intention when relieved by Stanley to quit the provinces over which he has now ruled so long. I have always imagined that Stanley left England with some faint hope of being able to return by the Soudan, and in doing so give the deathblow to the Mahdi's rule. If such an operation were possible with the small means at his and Emin's disposal, he would be just the man of all others to carry it out. Up to the present, however, there is no sign that the dervish power has been so weakened as to make this attempt possible. The two friends will have great difficulty in even getting safely to the sea on the east coast; to get there they must either make a treaty with Kabrega or fight a way through the dominions of that powerful chief. Under either contingency, when due allowance is made for the difficulty of supplies, the uncertainties of African traveling, the delays inseparable from all negotiations with African potentates, I do not believe Mr. Stanley could have begun what I may call his return journey until about May last. In my opinion, it is most probable that he will himself be the bearer of the news that he has fulfilled his mission and relieved

Emin Pasha. At any rate, knowing the fibre of which Mr. Stanley is made, I shall not be seriously anxious about him until news from Emin up to February last tells us that he could give us no intelligence of the daring traveler who had left England determined to rescue him or die in the attempt.

WOLSELEY.

STANLEY started with his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey from Yambuya on the Congo on the 23d of June, 1887. His objective point was Wadelai, on Lake Mwutan Nzige (Albert Nyanza), where Emin Bey was when last heard from. The distance from Yambuya, Stanley's starting point, to Wadelai, in a straight line, is about five hundred and sixty miles; but when the nature of African exploration is considered, through a region as yet unknown; the devious course that may be necessary from the natural features of the country; the many windings and turnings that may be required, and other difficulties in the onward movement of so large a body as Stanley commands, especially in the time of the rains, the journey may involve a distance of at least 750 miles. This would require four months, moving at the rate of six miles a day, which was the average rate in Stanley's march in 1876 from Zanzibar to the Victoria Nyanza, and that time is now quadrupled without anything being heard from him, except a message three days after his departure that all was well. The elapsing of such a length of time, however, without hearing from him, is not, in itself, a cause for apprehension. Sir Samuel Baker was not heard from for a much longer time, and Emin Bey, for whose deliverance this expedition has been undertaken, was shut up in Wadelai in 1883, and not heard from until 1886, when his companion, Dr. Junker, escaped to the coast.

But Sir Samuel Baker had but a few guides and boatmen, and exploring Africa with so small a force is a very different thing from the movement of so large a body as the one conducted by Stanley. The Emin Bey Association, by whom it was sent out, subscribed £10,000, and the Egyptian government added an equal amount. With this large means an expedition of nine hundred men was organized, consisting of soldiers, couriers and servants, and the serious question that arises is the obtaining of provisions for the maintenance of so large a force, and the possible failure

of ammunition, if the column is exposed, as it possibly may be, to frequent hostile attacks. The country to be traversed extends north of the equator to about three degrees north latitude, and is between twenty-five degrees and thirty-three degrees east longitude. It is inhabited chiefly by a people known as the Mombuttos, a fierce race, who have hitherto resisted all previous efforts, on the part of the whites, to enter their country, and who doubtless have all the craft and cunning that warlike savages, of such a nature, generally possess. There is also, over all this part of Africa, a hatred, which the Arabs have created, against the whites, for the active efforts they have made to suppress the slave trade of the interior, the present curse of Africa.

When all these things are considered, it is impossible not to feel apprehension in respect to Stanley's safety. It is also to be considered, however, that he chose this route, through the Mombutto country to the Albert Nyanza, after great deliberation. He first contemplated taking the route from Zanzibar, and having afterwards selected the Mombutto route, he must have done so with a full conception of the difficulties he might meet, and what would be necessary to overcome them; for he is as well informed upon that subject, if not better, than any one else; having himself encountered the Mombutto in his exploration of the Congo to its mouth. While not without his defects, he is especially well qualified to conduct such an expedition, alike from his peculiar nature and the great experience he has had. He has displayed in his former explorations, and especially in his exploration of the Congo, remarkable geographical insight. I mean by that the quality for which the Duke of Wellington was celebrated; the ability to foresee from the nature of the country he has passed through, what the nature of the country will be that he is about to enter, and is not likely to be entrapped by unforeseen difficulties, or caught in an ambuscade.

I have not believed any of the reports of his death, etc., as I was not satisfied with the sources from which they emanated, and I do not put any reliance upon the recent report, in the newspapers, that the President of a Geographical Society at Lisle, in France, has received information of the massacre of Stanley and all his command, except two, who escaped. It is not impossible, but highly improbable, that such an important piece of intelligence should be first made known to a gentleman in an

interior town in the north of France. Over every part of the African coast that is in communication with the interior where Stanley is the greatest interest is felt respecting him and the expedition, and if a piece of intelligence so important as this should reach any part of the coast, it would quickly be brought to the nearest point of telegraphic communication and transmitted either to the Emin Bey Association in London, or to London, Brussels or Berlin, these cities being central points, where the latest intelligence from this part of Africa is generally received. The means of communication, moreover, between the coast and the interior is much greater now than it was a few years ago, so that if such an event had occurred as the massacre of Stanley and his whole command, the intelligence would not be long in reaching the coast.

Many things occur to me that would account for the delay in hearing from the expedition, but I think it unnecessary to go into such speculation. There is certainly ground for apprehension, but I have great confidence in Stanley's ability and in his thorough acquaintance with what he has undertaken, and shall place no reliance upon any report of disaster, or of his death, that is not thoroughly authenticated.

Since writing the above I have been asked my opinion of the telegram received recently from Zanzibar, respecting Stanley's expedition, brought by two couriers from Tabora to Zanzibar. It is to the effect that Arabs trading between Lake Mwutan Nzige and Tabora, which in a short line is about five hundred and fifty miles west of Zanzibar, met the rear guard of the expedition, consisting of thirty men, natives of Zanzibar, west of the lake and southeast of Sanga, which is in the Akka country about two hundred and twenty miles west of Wadelai, in November, 1887, Stanley then being two days ahead.

The information is that this rear guard had been then on the march for five days, after halting for three weeks in consequence of the illness of Stanley, who was then well. That the expedition had suffered a great deal in getting through a thick forest, where they could march only *a mile and a quarter* a day, that in their progress they had suffered greatly in the marshes, while many had died or disappeared ; that forty were drowned in crossing a great river, running from east to west ; that one white man

had died; that the expedition had frequently halted, expecting reinforcements from the Congo, and had been obliged to fight some tribes that refused to supply it with provisions; that these Arabs were told that Stanley had decided to march no longer in a northeasterly direction, but would go to the north, expecting thereby to avoid the swamps, and, after getting at a certain distance, that he would take an oblique line to the east, and go direct to Wadelai, where it was thought he would arrive in fifty days, or about the middle of January, 1888; that the Arab traders estimated the strength of the expedition, after all losses, at two hundred and fifty men, and that, in their opinion, it was strong enough to reach Wadelai.

I should require something more respecting the sources of this information than is contained in this telegram before giving it entire credence. It may be true, but it appears to me to contain too many exact details, which is not a characteristic of information transmitted in the way it has to be in Africa from the interior to the coast, unless it is transmitted in writing, which may have been the case, but is not so stated in the telegram. It is so particular and so in accordance with the recent views of geographers of Stanley's supposed difficulties, of a probable change in his route, and what that would be, that I hesitate to accept it without more information than is contained in the telegram. Previous accounts, purporting to be intelligence from the expedition, have been brought by messengers to Zanzibar during the past year, to the effect that Stanley was hemmed in by hostile tribes, together with rumors that he had several conflicts, with a large loss of men and of provisions, and had changed his course and gone in an unknown direction; so that anything purporting to be news from the expedition that is now received has to be carefully weighed and considered.

CHAS. P. DALY.

IN considering the question of the present condition of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, it will be necessary to keep in mind the following facts: Mr. Stanley left his camp on the Aruwimi June 28, 1887, with a force of over four hundred picked men, intending to go due east to Lake Albert Nyanza, a distance of about five hundred miles, the greater part of which

was absolutely unknown territory. He expected to march at least twelve miles a day, and, accordingly, to join Emin in August, and to be back on the Aruwimi in November.

In a dispatch dated August 15, Major Barttelot says: "A lagger on the march came in on August 12 and reported he had left Mr. Stanley at a river flowing north into the Aruwimi, eighteen days' march out from here. He reported all as well." From Mr. Stanley himself, however, there has come neither messenger nor communication of any kind since he left camp Yambunga.

Emin, meanwhile, having been apprised of Stanley's plans went up to the lake in October, and sent out a reconnoitering party to look for him, which returned without news. Emin's letter, dated November 2, stating this, is the last direct communication with this gallant officer. Last June news came that deserters from the expedition were said to have been picked up in April, who reported it to be in a very rough and mountainous region, coversed with dense forest, and inhabited by tribes made fiercely hostile by the false statements of the Arabs as to the object of the expedition; that a third part of the men had been lost, and that Stanley himself was wounded, but was still pressing on. Simultaneously with these rumors came the news that pilgrims at Suakin from the interior of the Sudan reported having seen an armed force in the province of Bahr-el-Gasal, to the northeast of Stanley's intended route, under the command of a "white pasha." About the same time messengers from Khartum reached Cairo, stating that the Mahdi had despatched in March a large force up the Nile to repel the unknown invader, and capture Emin. Since then reports have been received of the defeat of this force, and, very recently, additional rumors of the continued advance of the "white pasha."

These being the facts, what conclusions can we draw from them in regard to the fate of the expedition? At the outset I think it can be said without hesitation that the mere fact that nothing certain has been heard of Stanley for more than a year is no proof that he is dead or has even met with serious disaster. Sir Samuel Baker, with a much larger force, was for two years and five months entirely without communication, even with Khartum, though he was on a navigable river with steamers. It should be remembered that if Stanley, as is probable, has passed through a hostile coun-

try, it would be impossible for him to send back messengers to the Congo, while the only other avenues of communication with Europe to the north by the Nile or the east by Uganda and Zanzibar are absolutely closed.

With equal confidence it can be asserted that the expedition has not been destroyed, up to within at least four months, by the natives. It is wellnigh inconceivable that so large and well-appointed a force should have been annihilated without the knowledge of the Arabs of the Upper Congo basin. Although the tidings of Stanley's death or failure would be welcome to them, Major Barttelot reports them as believing Stanley to be alive.

The same conclusion can be drawn, though less confidently, in regard to disaster from natural causes. There are three grave dangers to which the expedition was exposed, each of which would cause an indefinite delay of its progress. It might have to pass through a sterile and uninhabited country of unknown extent. In this case not only would exploring parties have to be sent out, but supplies sufficient for a long march would have to be collected, tasks which might well consume months of time. If his carriers deserted him, Stanley's progress would for the time be absolutely stopped. From this cause Baker was "for three months starving in one spot."

It is certain that the expedition, in order to reach Emin, would have to pass through a district which is converted into a swamp during the rainy season, which, it should be noted, set in shortly after its departure from the Congo. From Emin's own experience we can learn the difficulty of overcoming this obstacle. For days he marched through a region where "the water between each single thicket reached up to our necks, and the roots caught our feet like nooses."

The "sudd," however, is the gravest danger to which Mr. Stanley will be exposed if he has been obliged to turn to the northeastward from his intended route, as most authorities appear to regard as nearly certain. This is the name given to the vast floating masses of vegetation which at times form almost impassable dams, especially in the rivers of the province of Bahr-el-Gasal. So compact is their mass, says a European officer in the Sudan, who made a study of them, that they at times destroy all river life, containing not merely innumerable dead fishes, but "even the bodies of crocodiles and hippopotami who have per-

ished there." Sir Samuel Baker encountered these sudds several times. On one occasion he says: "We have been hard at work for thirteen days with a thousand men, during which time we have traveled only twelve miles." At another time six of his vessels were destroyed by the sudden breaking up of the sudd. In October, 1880, Gessi Pasha, one of Gordon's lieutenants and governor of this province, with a force of about five hundred men, on a steamer and four boats, was imprisoned by the sudd over three months. When he was rescued—for he was unable to extricate himself—four hundred of his people had perished of starvation, and he himself died soon after from the terrible sufferings to which he had been subjected, from anxiety, the want of food, the heat, and the pestilential atmosphere. Stanley, however, was thoroughly aware of this danger, and we can confidently assume that he would take every precaution against meeting a similar fate.

If the expedition still exists, as all persons without exception, so far as my knowledge goes, well-informed about Africa, believe to be the case, and is not absolutely at a standstill, it is now in one of two regions. Stanley has either stuck to his original plan, has reached the lake and has been joined by Emin. The latter may have been obliged to retreat to the southward by the Mahdi's force, and in that case the two would probably go to Msalala, about 500 miles distant to the south of Lake Victoria Nyanza, where a supply camp has been formed for Mr. Stanley. This probability is the stronger from the fact that Stanley's unexpected delay may have led to the exhaustion of the supplies which he was carrying to Emin.

The other alternative is, however, the one which I am most inclined to hold. The weight of evidence seems to point to the fact that the expedition did turn to the northeast into the province of Bahr-el-Gasal; that it has successfully overcome all obstacles to its progress, and has defeated the Mahdi's army, possibly in conjunction with Emin, who was reported to have gone down the Nile to anticipate the attack about to be made upon him. This he would hardly have done unless Stanley had joined him or he had learned of his presence in the country to the north of his province. That is, I believe Stanley to be the "White Pasha."

JAMES M. HUBBARD.

On the 18th of June, it was a year since Stanley had left his camp on the Aruvimi, and since that day he has not been heard of. His presumptuous hope of reaching Wadelai at the end of July proved fallacious, and the unflagging confidence of the public was followed by long-continued anxiety for his safety. What has become of Stanley? What was the fate of his expedition, the speedy equipment and starting of which was prompted by the most humane of motives—the desire to help an unfortunate, noble man, who struggled against fanatic enemies for promoting the welfare of his province and the people that had been entrusted to his care?

During the slow progress of the expedition up the Congo Stanley's grudgers were busy spreading alarming and discouraging news. Later on, when all communication with the expedition had ceased, the same envious persons continued to spread false reports of Stanley's death, of the destruction of his caravan and the total failure of his expedition. All these reports may be traced to the boulevards of Paris, where the great work of the Congo Free State is watched jealously, and where the loss of the long hoped for supremacy in Central Africa is still grieved at. Therefore we may discard a consideration of all these reports.

Month elapsed after month, and no news was received. Letters came from Emin's Province—some from the southern point of Lake Albert Nyanza—Stanley was not heard of. The distance from this point to Yambuya Rapids, on the Aruvimi, does not seem very long, and great disappointment was felt at the prolonged lack of information.

Is there any cause for evil anticipations? Is it probable that Stanley has perished? Let us consider the state of affairs.

On June 23 and on July 12, 1887, Stanley sent letters recording his progress up the Aruvimi. He had a caravan of 50 Europeans and 465 soldiers and carriers. At Yambuya, which was first visited by Stanley in 1883, he left Major Barttelot in command of a rear guard, consisting of four Europeans and 125 soldiers. As soon as carriers could be obtained, Barttelot was to start with his forces and supplies and follow Stanley. Tippoo-Tib, the well-known Arab trader, had promised to send the necessary number of carriers from the upper Kongo, but failed to do so until about a year after Stanley's departure. In December, 1887, several deserters from Stanley's caravan were met with by Arabs

on the upper Aruvimi. They told that they had left the expedition after five months' hard traveling in a mountainous region, which they described as very populous. According to their reports, several fights against the natives took place, and in one of these struggles Stanley was said to be wounded. Barttelot started northeastward in July, but was slain by one of his carriers. The caravan was at once scattered. Thus Stanley's rear guard was destroyed; the ammunition and provisions it carried were lost.

No further reports were received from the Kongo, but some interesting information has come from Zanzibar. Up to the end of last year Emin Pacha was in regular communication with Unyoro and Uganda. Then, all of a sudden, Kabrega, King of Unyoro, who had so far been friendly to Emin, prevented all further intercourse, and since November, 1887, we are without news from the Equatorial Province. Quite recently some Arabs trading between Lakes Muta Nzige, Moutan Nzige and Tabora claim to have met Stanley's rear guard southeast of Sango. Between the place, which was visited by Junker in 1882, and Lake Moutan Nzige, lies the unknown district Stanley has to traverse. The strength of the caravan was estimated at about two hundred and fifty men, the country was described as swampy and thickly wooded.

Our first conclusion from these reports is that the prime object of Stanley's expedition has not been attained. His own caravan has been so much weakened by the loss of the rear guard under Barttelot and by the prolonged march through a difficult country, that he cannot be of any material assistance to Emin. The latter wants ammunition and various European manufactures; even if Stanley has left a small supply of these, it can be no more than a temporary relief to Emin, who needs a continuous open route of intercourse with the coast, either by way of the Kongo or of the great lakes of East Africa. It is hardly necessary to state that Stanley has not opened a route between the Kongo and Waldelai; and it must be considered a fundamental mistake in organizing his expedition, that this object was not clearly kept in mind, or that the difficulties of establishing such a work were underestimated.

However, we feel no serious anxiety as to Stanley's safety. Of course, traveling in Africa is dangerous, and the malignant climate may sweep away even the hardiest and most experienced traveler;

the arrow of a hostile native may strike Stanley, as it happened to other travelers. But setting aside this point, neither the long delay of his arrival at Wadelai, nor the various reports which reached us from time to time, contain anything which justifies apprehensions regarding the destruction of the caravan. First of all, the latest news from the East Coast are from November, 1887. The vague report of the Arabs who claim to have met Stanley's rear guard may or may not be true. There is no way of telling whether Stanley has reached Emin since November, 1887, or not. The rumored presence of a "white pasha" in the Bar-el-Gazal region is too indefinite to be adduced as making it probable that Stanley had entered that district.

If anything had happened to Stanley; if his expedition had perished, what would have been the effect? The arrival of a caravan of such magnitude, headed by fifty Europeans, coming from a distant country, nobody knows from where, going to unknown regions, unknown to the natives, is an event of such importance in African life, that it is much talked about. The destruction of such a caravan would be so impressing to the native mind, that the news would spread rapidly all over the country and reach a European station somewhere. But does news travel any distances in Africa? Remember the days when the interior was still unknown! Rumors of the immense distant lakes were afloat in Zanzibar and our cartographers excelled one the other in giving the fabulous inland sea wonderful extent and form. Everywhere the natives are able to describe the country hundreds of miles distant from their homes. Intertribal communication in Africa is highly developed. You may enter the continent at any point and cross it in all directions without ever leaving a well trodden trail, few regions excepted. That this is true also in regard to the region Stanley has to traverse, is shown by Junker's travels and inquiries. It seems that the tribes west of Lake Moutan Nzige have little intercourse with their eastern neighbors, but there is no indication that the tribes on the upper Aruvimi are isolated from their western and southern neighbors. On the contrary, the occurrence of similar types of implements all over the region north of the Kongo shows that there exists a continuous intercourse between the various tribes. Therefore, it seems probable, that if Stanley had perished on his march to Wadelai, the news would have reached the Kongo

and Tanganyika somewhere. It may be assumed that three or four months would have sufficed to carry the news from Lake Moutan Nzige to the Kongo.

The slowness of Stanley's progress does not make us wonder. Junker describes the region to be crossed as full of swamps and impenetrable forests. The size of the caravan makes it very difficult to procure the necessary supplies, and necessitates long halts at short intervals. The region is inhabited by numerous petty tribes, which are unable to cause serious obstacles. If there existed any nation of considerable power or extent, it would be known in the neighboring districts.

Therefore we look confidently forward to a day when the telegraph will inform us of the fact that Stanley and Emin have joined hands.

And after that ? Both men will be in no better position than that in which Emin is at present. From the north, Arabian fanatacism is still threatening to swamp the Equatorial Province. In the south, the kings of Unyoro and Uganda are jealously watching Emin ; and undoubtedly opposed to any increase of his power. To the north, east, south and southwest Arabian slave traders, hostile to all European influence, are ravaging the native villages. The recent events in East Africa show their influence over the natives, their power to obstruct the work of European nations, and the general hatred against the whites which has ever been growing since the decadence of the Sultanate of Zanzibar. Thus Stanley and Emin are in a worse position than the latter alone before the "relief expedition" was undertaken, and Stanley's fate will be inseparably connected with that of Emin. Strenuous efforts, starting from the east coast, must be made, to liberate the enterprising explorer and to enable the persevering governor to carry on his work.

DR. FRANZ BOAS.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

As time passes and the period rapidly approaches when in the course of nature my tongue must be silent, and the pen drop from my fingers, it seems but right that I should record some of the thousand and one reminiscences of a somewhat eventful career which may concern others, and may in the future be conducive to the good of my fellow mortals.

In June, 1840, I graduated at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, and in common with my classmates was granted a three months furlough to repair to my home to prepare for active service with my regiment in Florida. My home was then in the family of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, at Lancaster, Ohio. This family was large, occupying one of the best mansions of that ancient village, and among the family were two boys "cousins" of about eleven years of age, as bright and handsome as ever were two thoroughbred colts in a blue-grass pasture of Kentucky.

Being myself a full-fledged graduate of the National Military Academy, and a commissioned officer in the Third U. S. Artillery with a salary of $65 a month, *all* in gold, I could hardly stoop to notice these lads, but was informed that they were attending the select school of Mr. Lyons, an English gentleman, a classical scholar, uncle to the Lord Lyons who long represented Great Britain at Washington, and since has represented his country in Paris up to the time of his recent death. This teacher, Mr. Lyons, being a younger brother without estate, though with Oxford education, like many thousands of strangers, had come to America for a maintenance, working out the great unseen problem of life which often startles us with its results; for I honestly believe that the bias given to the minds of Jim Blaine and Tom Ewing, Jr., at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1840–1, by Mr. Lyons, has furnished us two of our brightest national luminaries.

Blaine's history from that time forth is well known to all who seek the truth, and I propose to limit myself in this article to a single episode, or it may be to two, of his brilliant career.

In 1846–8 occurred the war with Mexico. General Zachary Taylor commanded our troops invading Mexico from the direction of Texas, and General Winfield Scott those from Vera Cruz. Both campaigns were eminently successful, and both leaders were afterwards sought for by the politicians of their day as Presidential candidates. I believe the military world will accord to General Scott the higher war honors; but General Taylor had been equally brave, heroic, and successful, and moreover possessed those personal qualities of patience, subordination, and honesty which always command popular applause. Therefore, although the civilian politicians had expected to profit by the Mexican War, the American people chose for their President in November, 1849, General Zachary Taylor.

At the time of his election he was a major-general in the army of the United States, which commission he resigned January 31, 1849, and was inaugurated President, March 4, 1849. He was then possessed of property in Kentucky, and a sugar plantation with slaves in Louisiana.

His family was composed of his son Richard, who for a time was with his father in Mexico and at Washington, who afterwards settled in Louisiana and went off to the Southern Confederacy with the stampede of 1861; a daughter, Mrs. Ann M. Wood, wife of the eminent army surgeon, Robert C. Wood, and Mrs. Betty Bliss, wife of Major W. W. S. Bliss, then universally known and respected as General Taylor's most faithful military adjutant and private secretary. At that date, 1850, Mrs. Wood was with her husband at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and Mrs. Bliss did the honors of the White House in Washington, from March 4, 1849, till her father's death. With them all I had a more or less intimate acquaintance. Surgeon Wood attended General Taylor in his last fatal illness, but his great skill and kindness were unavailing, President Taylor died July 9, 1850, and his family afterwards became scattered.

Long years passed, the "Great Conspiracy of 1861" was hatched, and the Civil War was at its crisis. In April, 1864, I found myself at Nashville, Tennessee, charged with a heavy load of responsibility, but I had plenty of good men to help me,

among them this same surgeon, Robert C. Wood, then promoted to be Assistant Surgeon-General, who had become an old man, with a young heart and a big soul. He was posted at Louisville to receive, care for and professionally treat the hundreds and thousands of poor fellows doomed to drift to the rear in the mad onslaught then preparing. He met his responsibilities like a man, and his letters which I preserve are proof to me that this world is not as bad as represented. I went on, never saw him again, and only afterwards read in the Gazette that Assistant Surgeon-General Robert C. Wood died March 28, 1869, having served his country faithfully since 1825—full forty-four years.

In the year 1873 General U. S. Grant was President of the United States. I was General in Chief of the armies of the United States, and James G. Blaine was Speaker of the House of Representatives. All were resident in Washington, D. C. I was seated in my office at the old War Department, now destroyed and replaced by a better one, when my orderly produced the card of "Mrs. Wood," widow of the late Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A. Of course I instructed him to show the lady in. She was deeply veiled, then not uncommon by reason of the many dependent widows and orphans who thronged the national capital to appeal for help. She, without unveiling, handed me a letter in the familiar handwriting of the venerable General David Hunter, asking me to befriend "the bearer." Casting my eyes over it, I exclaimed, "What! are you the widow of my old Surgeon-General Wood, and the daughter of General Zachary Taylor?" "Yes," she answered, raised her veil and revealed her features, then of an old lady, but beyond question the daughter of General Zachary Taylor. "Dear Mrs. Wood, what does this mean? What can I do for you?" She replied, "I do not know, but General Hunter, our steadfast friend, has sent me to you," and she went on to explain: "When my husband died in 1869, I supposed I had estate enough to satisfy my moderate wants. I went to Louisiana, took possession of the old sugar plantation, collected a few of the old slaves with promises of wages or shares, tried to make a living, but everything was out of joint. I then tried a lease with no better success. Now my daughter writes me from Austria that she is very sick and begs me to come to her. General Sherman! I *must* go to my daughter, and I have not a cent. My old friends are all dead, and I know

not what to do." I naturally inquired how much money was necessary? She said a thousand dollars. I had not the money. General Hunter had not the money. How about your pension? "When my husband died after forty-four years of faithful service in the Florida War, in the Mexican War, and the great Civil War, I thought I could take care of myself and never asked for a pension, but now my child calls to me from abroad." "Mrs. Wood, I am sure we can easily make up a case under the General Pension Law, which will give you $30 a month, but it can only date from the time of your formal application." "What good will that do me?" she exclaimed, "my daughter is calling for me *now!* My passage across the ocean will cost $120, and the incidental expenses afterwards will run up to a full thousand." After a few moments' thought I said: "Mrs. Wood, we must get a *special* bill, putting your name on the same list with that of Mrs. General Worth, Mrs. General Sumner and others, and have this special pension to date back to your husband's death, viz.: March 28, 1869. This will require an act of Congress. What member of that body do you know from Louisiana?" "Alas, none." "What member from Kentucky?" "Not one." "Do you know anybody in Congress?" "Not a single member." "Don't you know Mr. Blaine? He is the Speaker of the House, a fellow of infinite wit and of unbounded generosity?" No, she had never met Mr. Blaine. "Now, my dear Mrs. Wood, can you meet me this afternoon at the Speaker's Room, say, at 4 P. M., punctually?" "I will do anything," she answered, "that you advise." "Then meet me at the Speaker's Room, south wing of the Capitol, at 4 o'clock this evening." Of course she did.

I was there ahead of time, sent my card to Mr. Speaker Blaine, who was in his chair presiding over a noisy House, but who, as always, responded quickly to my call. In a few words, I explained the whole case, and we went together to the Speaker's Room across the hall, behind the "Chair," where sat the lady, closely veiled. No courtier since the days of Charlemagne ever approached a lady with more delicacy and grace than did Mr. Speaker Blaine the afflicted widow of Surgeon Wood, the daughter of General Zachary Taylor, a former President of the United States. After a few words of inquiry and explanation, he turned to me, and said: "Great God! has it come to this, that the daughter of Zachary Taylor, and the widow of a faithful

army surgeon who served his country and mankind all his life, should be here knocking at the doors of Congress for the pitiful pension of fifty dollars a month ?" I could only answer : "'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Turning to Mrs. Wood, Blaine continued : "Your father was the first man I ever shouted for as President, and for you, his daughter, I will do all a man can in this complicated government. I will make your case my own. Don't leave this city till you hear from me." Finding I had touched the proper chord of his generous nature, I advised Mrs. Wood to return to General Hunter's, and await the result. Blaine escorted her to the stairway with many friendly expressions, returned to the Speaker's chair, and resumed his functions.

I did not remain, but learned from a friend afterwards the sequel. Blaine sat in his chair about an hour, giving attention to the business of the House, occasionally scribbling on a bit of paper, and when a lull occurred he called some member to take his place and walked straight to Mr. Holman, the "Universal Objector," saying: "Holman, I have a little matter of great interest which I want to rush through, please don't 'object.'" "What is it ?" "A special pension for the widow of Surgeon Wood, the daughter of General Zachary Taylor." "Is it all right ?" "Of course it is all right, and every American should blush that this thing could be." "Well," said Holman, "go ahead ; I will be out of the way, in the cloak-room." Watching his opportunity, James G. Blaine, as a Member of Congress for Maine, got the eye and ear of the Acting Speaker, made one of his most eloquent and beautiful speeches, introduced his little bill for the pension of Mrs. Wood for $50 a month, to date back to the time of Surgeon Wood's death (about four years), which would give her about $2,400 of arrears and $600 a year for life. It was *rushed* through the House by unanimous consent, and Blaine followed it through to the Senate and to the President, where it became law, and this most deserving lady was enabled to go to Austria to be with her daughter in her illness. I understand that both are now dead, and that the overflowing treasury of the United States is no longer taxed by this pension, but I must rescue from oblivion the memory of this pure act of unrecorded benevolence.

Pensions are not always matters of legal contract but of charity, which blesses him who gives as well as receives ; and I of all men

fully recognize the difficulty of making pensions subject to the tender feelings of an executive officer; but when I discover an instance illustrating the genuine feeling, no one should object to my recording it and printing it if need be.

There is another phase in Mr. Blaine's character of which I, and I *alone*, can testify. The press of our country supposes that it controls public opinion and public events. Whereas in fact prudent men conceal their most important thoughts. During the Civil War the Northern press was not friendly to the generals who succeeded, but lavished flattery without limit on the "failures" and on our distinguished opponents.

Well do I recall General McPherson's exclamation a few days before his heroic death: "Sherman, why is it that our Ohio papers, especially those of Cincinnati, continue their abuse of Grant, and you, and me, all natives of Ohio, who surely are doing our very best?" I could only answer that I did not know except that it was easier for the editors and reporters to fight battles in their safe offices in the North than among the rocks, ravines and rivers of the South. Yet we soldiers did eventually win the battle, and restored the country to its normal condition of law and peace.

In peace, also, the press is generally hostile to whomsoever is prominent and *positive*. Let any man rise above the common level, and the cry goes forth, crucify him! crucify him!—the same old story! Nevertheless, I honestly believe the people of the United States to be a thinking people; that the press chiefly records the gossip of the day, and that the future of our beloved land is safe in the custody of its good, industrious citizens. To be sure it sometimes requires an earthquake like that of 1861 to arouse them to serious thought.

In the year of our Lord 1884, there was to be a sharp contest for the nomination in Chicago for a presidential candidate of the Republican party. The press and people generally believed that Blaine wanted it, and everybody turned to him as the man best qualified to execute the policy to accomplish the result aimed at. Still, abnegating himself, he wrote to me from Washington this letter:

"*Confidential, strictly and absolutely so.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 25, 1884.

"MY DEAR GENERAL:

"This letter requires no answer. After reading it file it away in your most secret drawer or give it to the flames.

"At the approaching convention at Chicago it is more than possible, it is indeed not improbable, that you may be nominated for the Presidency. If so you must stand your hand, accept the responsibility and assume the duties of the place to which you will surely be chosen if a candidate.

"You must not look upon it as the work of the politicians. If it comes to you it will come as the ground swell of popular demand, and you can no more refuse than you could have refused to obey an order when you were a lieutenant in the army. If it comes to you at all it will come as a call of patriotism. It would in such an event injure your great fame as much to decline it as it would for you to seek it. Your historic record, full as it is, would be rendered still more glorious by such an administration as you would be able to give the country. Do not say a word in advance of the convention, no matter who may ask you. You are with your friends who will jealously guard your honor and renown.

"Your friend, JAMES G. BLAINE."

To which I replied:

"912 GARRISON AVENUE,
"ST. LOUIS, MO., *May* 28, 1884.

"HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I have received your letter of the 25th, shall construe it as absolutely confidential, not intimating even to any member of my family that I have heard from you, and though you may not expect an answer I hope you will not construe one as unwarranted.

"I have had a great many letters from all points of the compass to a similar effect, one or two of which I have answered frankly, but the great mass are unanswered.

"I ought not to submit myself to the cheap ridicule of declining what is not offered, but it is only fair to the many really able men who rightfully aspire to the high honor of being President of the United States, to let them know that I am not and must not be construed as a rival. In every man's life occurs an epoch when he must choose his own career and when he may *not* throw off the responsibility, or tamely place his destiny in the hands of friends. Mine occurred in Louisiana, when, in 1861, alone in the midst of a people blinded by supposed wrongs, I resolved to stand by the Union as long as a fragment of it survived on which to cling. Since then, through faction, tempest, war and peace, my career has been all my family and friends could ask. We are now in a good house of our own choice, with reasonable provisions for old age, surrounded by kind and admiring friends, in a community where Catholicism is held in respect and veneration, and where my children will naturally grow up in contact with an industrious and frugal people. You have known and appreciated Mrs. Sherman from childhood, have also known each and all the members of my family, and can understand without an explanation from me how their thoughts and feelings should and ought to influence my action. But I will not even throw off on them the responsibility.

"I will not in any event entertain or accept a nomination as a candidate for President by the Chicago Republican Convention, or any other convention, for reasons personal to myself. I claim that the Civil War, in which I simply did a man's fair share of work, so perfectly accomplished peace that military men have an absolute right to rest, and to demand that the men who have been schooled in the arts and practice of peace shall now do their work equally well. Any Senator can step from his chair at the Capitol into the White House and fulfill the office of President with more skill and success than a Grant, Sherman or Sheridan, who were soldiers by education and nature, who filled well their office when the country was in danger, but were not schooled in the practice by which civil communities are and should be governed. I claim that our experience since 1865 demonstrates the truth of this my proposition. Therefore I say that patriotism does not demand of me what I construe as a sacrifice of judgment, of inclination, and of self-interest.

"I have my personal affairs in a state of absolute safety and comfort. I owe no man a cent, have no expensive habits, envy no man his wealth or power, no confpli-

cations or indirect liabilities, and would account myself a fool, a madman, an ass, to embark anew at sixty-five years of age in a career that may become at any moment tempest-tossed by perfidy, the defalcation, the dishonesty or neglect of any single one of a hundred thousand subordinates utterly unknown to the President of the United States, not to say the eternal worriment by a vast host of impecunious friends and old military subordinates. Even as it is I am tortured by the charitable appeals of poor, distressed pensioners, but as President these would be multiplied beyond human endurance.

"I remember well the experience of Generals Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant, Hayes, and Garfield, all elected because of their military services, and am warned, not encouraged, by their sad experiences.

"The civilians of the United States should and must buffet with this thankless office, and leave us old soldiers to enjoy the peace we fought for, and think we earned. With profound respect,

"Your friend, W. T. SHERMAN."

These letters prove absolutely that Mr. Blaine, though qualified, waived to me personally a nomination which the world still believes he then coveted for himself.

For copies of these letters I believe I have been importuned a thousand times, but as a soldier I claim the privilege of unmasking my batteries when I please.

In looking over my letter-book of that period I find one recorded and dated two weeks *before* the Blaine letter, which is to me more satisfactory than any other, and therefore I embrace it in this article, which I want to be complete and final on this subject matter, viz. :

"912 GARRISON AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, Mo., *May* 16, 1884.

"HON. M. C. BUTT, Virogna, Wis.

"MY DEAR SIR : I infer from your letter of May 14, just received, that you are one of those soldiers who served under me in the Rebellion, and that you entertain for me that most acceptable feeling of love and confidence which I value more than gold and riches. I also infer that you are a delegate to the Republican Convention to meet at Chicago early in June, to select out of the great number of eminent and experienced men a candidate for President.

"I am embarrassed by the receipt of many private letters intimating that my name may be presented, and that as an American officer and citizen I have no right to decline. It is simply exposing myself to ridicule to answer declining what is not offered, and probably never will be; and, as a rule, such letters are ignored; but you are a Delegate, and, in my opinion, have a higher title in being a member of that Army which made our Government permanent and most honored among the Nations of the earth, therefore entitled to an answer.

"At this moment of time no danger or necessity exists which can make such a personal sacrifice necessary on my part. My brother, Senator Sherman, is fully advised of my views, so is my neighbor, ex-Senator Henderson, who will be at Chicago as a delegate from Missouri, and both should relieve me of any embarrassment, for I will not allow the use of my name as a candidate. I have a thousand reasons, any one of which to me is good and sufficient, and I claim the full benefit of the freedom for which we fought of choosing for myself my own course of action in life. I do not want my old comrades to think me eccentric or unreasonable, but to concede to me the simple privilege of living out my own time in peace and comfort.

"This letter is meant for yourself alone and not for the public.

"With great respect,

"Yours, &c., W. T. SHERMAN."

In giving to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW at this late day these letters, which thus far have remained hidden in my private files, I commit no breach of confidence, and to put at rest a matter of constant inquiry referred to in my letter of May 28, 1884, I here record that my immediate family are strongly Catholic. I am *not* and cannot be. That is all the public has a right to know; nor do I wish to be construed as departing from a resolve made forty years ago never to embark in politics. The brightest and best youth of our land have been drawn into that maelstrom, and their wrecked fortunes strew the beach of the Ocean of Time. My memory even in its short time brings up names of victims by the hundreds, if not thousands.

Still American citizens should take an interest in public events, because with them resides the ultimate power, the "Sovereignty." We have thrown overboard the old doctrine of the Divine right of kings, and substituted "The will of the people," and the civilized world looks toward America for a solution of the greatest problem of human existence and happiness, *good government;* this is only possible by watching jealously and closely the drift of public events.

Thus far as a nation we have met every phase, colonial and national, military and civil, and in my judgment the people of the United States have in the past fifty years accomplished larger physical results than those of Asia in a thousand years or of Europe in five hundred years. I am equally convinced that our people in every section are more intelligent, more temperate, and enjoy more of the comforts of life than did our immediate ancestors. So that we are well warranted in allowing the drift of public events to continue as now, as little disturbed by artificial obstructions as possible. 'Tis true that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and citizens should and must watch the conduct of their chosen agents. Acts are substantial, words and professions are only idle wind; none but men who have *done* well should be chosen to office. The worst men always *promise* most—and of all things the Nation should not be represented abroad by men who *labored* to destroy the Government. Again, the incident recently reported as having occurred at Richmond, Virginia, of displaying the Rebel flag in a procession to which Union men were invited, among them the venerable Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, one of the famous war governors, who

to my personal knowledge has gone to the extreme limit of possibility to create a perfect reconciliation, was calculated to arouse feelings which it were wiser to allow to die out. We now have a common country, a common destiny, and but a single national flag.

I was glad to receive from high authority the assurance that the affair had been greatly exaggerated. Still it is well to emphasize the fact that the Rebel flag went down *forever* at Appomattox, and cannot be resurrected without protest, if not actual bloodshed.

W. T. SHERMAN.

MADNESS AND MURDER.

THE propensity to kill exists to a greater or less extent in the mind of every human being without exception. In some it consists in a desire to take the life of fish, in others of birds, in others of deer or buffalo, and in still others of larger and more dangerous animals, such as tigers, elephants, and lions. In some, but few as compared with the number of those who delight in taking the lives of the lower animals, the impulse is shown towards other men or women. It is, however, very much a matter of education, the condition of life, or the attendant circumstances. The Prince of Wales kills a hundred pheasants before luncheon—the King of Dahomey kills a half a dozen of his wives before breakfast. It is to be supposed that each is actuated by the love of pleasure. If the acts in question of either of these potentates caused him pain it is quite certain that neither the pheasants nor the wives would be immolated.

This desire to destroy life is often exhibited during the very earliest stages of infancy. In fact it is inborn, instinctive, and no amount of civilization or refinement is sufficient to abolish it altogether. Some individuals may succeed in keeping it down, but even the mildest mannered man that ever lived possesses it ready to dominate him when a sufficient exciting cause arises, and many another struggles against it with tears and prayers to yield to it at last, and then, perhaps, to destroy himself immediately afterward.

An apparently motiveless murder is usually regarded as the result of insanity in the perpetrator; but there is really no such thing as a motiveless murder. If there were no motive there would be no reason why the murder should take place, and, consequently, there would be no murder. The people who possess in an inordinate degree the propensity to kill their fellow-creatures are generally skillful in concealing their motives, and, again, are

actuated by reasons which are altogether inadequate from a normal standpoint.

In another class of cases the impulse consists of an idea occurring in the mind of an individual contrary to his sense of what is right and proper, and urging him to the perpetration of an act repugnant to his conscience and wishes as developed by the education he has received. Here the inborn propensity to kill or to commit some other act of violence ceases to lie dormant and carries its possessor irresistibly toward the accomplishment of the object to which it is directed. There is no delusion and no necessary emotional disturbance, except such as would naturally result in a well-disposed person from the existence in him of predominant impulse to commit crime, neither does he exhibit any deficiency of intellect. He is perfectly aware of the nature of the act he is prompted to perpetrate, and acts simply because he is impelled thereto by a force which he feels himself powerless to resist. Very often he manifests calmness and deliberation, at other times agitation and excitement. He does not for a moment lose consciousness, as does the epileptic, who may also commit acts of violence under the influence of a paroxysm, and when his impulse has been satisfied or his purpose changed by any momentary but more powerful cause, he recollects distinctly all the circumstances of the occasion.

It frequently happens that the subject of a morbid impulse to kill struggles successfully against the force that actuates him even when on the very point of yielding, or when he takes such means as experience has shown him are sufficient to direct him, or the impulse disappears apparently spontaneously or as a consequence of appropriate medical or correctional treatment.

Very slight causes are often sufficient to destroy or overcome the morbid impulse. The case is cited of a distinguished chemist and an amiable man who, feeling himself impelled to commit murder and knowing his inability to resist, voluntarily placed himself in a *maison de santé*. Tormented by the impulse to kill, he often prostrated himself before the altar and implored the Almighty to deliver him from the atrocious power that controlled him and the origin of which he could not explain. When he felt that his will was yielding, he went to the superintendent of the asylum and had him tie his hands together with a ribbon, the mere semblance of restraint being sufficient to control him.

On the other hand, the case is cited of a man who, rather than yield to an impulse to kill his wife, which he felt was rapidly becoming irresistible, cut off his right arm. Honest human nature could not go much farther than this.

Again, all the efforts of the affected individual are apparently unsuccessful, and the deed to which he is impelled is committed. I say *apparently*, because we never can be quite sure that the subject has exercised all his will power, or availed himself of all those means to prevent the accomplishment of his act which ordinary reason would suggest. When he effectually resists, there are not wanting those who will declare that the case is not one of morbid impulse; while, when he yields at once or eventually, these same persons will just as strongly affirm that the impulse was irresistible. Several cases have come under my observation in which patients have confessed to me that they have had impulses to commit various kinds of crimes which they have been barely able to resist. These people have passed through life attending faithfully to their several duties, and entirely unsuspected of contending with themselves in so terrible a manner.

I was once consulted by a young man for symptoms indicating the existence of cerebral hyperæmia. He had pain in his head, dizziness, and was unable to sleep. He informed me that he had been for several months constantly troubled by a force, which was inexplicable to him, to kill a friend who was employed in the same office with him. Upon one occasion he had gone so far as to secretly put strychnia into a mug of ale which he had invited the young man to drink; but just as the intended victim was raising the vessel to his lips, he had, as if by accident, knocked it out of his hand. Every morning he had awakened with the impulse so strong upon him that he felt certain he would carry it out before the day closed, but he had always been able to overcome it.

This young man reasoned perfectly well in regard to his impulse, and very candidly admitted, and I entirely agreed with him, that if he had yielded and committed the murder he ought to have been punished to the full extent of the law.

A lady several years ago was brought to me by her husband for advice in regard to her mental condition. She told me her own story as nearly as possible in the following words, which I transcribe from my note-book:

"I had been feeling quite badly for several days, had not slept well, and was suffering from slight but continuous pain in the head and vertigo. Moreover, I had some little confusion of mind, as shown by the fact that I could not collect my thoughts, and called things often by their wrong names. I was not depressed in spirits, though I felt uncomfortable enough. This morning I awoke after a particularly restless night; I went to the window, drew aside the curtain, and looked down into the street. A slight snow followed by rain had fallen, and the sidewalks were slushy and slippery. All at once, with a suddenness and force that were overwhelming, the idea came into my head to throw myself from the window. I opened it hastily, and was in the act of plunging down headforemost, when my attention was attracted by a boy with a basket of bread on his arm slipping on the pavement, and falling in the street. I burst into a hearty laugh; my impulse was gone. I closed the window, gave a cry, and fell to the floor in a fainting condition. I recovered consciousness in a moment or two, and found my husband bending ever me. I recollected everything that had happened. The print of my hands was still in the snow on the windowsill, and the boy had really fallen as I had described. Since then, I have been feeling much better, but I am afraid of myself, for I don't know what impulse may come upon me next."

It will be seen, therefore, that an impulse of the kind under consideration may be sudden and may exhaust itself by a single occurrence; or it may be continuous, lasting with more or less intensity for weeks, months, or even years. It may then disappear without its ever having been fulfilled; or it may be acted upon and may then either be repeated, or vanish, or it may result in the subject passing into a more generalized type of insanity.

The principle of suggestion is often the exciting cause of crimes which are thought to be motiveless. The sight of a suitable weapon may prompt to a homicide. Persons have hanged themselves on the suggestion excited by the sight of a rope. A lady seeing a vial labeled "nitric acid" on a table in my consulting room, seized it, and, putting it to her lips, would have swallowed the contents if I had not fortunately perceived her in time and knocked it from her hands. As it was she only succeeded in spoiling an elegant gown.

Even a word spoken in jest, under certain circumstances, may

be sufficient. A physician having received for dissection the body of a man who had commited suicide by cutting his throat, but who had done this in such a manner that his death did not take place until after an interval of great suffering, jokingly remarked to his attendant, "If you have any fancy to cut your throat, don't do it in such a bungling way as this; a little more to the left, here, and you will cut the carotid artery." The individual to whom this dangerous advice was given was a sober, steady man, with a family and a comfortable subsistence. He had never manifested the slightest tendency to suicide, and had, apparently, no motive to commit it. And yet, strange to say, the sight of the corpse and the observation made by the physician, suggested to him the idea of self-destruction, and this took such firm hold of him that he carried it into execution, fortunately, however, without profiting by the anatomical instruction he had received—he did not cut the carotid artery.

A young man who consulted me had ruined several handsome dresses worn by ladies by throwing oil of vitriol upon them. He came to be cured of a propensity which was painful to him, but which he felt powerless to overcome.

"A handsome dress," he said, "acts upon me very much as I suppose a piece of red cloth does upon an infuriated bull: I must attack it. A bull uses his horns, while I use vitriol. I do not know why the idea ever came into my head. But one day I passed a lady in the street who was wearing a very elegant silk gown, and suddenly I felt the impulse to spoil it. I went into the nearest apothecary shop and bought some vitriol. Then brushing by her I managed to empty the contents of the vial on her gown. The act caused me great pleasure. Since then I have ruined a hundred handsome dresses in the same way."

Marc relates the case of a nurse who felt the impulse to murder the infant she took care of whenever she saw its naked skin. She threw herself on her knees before her mistress and begged to be discharged, declaring that the whiteness of the child's skin excited in her the idea of murder, and that she could no longer resist the impulse.

Several years since I had under my charge a lady who whenever she saw the naked shoulders of a young child felt an impulse, which she declared she could not resist, to bite the skin. She had thus inflicted very disagreeable wounds on the children of

her friends, and was finally arrested on the charge of assault, but the matter was hushed up on her promise to abstain from such conduct in the future. And she kept her word.

Closely allied to suggestion, and perhaps a more powerful cause of morbid impulse of the species under notice, is imitation. Thus, many crimes have been committed by persons who have had the impulse excited by reading accounts of the trials of other persons or the detailed recitals of all the particulars of offenses which the age requires the public press to contain. Epidemics of murder, suicide, arson, and other crimes are thus produced.

"Some years ago," says Dr. Forbes Winslow, "a man hung himself on the threshold of one of the doors of the Hotel des Invalides. No suicide had occurred in the establishment for two years previously; but in the succeeding fortnight five invalids hung themselves on the same cross-bar, and the Governor was obliged to shut up the passage."

Epidemics of suicide spread, according to Plutarch, among the women of Miletus, and, as is well known in later day, among the women of Marseilles.

A careful study of the cases of suicide recorded in the daily newspapers shows that they are, to a great extent, influenced in character by the principle of imitation. A case of suicide by Paris green is published, and straightway half a dozen others due to this poison are the result, or a man or a woman jumps from a ferry-boat while it is crossing the river, and then this mode becomes the fashion for a while, to be followed in its turn by some other method.

When I was a medical student a young gentleman from Georgia was on one occasion dissecting the same body that I was. He had drawn by lot one of the lower extremities as his part of the subject, and he was assiduous and careful in his work. So far as my observation extended, he did not differ essentially from other medical students. He was cheerful in disposition and gave no evidence whatever of mental derangement or even of excitement or depression of mind. One morning we were told that he had been found dead on the floor of his bedroom. An examination showed that he had divided his femoral artery—in the thigh—and had died of hemorrhage. It was then ascertained that he had the evening before received a letter which had apparently caused him much unhappiness.

Now, suicide by division of the femoral artery is certainly a very unusual mode of self-destruction. I doubt if any case of the kind had previously occurred in New York. Yet, within a week there were two others, one of which was Horace Wells, the alleged discoverer of the anæsthetic properties of sulphuric ether.

Here we have the principle of suggestion acting on the first victim, and then that of imitation on the others.

Imitation is of more force when the intellect is not fully developed. Even in the normal condition we find it more strongly exercised in women and children than in adult men. In the latter the influence may be so powerful that the actual disease is acquired. Thus a child imitates the movements of another affected with chorea or with stammering, and immediately contracts the disorder. Even squinting has been produced in this manner.

A lady received such a vivid impression on seeing her maid throw herself down a well that she never passed a well without feeling a strong impulse to throw herself into it.

An idiot having killed a pig felt impelled to kill a man and obeyed the impulse on the first one he met.

A melancholic person was present at the execution of a criminal and was immediately seized with an impulse, of which he was fully conscious and could scarcely resist, to murder some one.

A child, six years old, strangled its younger brother. The father and mother entering the room the moment the act was in process of accomplishment, demanded the cause. The child threw itself weeping into their arms and answered that it was imitating the devil whom it had seen strangle Punchinello.

Another form of mental derangement, and one not readily recognized by the general public, is one which has been aptly called reasoning mania. The subjects of this disorder exhibit no marked change in the understanding, the judgment, imagination, the memory, or any other of the purely intellectual faculties of the mind ; but there is perversion of the emotions, derangement of the will, and blind impulsions to the perpetration of acts of violence, or even a sanguinary fury, without its being possible to recognize the existence of any dominant idea to which the acts in question can be ascribed.

In other cases there is ordinarily the most marked coherence of ideas and correctness of judgment. The subject reads, writes and reflects as though he enjoyed his normal reason, and yet he is

liable at any time to perpetrate some act or a series of acts of violence.

Again, he may be governed by some idea correct enough in itself, but with which he has no special business to concern himself, and which he endeavors to carry out by unlawful methods and by the perpetration of acts often of such a character as to render him a most dangerous member of society.

It is no uncommon event for the reasoning maniac, influenced by his supreme egotism and desire for notoriety, to attempt the part of the reformer. Generally, he selects a practice or custom in which there is really no abuse, or one through which he imagines he has suffered some injury. His energy and the logical manner with which he presents his views, based, as they often are, upon cases and statistics, impose on many worthy people who eagerly adopt him as a genuine overthrower of a vicious or degrading measure. But sensible persons soon perceive that there is no sincerity in his conduct; that he cares nothing whatever for the cause he is advocating; that his cases or statistics are forged or intentionally misconstrued for the distinct purpose of deceiving; in short, that the philanthropy or morality which he affects is assumed for the occasion. Even when his hypocrisy and falsehood are exposed, he continues his attempts at imposition, and though the strong arm of the law be laid upon him, he prates with ingratitude of those he has been endeavoring to assist, and of the disinterestedness of his own motives.

Although reasoning maniacs are not subject to irresistible impulses to commit motiveless crimes, they are prone to acts of violence from slight exciting causes, and these may be perpetrated either in the heat of passion or after such deliberation as they are able to give to any subject. Generally they are directed against those whom they suppose have injured them or against former friends with whom they have quareled. Again, they may be committed solely for the purpose of gratifying the morbid feelings of pleasure which they experience at the sufferings of others. In the first category are embraced the many cases of arson, maiming, homicide, and other crimes in which the motive alleged has been so slight as to be ridiculous.

A few months ago a murder of a peculiarly atrocious character was committed in the district known as Whitechapel, London. The victim was a woman of the lowest class of that par-

ticularly low section of the metropolis. Not content with simply killing the woman, the murderer had mutilated the corpse and had inflicted wounds altogether unnecessary for the accomplishment of his object. Three or four months afterwards another woman of the same class was found dead with over thirty stab wounds in her body, and in quick succession other similar crimes were committed, until now the number amounts to nine. The efforts of the police to discover the perpetrator or perpetrators have up to this time been utterly fruitless, and every supposed clew that has been followed up has proved to be without foundation. All kinds of theories have been indulged in by the police, professional and amateur, and by legal and medical experts, who appear to have exhausted their ingenuity in devising the most strained hypotheses in their attempts to account for these murderous crimes. In the foregoing remarks relative to madness and murder I have brought forward examples in illustration of several forms of mental derangement, any one of which may have been the predominating motive which has been the starting point of the crimes in question.

Thus they may have been committed by a person who kills merely for the love of killing, and who has selected a particular class from which to choose his victims, for the reason that being of very little importance in the social world, they could be killed with a minimum amount of risk of detection. The fact that unnecessary wounds and mutilation were inflicted gives additional support to this theory. The more hacking and cutting the more delight would be experienced.

They may be the result of a morbid impulse which the perpetrator feels himself unable to resist, and which, after he had yielded to its power, is followed by the most acute anguish of mind. It may be said against this view that if such were the fact the murderer would, in his moments of mental agony and repentance, surrender himself to the authorities; but in answer I think it may be properly alleged that fear for his own safety would prevent him doing an act which he might feel to be right, but which he would know would lead to his speedy execution. To test the correctness of this hypothesis it would be necessary to offer him free and unconditional pardon. If he is the subject of a morbid impulse which he cannot resist, he will give himself up if immunity be promised him.

The murders may have been committed by one who is acting under the principle of suggestion. He may have recently heard or read of similar crimes (for such murders have been committed before) and has been impelled thereby to go and do likewise, until after the first two or three murders he has acquired a love for the act of killing, and for the excitement attendant on the risk which he runs. This last incentive is a very powerful one, with certain morbidly constituted minds, and has apparently been the chief motive in some notable series of crimes.

Again, they may have been committed by several persons acting under the influence of the power of imitation. This force, owing to the extensive publication of reports of crimes through the newspapers, is much more influential at present than at any other period in the history of the world. The more ferocious the murder the more likelihood that it will be imitated. It is not at all unreasonable to suppose that there may have been as many murderers of these women as there are murders.

I am inclined, however, to think that the perpetrator is a reasoning maniac, one who has received or imagines he has received some injury from the class of women upon which his crimes are committed, or who has assumed the role of the reformer, and who thinks he can annihilate them one by one or strike such terror into those that remain that they will hasten to abandon their vicious mode of life. He is probably a person whose insanity is not suspected even by those who are in constant association with him. He may be a clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, or even a member of the titled aristocracy; a cashier in a bank, a shopkeeper, an officer of the army or navy. All apparently motiveless crimes are exceedingly difficult of detection. It is quite conceivable that this man may leave the dinner-table or the ball-room and pass a dozen policemen on his way towards the accomplishment of his purpose. The higher he appeared to be in the social scale the less he would be liable to suspicion. He may be for a man some such person as Hélène Jégado was for a woman. This wretch, between the years of 1853 and 1857, killed twenty-eight persons by poison, besides making several unsuccessful attempts. In none of her murders was any cause alleged or discovered, though undoubtedly the pleasure derived from the perpetration of crime was the chief factor. Her victims were her masters and mistresses, her fellow servants, her

friends, and several nuns, for whom in their last moments she displayed the utmost tenderness and care. The plea of monomania was set up in her defense, but no evidence of insanity was brought forward by her counsel save the apparent want of motive for her crimes. It was shown, however, that she had begun her career when only seventeen years old by attempting to poison her confessor; that she had, while perpetrating her wholesale murders, affected the greatest piety and was for a time an inmate of a convent; that she had committed over thirty thefts; that she had maliciously cut and burned various articles of clothing placed in her charge; that when asked why she had stolen things that were of no use to her she had replied: "I always steal when I am angry;" that she was subject to alternate periods of great mental depression, and excessive and unreasonable gaiety; that she was affected with pains in the head and vertigo; that when she was angry she vomited blood; and that while in prison awaiting trial she was constantly laughing and joking about indifferent subjects. She was found guilty, and on being asked if she had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, made answer, "No, your Honor, I am innocent. I am resigned to all that may happen. I would rather die innocent than live guilty. You have judged me, but God will judge you." Her last words on the scaffold were directed to accusing a woman as her instigator and accomplice, whose name was not even mentioned during the trial, and who, upon inquiry, was found to be an old paralytic whose whole life had been of the most exemplary character.

If this woman had stopped after killing twenty-seven persons she would probably never have been detected. If the perpetrator of the so-called Whitechapel murders were to cease now his career of crime, there is no reason to suppose that he would ever be discovered. But it is not at all likely that he will fail to go on in the course which has now become second nature to him. His love for murder has become overpowering, and immunity has rendered him bold. Little by little he will become less cautious, and eventually he will be caught.

When arrested the question of how to dispose of him will arise. In what I have said I have assumed him to be a lunatic of some kind. If a certain degree of maudlin sentimentality should prevail he will be placed in a lunatic asylum and in the

course of a few years may be discharged as cured. But such insanity as his is never cured. Doubtless while an inmate of the asylum his conduct will be of the most exemplary character. He will dissemble for years and will deceive the very elect among experts in insanity. Superintendents and clergymen and various other high personages will unite in testifying to his thorough change of heart and Christian bearing, and when he is discharged with the blessings of all with whom he has been associated he will begin to commit another series of murders fully as atrocious as those for which he has been sequestrated.

There is but one way to deal with a person like this Whitechapel murderer, and that is, to hang him as soon as he is caught. He is an enemy of society and is entitled to no more consideration than a wild beast which follows his instinct to kill. Laws are not made for the purpose of enforcing the principles of abstract justice; they are enacted solely for the protection of society. Some fifteen years ago, in a little book entitled "Insanity in its Relations to Crime," I urged that certain of the insane are properly as much amenable to punishment as though in full possession of all their mental faculties unimpaired. In a paper published in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for November, 1882, entitled "A Problem for Sociologists," I said:

"A man with murderous tendencies which he is unable to restrain is as much an enemy to society as a ferocious tiger or a mad dog, and ought to be dealt with in quite as summary a manner as we deal with these animals. It is all very well to talk of the inhumanity of such a proceeding, and to urge sequestration in a lunatic asylum as amply meeting the requirements of the case. But experience teaches us that, though it may be very difficult for a sane person improperly committed to get out of an asylum, it is the easiest thing in the world for a lunatic who has committed a crime to walk out of its doors with the full consent of the superintendent. Till these things are changed, the law, as recently laid down by Judge Noah Davis, of the Supreme Court of this State, and by Judge Cox, of the District of Columbia, and as almost universally held by the English judges, that every one is responsible who knows the nature and consequence of his act, is no more than sufficient for protection, the prime object of every law.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

HIGH LICENSE JUSTIFIED.

THE regulation and control of the liquor traffic is one of the most difficult problems with which modern governments have to deal. The uncontrolled or unregulated sale of intoxicating liquors is recognized by all civilized governments to be an evil of such magnitude that it cannot be safely permitted, and all civilized governments have laws controlling the traffic, more or less restrictive in their nature.

These laws may be divided into two classes: one of which, under the form of license or taxation, describes rules and regulations under which intoxicants may be sold, and imposes a license fee, or tax, upon the seller, and undertakes to enforce these regulations or restrictions through the ordinary means of the law officers of the government, by its prosecuting attorneys, or, in cities, through the police department.

The other class or system seeks to entirely suppress the traffic by prohibitory laws, usually by putting a prohibitory clause into the constitution of the State government, in order that Prohibition may not be repealed by an Act of the Legislature. The first method of treatment is the one in almost universal use throughout the world; the other has been tried only in a few States in this country.

It is not necessary to discuss the question of Prohibition *per se*, or even to go into an examination of its effects where it is in operation, for, under our system of government, which is a government of majorities, no constitution can be made or changed, or laws passed, which do not meet with the approval of a majority of the people, and if, by any means, legislative bodies brought to pass laws which do not meet with the approval of a majority of their constituents, the legislature is usually changed at the next election, and the obnoxious laws are repealed.

The Prohibitionists in this State have refused to co-operate

with their fellow citizens in any system of temperance legislation for the restriction of the evils of intemperance, unless it provided for absolute Prohibition. Their numbers are very small, and the prospect of their securing a majority of the people to their views seems to be hopeless. In the election just passed, the Prohibition candidate for Governor polled almost exactly two per cent. of the entire vote of the State, and as the State government is the only one which has any control over the sale of liquor, it must be assumed that a very small proportion of our people are in favor of absolute Prohibition.

For certainly, nothing less than an absolute majority of the entire people of the State could hope to enact Prohibition legislation or to maintain it, and experience proves everywhere, that Prohibition cannot be maintained successfully, unless a very large majority are in favor of it. Where a *bare* majority are successful in forcing their views upon the community, the law is invariably violated and invaded, and usually much more harm comes from the sale of liquors under such conditions than in its open sale regulated by law.

As all people admit the great evil growing out of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and also the great additional cost to our Government, through the crime and pauperism created by it, the question arises, What ought an intelligent people to do in regard to it? If prohibition is impossible, and even of doubtful value if it could be adopted, what course remains open by which the evils of this system can be mitigated, crime lessened, and pauperism minimized? There seems to be a growing sentiment, not only in the State, but in the entire country, that high license, in the form of a strong law, carrying with it severe penalties for violation of the terms of the license, is at present the only feasible remedy, and the only way in which, under the present condition of public opinion, we can hope to secure any reformation. Time was when high license was merely a theory, for it had not been put into practice, but that time has passed. High license is no longer an experiment; it is no longer a theory; it is an accomplished fact.

In a large number of the States in the Union, high license laws have been in operation for from one to five years. Wherever they have been tried, they have produced many beneficial results. They have, in all cases, largely reduced the number of saloons, and especially those of the lower and vile order, where most of

the crimes are committed. In some of the States, high license laws reduced the number of saloons about one-half. In some of the cities and States the reduction has been much larger. The reduction of the number of saloons has been followed, in almost all cases, by a corresponding reduction in the amount of crime committed in the community. This is verified by reference to the records of the courts, jails and prisons, which, in all cases, show a large falling off in the number of arrests and commitments. This is true in the city of Philadelphia where the high license law went into effect on the first of June of this year. The records of the city of Philadelphia show that the commitments for vice, growing out of drunkenness, for the four months of June, July, August and September, of the year 1887, before the high license law went into effect, were ten thousand nine hundred and fifty-six, and for the corresponding four months of the year 1888, when the law was in force, the number of commitments was six thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine, showing a decrease in the four months, under the present law, of four thousand and twenty-seven. The records also show a decrease in the commitments to the House of Correction, for the same months as last mentioned, for the year 1887, two thousand and thirty-two; for the corresponding months of 1888, under the present law, one thousand three hundred and eighty-six, showing a decrease of six hundred and forty-six. The same records show that for the corresponding months of 1887, there were arrested for drunkenness on the Sundays of these months, five hundred and twenty-six persons; for the Sundays of the corresponding months of 1888, only one hundred and forty-six arrests were made for drunkenness.

These figures prove conclusively to my mind that the high license law in the city of Philadelphia is in every way beneficial to its people. The number of saloons before the law was passed was, in round numbers, six thousand ; the number of saloons now in the city is a little less than one thousand three hundred. The reports from the whole State of Pennsylvania show substantially the same condition of affairs throughout the whole State. The benefits coming to the State of Pennsylvania under the operations of this law can only be estimated by the millions of dollars in actual saving to the people in the way of taxation for the support of paupers and criminals, and greater comforts and benefits that come to the homes of all of

these men who have been saved from drunkenness and consequent arrest and incarceration.

Similar results are to be found in nearly all the States which have adopted the high license system. Everywhere the statistics prove that as the rate of license increases the number of saloons is diminished, and that as the number of saloons is diminished, crime is proportionately reduced, and therefore the people are proportionately benefited. In Omaha City, where the license fee is one thousand dollars, the number of the saloons is one to every four hundred and twenty-six of the population; in Kansas City, where the license fee is eight hundred and forty-five dollars, the number of saloons is one to every three hundred and nine of the population; in San Francisco, where the license fee is eighty-four dollars, the saloons are one to every eighty-four of the population; in Philadelphia, before the high license law was passed, the license fee was fifty dollars, and the saloons were one to every one hundred and forty-two of the people; in Baltimore, where the license fee is fifty dollars, the number of saloons is one to every one hundred and fifteen of the population. The reports from Minnesota state that the effect of the law has been to reduce the consumption of liquor in a proportion equal to or greater than the reduction in the number of saloons, and that the law has not only decreased saloons and drunkenness and increased the revenue of most of the counties, but it has tended to increase the purity of elections.

And this is a most important consideration in favor of the adoption of high license. Wherever it has been tried, it has taken the saloon out of politics; that is to say, it has destroyed the political power of the saloon, which, in many of our States, has become so great as to substantially control the majority of our municipal governments, and not unfrequently, to control the action of a political party in the entire State. The saloon keepers have thought it necessary to go into politics, in order that they might control the liquor excise boards, and thereby keep down the rate of the license fee. If the license fee is fixed, by general law, at a proper figure, it must then be accepted by all parties engaged in the traffic, and they will no longer have any occasion to exercise any undue influence in the local politics of the community in which they reside, and therefore, will not contribute money for the purpose of controlling elections, as they are doing at the

present time. It is undoubtedly true that the liquor dealers of the State of New York pay more money, in the way of contributions for political purposes, than they would have to pay under a proper high license law.

No greater evil can come to any community, than to have its government, either local or State, fall under the control of any one class of its citizens, to the exclusion of all other classes, and this evil is aggravated when a class is engaged in a business where they are almost constantly violating the law, or at least, are constantly tempted to do so. The interest of the liquor dealer is always against that of the community, and, therefore, he constantly fears that laws or regulations may be made against his business and against his interests; hence, he seeks to obtain control of the political organization with which he may be affiliated. He makes himself influential in the primaries, influential in the nomination of the law officers, who are the persons to be charged with the enforcement of the laws again himself, and, as a result, if he is able to control the primaries and conventions, he expects immunity from the officers whom he shall aid to nominate and to elect.

The high license laws, now in operation in the various States, have taken the saloons, as a class, out of politics. The high rate of license fee which they pay renders them disinclined to contribute to the funds of any political party. They are much more careful not to violate the provisions of their license, because the pecuniary loss to them by its cancellation is much greater than before. They undertake to carry on their business in a more orderly way, so as to avoid the interference of the police or of the law officers. They feel assured that so long as they pay this increased rate and do not violate the provisions of their license, that they will not be interfered with by the officers of the government, and they are, consequently, not disposed to take any greater interest in politics than they would if they were engaged in any other business.

The evils growing out of organized political action by the liquor dealers of the country cannot be overestimated. Their places of business are convenient rendezvous for politicians of all classes, and much of the ordinary political work is carried on in the convenient saloon, the saloon keeper himself desiring it to be there, and giving conveniences for meetings of politicians, thereby increasing his own receipts. This evil, of course, is not entirely

eradicated by a system of high license, but it is reduced to the minimum.

Another very important result growing out of high license is the increased receipts from the saloons, by which they are made to pay a much larger proportion of the cost to the people of crime and pauperism caused by the traffic. While the number of saloons is usually reduced fifty per cent., the receipts coming in to the local governments from that source are doubled, and sometimes quadrupled, depending upon the rate of the license fee. The cost to the people of crime and pauperism, which can be traced directly to the use of intoxicating liquors, is much larger than our people generally believe it to be. The direct charge upon the taxpayers of the State of New York for crime and pauperism in the State, was, in round numbers, twenty-five millions of dollars. Of this, eighteen millions is directly chargeable to the excessive use of intoxicating drinks. All the saloons of the State of New York paid last year, as license fees, a little over two millions of dollars, leaving a balance against them of nearly seventeen millions. This seventeen millions was levied as a tax upon all the taxable property of the State in various counties for the maintenance of our jails, poor houses, constables, police and the officers charged with the execution of our criminal laws. A proper high license law would treble the receipts from that source, and at the same time would greatly reduce the amount of crime and pauperism in the State, thereby reducing our taxation for the support of our criminals and paupers.

There are about thirty-four thousand saloons in the State of New York. If high license would reduce them one-half, seventeen thousand men would be compelled to find some productive employment. It would be a great source of profit to the State, and in addition to these seventeen thousand saloon keepers it would be fair to assume that at least one other man, or helper, is employed about the establishment. This would add seventeen thousand more able-bodied men who would be put at productive work. In addition to that, the number of drunkards would be greatly reduced and all these men would be returned to active and productive industries. In short, the benefits that would accrue to our people are only to be estimated by the tens of millions of dollars.

It is objected to our present license laws, that they are not

enforced. Experience shows that in all the States where high license laws have been enacted the laws are well enforced, for each licensor becomes at once an assistant officer of the government to enforce the law. Having paid a high license fee, he cannot afford to have his neighbors sell without payment of a similar fee, and the reports from all the States and cities where the law is in effect prove conclusively that there is much less difficulty in enforcing a high license law than in enforcing the present, or low license law of this State.

A large reduction in the number of saloons, in the cities, by this system, enables the police authorities to keep the saloons under strict surveillance, and see that the provisions of their license are not violated.

A careful survey of the field of temperance legislature will, in my judgment, lead every candid person to the conclusion, that, at present, the only feasible temperance reform which gives promise of any considerable benefit to our people must be found in the direction of high license.

WARNER MILLER.

THE "FAST SET" AT HARVARD.

THE title of this article is borrowed from a writer in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for November, who signs himself Aleck Quest. In this article Mr. Quest announces that he thinks it well "to give to the public a fair presentation of the facts as they are." From this I supposed that Mr. Quest intended to make such a gift to the public (since he thinks well of it); and I sat down prepared to read an account of my friends and myself which would be unflattering, no doubt, but difficult to disavow. I was surprised to see so little that I recognized in this picture, that far from being photographic, I failed to find it even a good caricature. But only we "fast men," who sat for the portrait, can know how little of a likeness it is. The public, grateful for Mr. Quest's gift to it, may be warned on a false alarm; and, for the sake of my college, I feel a desire, not so much to draw a picture as to criticise the one before me on general principles, which I hope most people will admit to be general principles, and show in that manner the falseness of the drawing.

In the position that he takes, Mr. Quest has the advantage of me. His article is written with a precision of statement, a fertility of statistics, a familiarity with the details of the life of the fast Harvard man which seem the result of a thorough experience of that life itself. An outsider, however observant he were, could hardly know so much. Yet Mr. Quest at the same time reveals himself as an undoubted moralist, deploring the present state of things, earnestly anxious that it should be otherwise. I cannot give so fair an account of myself, and must confess at once that I have no claim to be counted among the moralists. My lot was cast with the fast set, and I have never undergone a reform. I belonged to their societies and shared actively in their doings. To some of Mr.

Quest's charges I plead guilty at the start. Those of us who had money to spend, spent it in ways that were often not the best ways. We were extravagant; at times riotous, like all young animals, from puppies up; and we were not particularly innocent by gaslight. But that we were the disgrace not only to our college but to our decency and manhood that Mr. Quest's "fast set" seems to have been and to be, I totally deny. My experience was not so terrible as was Mr. Quest's. Had it been, I should heartily agree with him that the rich young man at Harvard is a most evil blot on the college 'scutcheon. For the utter disparity between Mr. Quest's experience and mine I cannot at all account, yet we must have been at Harvard at very much the same period. He says there are upwards of two thousand men at Cambridge, and one "fast man" in every twenty of these. Adopting these figures, there must be only between twenty and thirty of the species during any one year. (I pass over a paragraph in which Mr. Quest counts them at a hundred without referring to his previous ratio, because I think between twenty and thirty is what my own experience has taught me.) That is not a large number to know about, yet I did not meet the men Mr. Quest met. I was one of the band for several years, and new men came, and old men went. Therefore I was furnished with a panorama on which could be painted much vice such as Mr. Quest pictures so vividly. But I say, I never witnessed anything that approached the violent and revolting hue of excess and dishonor that Mr. Quest has been so unfortunate as to see.

Before saying anything more directly about Harvard, I am going to venture some generalities upon colleges and college life (stale no doubt, but I must risk that), because if I can succeed in persuading any reader to agree with me, even partially, I shall have broken the way to clearing my college, in his eyes, of any reproach peculiar to itself apart from other colleges, and to showing him that the "fast set" at Harvard is, perhaps, not always the collection of jail-birds that it was when Mr. Quest moved among the students.

I start on the same line with Mr. Quest.

The larger any college grows, the more of the great world outside is it bound to contain. There is no sieve to separate the wheat from the tares. It becomes much like a city, between whose citizens no law can well discriminate so long as they keep

their doings to themselves. Its community shares much of the good and the bad that you will find in any other gathering of men. The members may lack a certain discretion that comes by living, but they own a certain ingenuousness that living filches away from them only too often. Barring these, they are simply young men dwelling together as a class, instead of being filtered in with men of all ages. They are pursuing what is called their *education*. There is no use in stopping to define that word; for some fathers send their sons to college to learn many things out of both books and companions—to get in short a working equipment for intelligent citizenship, while other fathers send their sons to acquire some specialties, such as Greek, or social position. The college cannot tell what they have come for. All it can do is to make laws and punish those who break them. But why should any one be surprised to find that college law-breakers go unpunished, when the same spectacle goes on under his eyes every day in the case of all other law-breakers? Does he expect the framers of college codes and the officers of college courts to be more perfect in administering justice than all other administrators? Why should they be? They are merely men, merely what the sheriff and the judge are anywhere else in the world.

Since the average of students is an average likely to lack the discretion spoken of above, some supervision of these young men's comings and goings is obviously necessary. But how much and of what sort this supervision shall be must be left an unanswered question. England locks up her undergraduate at midnight. Germany cares not if he visit the Holy Land or Mozambique. America adopts a middle course, with local variations. Well, what is the result? Do you find your young Englishman less of a sinner than his brother at Bonn or Heidelberg? And are we young Americans not so wicked as the young Teutons, but down in the moral scale when weighed against an Oxford man? I do not imagine that any one will contend the characteristics of the male human, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, differ according to the country in which he goes to school, except in trivial matters, of which there is no question here. I do not remember to have heard any traveler assert that in such and such a nation he had found angels more angelic, or devils more diabolic, than the angels and the devils of his home. It may be shortly said, that the great mass of young men of an active temperament

will do some things that are not good for them. You may collect them in college, you may disperse them in a town, you may even sequester them in rural districts; but treat them as you will, you can, at most, place restraints on their conduct which they will elude more or less successfully, and the day will come when these restraints must go. When they go, you have not tided over a dangerous period which has its definite limit; you have only impeded and retarded certain tendencies which are bound to assert themselves sooner or later. That is the kind of animal the young man is. You cannot prevent him from being like himself. He has been so since his earliest existence in the history of the human race. So let it be admitted that the young man is commonly not what may be called perfectly *good* in a religious sense, and that he has never been made so and kept so yet by any system his elders have been able to devise. When you come to discuss colleges it is futile to disguise this truth. Such fundamental facts must be acknowledged before it is possible to speak reasonably about college life.

Now, a college is a collection of young men of many different characters and tastes, yet the most of these young men closely resemble one another in certain radical ways. But when one finishes reading Mr. Quest, somehow for the moment it seems, granting he is correct, that Harvard students cannot be like other students, and that after such revelations a parent would be criminally unwise to trust his boy in such a place. What a burden of sin must the Harvard Faculty have on their heads! for, of course, it is this neglect of supervision that has caused such a state of things.

To deal with the moral side of young men becomes a question of how best a faculty may curb and direct the inevitable turbulence over which it presides. Harvard is accused of insufficient curbing and directing, hence the blackness of its undergraduate life as compared with that of other American colleges. First, assuming this alleged discrepancy to be true, I will point out to the reader (returning to what I said about law-breakers) that you will find more unpunished law-breakers in a community of fifty thousand than you will in one of two thousand. But I do not for one moment admit that Harvard undergraduates are blacker than other undergraduates.

Harvard is a bigger place than Yale, or Princeton, or Trinity.

Boston is a bigger place than New Haven, Trenton, or Hartford. But does any one think that therefore there is not the same sort of market for young purses to be found in these smaller towns? and is it to be reasonably imagined that any restraint short of imprisonment stops the young purses from making purchases? Trinity is Episcopalian; Princeton, Presbyterian; Yale, Congregationalist; while Harvard is of no sect. But I have yet to find that form of dogma or strictness of parental supervision materially vary the conduct of the undergraduates at those places. To make the students *good* in the religious sense is what colleges of a more paternal government undertake and fail to do; and what Harvard is blamed for not doing. I assert that the experiment fails wherever it is attempted; and I assert it because when I have intimately met "fast" students from Trinity, Princeton, Yale, or Columbia, I found that they took pleasure in eating the same forbidden fruits that tempted our palates in Boston. We did not differ a jot in our notions of enjoyment. To finish these generalties, I will say, that let a college life be a good thing on the whole or a bad thing on the whole, you find the young man who stays away from one as a rule not a whit more innocent by gas light than the average undergraduate. It is not Harvard or Yale, but Nature, that is the matter with him.

If I displease any parent who may read this, it is because I have told what is (I believe) the truth about all college communities, and, indeed, all communities of young men wherever they are gathered together. And, since I believe it to be irresistible as any natural law, I do not stop to wish it could be otherwise, particularly as I notice so vast a majority of these wild and shocking spirits grow up to be good husbands and good members of society—like their fathers.

But to return to Mr. Quest and his "fast set."

We answered his description in some respects. Most of us were well off; some, indeed, had incomes much greater than any that he names. Many of us had too much money to spend, therefore, and were idle in consequence—though those of us who failed to get their degrees were few and far between. We played poker, we frequented the comic operas, some of us imagined ourselves experienced judges of wine, we were not always sober, and we were to be seen and heard where Mr. Quest has so minutely located us. I am not writing for maidens and boys.

I am discussing permanent facts, and in so doing make a pretty large admission of shortcomings. But, self-confessed, I am not at all afraid of a jury of my peers. Will many men in the world, whether they live in a palace or in a tenement house, sincerely feel that my disclosures have shocked their ideas of human nature?

But from reading Mr. Quest's article through there seems to be a stain left on one's mind—a stain of vulgarity, debauchery, and dishonesty. I am truly sorry that Mr. Quest has been condemned to observe such evil company, and I cannot understand how he managed it. In truth, I would ask my contemporaries at Harvard if any of them, be they poor, rich, prominent, or recluse, knew of a set of twenty or thirty such low-minded and childish cowards, the contemplation of whom Mr. Quest was compelled to endure. I am not afraid of their answers. I would trust to say "No" even the jealous and disappointed men who looked on us sourly because we seemed to them more blest than we deserved. Did they find us every night (such is the implication of Mr. Quest) emerging from society rooms, let loose "to the utter dismay of the neighbors"? Were we continually before the police on charges to meet of which "most young men would be ashamed"? Friends of mine have been arrested for fast driving, noise, breaking lamp-posts, and stealing signs. I don't know that this was very creditable. They had much better have left the lamp-posts and the signs alone. But are these the charges most young men would be ashamed to meet? Such a dark hint as that inevitably fills the uninformed reader's mind with surmises that begin far beyond where the worst of those offences leaves off. Disgraceful things have happened at Harvard. Mr. Quest instances a few, but where is the candid Harvard man, or Cambridge policeman for that matter, who would pretend they were the ordinary every-day thing? But that such is the case is what Mr. Quest's way of putting things inevitably leads the reader to conclude. The society Mr. Quest censures does not commit these offences each night, though, as I said, one would suppose so from the article. That society meets once a week during a part of the autumn, has two meetings in the spring, and gives three theatrical entertainments during the year. It has been complained of. The stock argument in its favor is that the students who are going to drink too much and cannot be prevented, had better do

it off by themselves, and not in public bar rooms. There are many answers to such an argument, but this article is not the place for a discussion. But let not the reader imagine that Harvard is alone in having this society and similar ones in her midst. They abound in nine-tenths of our American colleges.

Did our class-mates think that most of us cheated at cards? For after cataloguing our other vices somewhat over generously, Mr. Quest finds that we are widely open to this accusation, and that we come near to acknowledging its truth with indifference if not with satisfaction. Mr. Quest has one paragraph which is laughable in the ferocity of its exaggeration. There must be, if he is to be credited, several hundred gamblers in the Harvard community of two thousand odd, one-half of whom are so accomplished at cheating that a gambling hell in Boston is a safer place to risk one's money in. I am tempted to leave such a statement to be its own refutation. Nevertheless, I will say that in my experience I remember not six cases of cheating at cards. Of course, there were more that I did not hear of. Of course in a community of more than two thousand men from all over the country, one must expect to find examples of the liar and the thief. But if we accept Mr. Quest's estimate, Cambridge contains a population numerically worse and more dangerous than most of the Western mining settlements. The few men that were accused of cheating that I know of personally, have never recovered from the blow it gave to their reputation. I have assisted at many games of poker at Harvard, and I have often seen foolish men lose more than they could afford. But I do not call to mind any "ghastly faces," and I did not hear many "curses loud and deep at ill luck." A man who cursed so much as all that during a game would have been a nuisance, and no one would have played with him.

But these are paltry details. I did not begin this reply to Mr. Quest with the view of contradicting him in the items of his facts. No doubt he has seen more of this horrible life than I have, and no doubt my tamer notion of Harvard extravagances is merely a result of my own individual experience. But then, that is all that Mr. Quest's can be. So here you have two accounts; one by a moralist, the other by a self-confessed offender. I greatly fear the moralist has the advantage over me with the multitude, for to the multitude sensation is so pleasant an enjoy-

ment. They will find the grisly games of chance, the ocean of I. O. U's in which Harvard is weltering, the ghastly faces, the enraged police, and the dismayed neighbors, of an interest more pungent than my paler effects. Mr. Quest is fortunate in being able to give to the public a fair presentation of the "facts as they are," and yet produce a composition which contains all the romantic splendor of the dime novel. That I fall so far below him I cannot help. I saw nothing of this, and I am trying to tell what I did see during my several years of life with the fast set.

The truth of the matter really is that Mr. Quest has not described a class or body of men that exists at Harvard at all. He has described a *type of man*, an individual, whose twin brother I have seen hailing from Yale, Princeton and many other institutions of learning. We at Harvard are familiar with him. I have seen several specimens in my time. He becomes pretty well known and pretty generally thought ill of by the end of his first year. He seldom finishes his course. Either he is requested to leave or he leaves of his own accord, disappointed in his social ambitions, and so reft of the goal he came to win. He is, of course, rich, and is sometimes generous. His fatal mistake is in thinking that money will do the trick for him. He is the cause of much of the wrath that descends upon Harvard from the popular press, whose writers take no note of the scores of young Harvard graduates who are at this moment working hard and successfully in responsible positions all over the United States. Many of these same workers belonged to the fast set. Were it permissible I could name them. Could outsiders only realize how utterly money is left out of all questions of undergraduate success at Harvard, and how many men of most modest income reach the highest social honors their friends can give them, heartily supported by the fast set; could outsiders hear the continual and prevailing ridicule that is heaped on such men as Mr. Quest has so painfully described,—they would get a different notion about Harvard.

Though Mr. Quest once or twice points out that he is describing only a small set, you are left with the impression that Harvard college is alive with such vermin. But Mr. Quest has not even described a set.

We are glad we are rich; we would rather be so than not.

We are no better in our lives than other men of our age have been or will be, and we are no worse. Undoubtedly we do not get as much out of our books as we should. But I ask the reader who cares to know something about Harvard men to pause awhile before he makes up his mind, and to consider the Harvard men whom he knows, who are working steadily away in the towns of the east and west; or those Harvard men from 1860 to 1865 (many of them straight from the fast set) who, by their lives and deaths, set a halo about the venerable head of their mother college that she will wear always; and then let the reader ask himself if it is probable as a scientific fact that the present generation has in twenty-five years sped on so rapidly from that high pinnacle of courage and honor to a decadence which places it at once (if we are to believe Mr. Quest) among the criminal classes.

ONE OF THE FAST SET.

WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST.

In answering this question it is proper that the term Spiritualist should be first defined, or at least that the writer should state the sense in which he is willing to accept it as applicable to himself. It is well known by such as have taken the trouble to inform themselves in the matter, that there are spiritualists *and* spiritualists. There are, doubtless, numbers who assume this designation, or to whom it is popularly applied, with whom the undersigned has very little in common, and has no desire to be classed. In some quarters the term Spiritualist is regarded as almost synonymous with open-mouthed credulity, wild fanaticism, general looseness of morals, scoffing irreligion, and measureless folly. Without attempting to deny that some occasion has been given by persons called or calling themselves Spiritualists, for such an estimate, I shall endeavor to show that the term more properly applies to persons who hold convictions and cherish aspirations of which no rational, pure-minded or devout man need be ashamed, but which are worthy the serious regard of all thoughtful people.

It should be noted that, in being thus subject to diverse conceptions and interpretations, modern spiritualism is by no means peculiar. There is no form of belief, no system of religious faith, or of rationalistic philosophy even, extant among men, but has its lower as well as its higher interpretations—its unworthy as well as its worthy representatives. Christianity is surely no exception to this rule. The crude notions and practices prevalent among the more uncultivated of its professors differ widely from the convictions and observances approved in the most intelligent and refined churches in Christendom. And often members of the same sect or church are found greatly at variance in their conceptions and expositions of Christianity, as well as in their practical exemplifications of the same. Fair-minded inquirers will judge any systems by its best, rather than its worst, expositions.

A Spiritualist, formerly, was one who believed in the doctrine of spiritualism ; that is, in any system of spiritual philosophy, as opposed to Materialism—like those of Berkeley and Fichte, chiefly speculative in character. But more modernly the term has come to signify also, according to Worcester, "a believer in the doctrine that the spirits of the dead hold communication with men;" or, according to Webster, "one who believes in direct intercourse with departed spirits." Neither of these latter definitions, however, is strictly accurate, since, if it be true that spirits communicate, it is manifest that they are neither "dead" nor "departed" from our world. It would he more exact to say, "One who believes, or knows, that communication with excarnated spirits is possible and actual." This necessarily includes several postulates, namely, (1) that man is in reality a spirit, or a spiritual being ; (2) that he is capable, as a spirit, of surviving the death of his physical body, and (3) of living on as a conscious entity, (4) in a world or state which, though invisible, is not far removed from our mundane existence.

Thus it will be seen that, as the term is modernly used, Spiritualism involves simply a question of fact, provable by sensible and rational evidence, like the facts of astronomy, of chemistry, or of telegraphy ; and a Spiritualist in this sense is one who has become convinced of this fact, aside from and independent of religious belief, theological dogmas, or moral codes of any description. It is true, however, that the subject is so closely related to both religion and morals that a conviction of this one basic fact, with the new knowledge and fresh influx of thought that are apt to come with it, is likely to result in some modification—at least, expansion—of previous religious conceptions, and perhaps ethical notions also, depending much upon the nature of the views antecedently entertained. And it is somewhat common for undiscriminating minds, even among avowed Spiritualists as well as their opponents, to regard as essential parts of Spiritualism the particular theories or views *they* as individuals have come to entertain, whether religious or anti-religious, theistical or atheistical, rational or irrational, refined and spiritual, or crude and gross. Opponents are specially liable to make this mistake, particularly as regards anything which appears to them objectionable and offensive. But candid inquirers who may read these pages will please note that to be a Spiritualist, in the authorized modern

sense of the term, means no more than merely to be a believer in the reality of communion with the so-called "dead," or more correctly, with excarnated human beings. It does not necessarily imply adhesion to what some one has rightly termed "that compound of atheism, agnosticism, irreligion and blatant individualism" (to which might sometimes be added sensualism) which is frequently, but erroneously, called "spiritualism." Beyond the simple fact of recognized spirit-communion, all theories of religion, all doctrines of theology,—all questions about the existence of God, the Devil, Christ, the Bible, creation, salvation, atonement, reincarnation, the condition and destiny of spirits, etc., and all debatable questions in morals,—are matters of distinct or after inquiry, regarding which Spiritualists are no more fully at one than are other people. Each independent thinker has his own opinions, depending much upon his previous status, his capability for dealing with such subjects, as well as his predilections and the consequent grade or department of the vast environing spirit-world with which he is most closely in rapport.

It should be added, however, on this point that since the word *spiritual*, in its ordinary significance, designates "that which pertains to spirit," "separated from things of sense," refined, "pure, holy, divine," etc. (see lexicographers), it is plainly incongruous and improper to apply it to any notions or practices of a gross, unspiritual, or sensualistic character. Mere believers in spirits, and their doings, who are chiefly engrossed with marvels and eager for startling novelties, or who mainly occupy themselves with the phenomenal and scientific aspects of the matter, irrespective of and indifferent to any morally refining and uplifting tendency it may contribute—of both which classes there may be large numbers—are more properly designated as *Spiritists*, and their belief and practice *Spiritism*. They and it lack the element designated by the particle *ual*.

The term *Spiritualist*, then, properly pertains only to such persons as, in addition to a recognition of spirit-existence, presence, and communion, hold to doctrines of an elevating, refining, spiritualizing tendency, and aspire to exemplify these in thought and life, seeking to make spirit-communion contribute to that high end. Such aspiration establishes a tendency to look beneath the surfaces of things—to inquire into causes, hidden meanings, and realities—to interpret all systems of religion,

philosophy, and morals according to the *spirit* rather than the *letter*, and to view the universe from the standpoint of the spirit instead of that of matter.

In the comprehensive sense thus defined, I avow myself a Spiritualist, and now am prepared to state intelligibly and explicitly why I am one:

1. It is because for more than thirty-five years I have enjoyed the privilege of conversing, more or less freely and frequently, and in the privacy of my own family, with beings (invisible to myself) claiming to be excarnated human spirits—many of them relatives and personal friends well known in their earthly lives—and who have given conclusive evidence of being what they claim to be.

2. Because, through this intercourse and the demonstrations and experiences that have accompanied it, I have been led to entertain conceptions of the universe,—material and spiritual,—of Deity and the Divine Providence,—of the spirit-world and its relations to this,—of man, his duty and destiny,—in fact, of all which is embraced in the domains of Religion, Philosophy and Ethics,—which are to my view not only eminently rational, but expanding, uplifting, spiritualizing and soul-satisfying beyond anything and everything I have been able to gain from any and all other sources.

In order to justify the first branch of this answer, it is necessary to make some statement of the facts or evidences which have proved to me the reality of spirit intercourse; but in the brief space at my disposal no extended recital of what has covered so many years can be attempted. Nor, perhaps, would it be of much use, since it is not possible to convey in cold print, to readers who are inexperienced and skeptical in such matters, any adequate idea of the force of evidence, whether of distinct personality or of personal identity, which attends a free conversation and interchange of thought between friends. No outside person can be a competent judge in such matters. Let it be noted that I am stating why *I* am a Spiritualist—not giving proofs that should make others such. It is desirable that, in so important a matter, all persons should witness and know for themselves, and then their faith will stand on no uncertain ground. I am confident that no sane mind, meeting with similar proofs, or even a tithe of them, could avoid the same conclusions with myself; yet my convictions should not answer for another.

But it may not be out of place to briefly mention some of the steps by which my present convictions were arrived at, with indications of the nature of the evidence on which they rest, and the quality of the "angelic ministrations" enjoyed.

I was born and reared under the influence of New England Puritanism of the most rigid type, as it prevailed three-score years ago, and at an early age accepted the faith of my fathers in a general way, becoming a member of an orthodox Congregationalist Church, and actively devoting myself to the work of the Church. My mind was so constituted, however, that I could accept no dogma or duty until I could see what appeared to me a rational basis for it. The creed of the particular Church with which I united happened to be, as I afterwards found, of an unusually liberal type, having been greatly modified from the old standards under the influence of a pastor more noted for practical good sense than for sectarian zeal, and I was not long in finding that I held many of the doctrines of the sect in a sense peculiar to myself, while others I was either unable to accept at all, or gradually repudiated.

As to belief in a future life, this had been taken for granted, mainly on the force of early education and as a part of the current Christian doctrine; but as I grew older and came in contact with intelligent people who were skeptical regarding existence after death, I often wondered at the paucity of positive evidence on the subject, though I do not remember to have seriously doubted it for myself. But it seemed to me that if all human beings who have lived actually continue to live as conscious beings, there ought to be some available proof of it in addition to the evidence found in the Bible records more than eighteen hundred years old. If spirits and angels could once visit earth, why should they not now? Consequently, all accounts which came in my way of supposed manifestations from the invisible world, or of visions of it or its inhabitants at the approach of death, etc., were read and pondered with eager interest. But few such accounts fell in my way, and none were very satisfactory, especially in view of the prevalent skepticism with which all such matters were regarded in the Church as in "the world." I then knew next to nothing of the mass of evidence bearing on this subject which has accumulated through all history, and in all nations which have a literature, but which has been discredited and

largely suppressed by the materialistic tendencies of modern times.

When, in 1848, the startling announcement went abroad that, at Hydesville and Rochester, N. Y., an invisible intelligence, claiming to be a human spirit, had found means of communicating by signals from the silent world, the statement caused a thrill of hope that it might prove true; but when I learned that the revelations made regarding the nature and conditions of the after-life did not accord with the notions I had been taught, I naturally concluded that the mysterious "rapper," if a spirit at all, must be an "evil and seducing" one.

Some months later the strange "rappings" broke out in Boston, where I then resided. An intelligent gentleman, with whom I was associated in employment, and whom I highly esteemed, informed me that they were occurring in the family of one of his neighbors, the "mediums" being a woman in humble station, but of simple and honest character, with her young daughter. Day after day my friend brought me statements of what he witnessed and messages which he received in interviews with this family; and I soon saw that he was not only becoming thoroughly convinced of the spirit origin of the phenomena and messages, but, to my dismay, was being, as I feared, dangerously misled as to religious opinions. I felt that in some way he must be the victim of a delusion, but saw that the only way to rescue him was to go with him, find out the trick, and expose it to himself. Accordingly I accepted his invitation to accompany him to an interview.

Suffice it to say, that I soon found my friend had strong reasons for his belief in the spirit-origin of these novel phenomena, and, instead of being able to rescue him from a shallow delusion, I was myself face to face with a problem which demanded intelligent and courageous solution. There was evident intelligence behind the mysterious raps, and I had at least one proof that it was not altogether evil disposed.

But opportunities to personally pursue the inquiry under favorable circumstances were then few, and I was in no haste. Reading and pondering everything which came in my way relating to the matter, in the light of my previous education, the theory that "evil and seducing spirits" were seeking through this novel method to mislead humanity, seemed the most probable explanation. But I was not wholly satisfied with this solution.

Might not my ideas of the conditions of supposed "departed" spirits be mistaken? All I had been able to learn on the subject from the Bible and from my religious teachers was confessedly vague and unsatisfactory. Some of the new views presented seemed at least rational and worthy to be true. I could not come to a decision without further knowledge.

At length opportunity offered to visit the well-known Mrs. Hayden, in whose presence the demonstrations were much more pronounced. She was an entire stranger to me, but her personal integrity was strongly vouched for by friends. At her table, taking every precaution against imposition, I was greeted by an intelligence claiming to be my father (then twenty years deceased), who stated several particulars regarding himself, which were known to me, and one, as to the cause of his death, which was unknown (but which I subsequently learned was doubtless correct). Till then I had held a sort of vague notion that any facts communicated in this way might be in some way picked out of one's mind, perhaps by clairvoyance or mind-reading on the medium's part, or by crafty invisible beings, and by some occult process told by the "raps." But this theory would no longer serve.

The sounds then indicated an urgent desire to communicate further to me, and using the alphabet and pencil in the customary way, I was astonished to see a spontaneous message grow letter by letter on the paper before me, not only glowing with parental affection, but breathing an exalted religious tone, and which seemed eminently characteristic and worthy of my father, from whom it claimed to come. It differed from anything I had before seen or heard of from this source, the communications usually being meagre answers to questions, or of a frivolous and sometimes offensively irreligious character.

Why should I not accept this message as from my revered parent? The proof of extra-mundane intelligence, in this as in other cases, seemed incontestible. Yet the possibility and danger of being deceived by crafty and designing beings—or by *a* being "of fathomless intellect and fathomless guile," as a prominent clerical writer had phrased it—had been so strongly impressed on my mind that I hesitated long. It was urged that "Satan himself can be seemingly transformed into an angel of light." But why, I thought, should "evil and seducing spirits" alone be allowed access to humanity, while loving parents, friends, and holy

beings are shut away? It seemed incredible that it should be so. The same Bible which warned against deceivers taught also that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him," and that "ministering spirits" are "sent forth to minister to them which shall be heirs of salvation"; and it enjoined that we "try the spirits whether they be of God," plainly implying that the latter class may approach us, and that it is within our power and province to distinguish between the two classes, to guard against the machinations of the evil, and to avail ourselves of the ministrations of the good. It also enjoined us to be "not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Instead, then, of cowardly shrinking from any contact with these denizens of the invisible world, or from any inquiry regarding them, as I found my fellow-Christians generally disposed to do, it seemed plainly my duty to qualify myself to discriminate between them, and, clad in the panoply of conscious rectitude, guided by supreme love of truth and purity of aspiration, boldly to meet these messengers claiming audience from the invisible realm, test their quality and purposes, and avail myself of any good they might peradventure bring. And it seemed just, also, that the test applied to determine their character should not be merely avowed belief in doctrines popularly esteemed "othodox" —since it is easy for deceivers to profess any belief—but rather, practical *fruits*, and the obvious tendencies of their influence and teachings.

It was not long after determining on the duty of hospitality to these visitors from the unseen shore, that their presence began to be manifested in my own home, through the instrumentality of a member of my own family, and in hours of quiet seclusion. They made their presence known in various but unmistakable ways. One notable early occurrence was as follows: In consequence of a severe and painful illness, my companion was at one time brought, as it seemed, very near to death's door. One evening, on my leaving her to get a little rest, she bade me adieu, hardly expecting to survive the night. Soon afterwards she felt herself leaving the body and soaring above it, gazing back upon it as it lay upon the couch; then she was seemingly wafted upward, passing through what appeared to be an atmosphere of undulating music, and was ushered through an illuminated portal into a vast

amphitheatre, in which were assembled what seemed "an innumerable company of angels," who broke forth into a chant of greeting. Among these she was soon recognized and greeted by relatives and friends who had "gone before"—her own father, bringing a tiny babe she had lost some years previously, being among the number. One was brought to her and introduced as my father, whom she had never seen in this life, and she was able to give me afterwards a singularly correct description of his person as she saw him. During the interview which followed, and which may have lasted some hours—as the nurse fell asleep, and there was no one to take note of time—she witnessed and was told many things of great interest and instruction, tending to solve problems which had long perplexed her own mind and mine, but which cannot be here recounted. At length she was apprised that she must return to her body, but was very reluctant to do so, as she seemed happily escaped from all the ills and sufferings of earth. She was reminded that there were important duties remaining for her to perform on earth, and when these were accomplished this heavenly home would await her. The thought of her family and her infant babe reconciled her to a return, and she seemed to pass back over the same route by which she had ascended. She found herself again in the body, but, to her surprise and delight, *the pain and disease had wholly disappeared*, and she quickly regained her wonted strength and health. But the power of passing into the spiritual state (that is, the state of quickened or opened spiritual perceptions, in which spirit-beings are seen and heard) has remained ever since, and can be exercised partially at will, provided no untoward influence interferes.

That this experience was no ordinary purposeless dream no argument is needed to show, and that the spirit sight and hearing, or clairvoyance and clairaudience, which have followed are not an abnormal or diseased action of the faculties, as some may suppose,—although first coming into activity as a result of severe suffering,—is evidenced by the fact that a good degree of health is found requisite for their exercise,—the best health for their best use. Years of experience have tested their reality and taught something of the laws of their exercise.

To complete my narrative: The spirit claiming to be my father afterwards manifested great persistency in efforts to satisfy all my doubts regarding his personality. Gradually he, and apparently

others, acquired power to control (on permission) my companion's hand to write without volition on her part; also to control her vocal organs, to speak and converse—she retaining complete consciousness the while, and aware that the writing and the speech were not hers but from another person who was ordinarily seen and recognized by her on approach. Such was my skepticism, however, that months elapsed before accumulating evidence compelled me to confess my full satisfaction. When, at length, I conceded my doubts removed, my father, addressing me through the vocal organs of my wife, used substantially the following impressive language:

"My son, I have been thus persistent in my endeavors to satisfy you of my identity, for an important purpose. It has not been to gratify curiosity, or to astonish you with marvels, but to bring you valuable instruction. When I was in the body, I taught you the lessons of religion and of rectitude, to the best of my knowledge. But after entering the world of spirits I soon became aware that I was mistaken in regard to many things. Clearer light has dawned upon me, and I have been anxious to impart it to you and my other children. I have constantly exercised a guardian care over you, and have found your mind susceptible to my influence to a greater degree than are the others. I have guided you in many things, unconsciously to yourself; and now that you recognize my presence, I can approach you more nearly and aid you more effectively," etc.

He then invited me to come to him freely with questions and doubts, as I would if he were in the body, and he would do his best to help to a solution. Naturally, a very free intercourse followed, as opportunities presented, and much that was new, interesting, and seemingly valuable, was obtained. Ere long, however, on my applying to him for light on some difficult problem which had arisen in my mind, he surprised me by saying:

"Let me advise you, my son, when you want wisdom on any important matter, to apply to the Great Fount of Wisdom and leave Him to send it by whomsoever He will. You have been accustomed to call upon me, and by so doing you establish a mental rapport with me which shuts out others. Now, there are hosts in this sphere who are vastly wiser than I am, in comparison with whom I am but a child in attainments. It is better not to call upon *persons,* but to open your mind in pure aspiration to

the Infinite, and the answer will be sent through the channel best adapted to minister to you."

This advice seemed so eminently wise and proper that it has been substantially acted upon ever since, and the results have been most satisfying. Rarely are individual spirits called upon for any purpose (even though the less advanced often request that it be done), but seldom an opportunity of suitable quiet and seclusion occurs that some one or more of these celestial visitants do not make their presence know and impart some message of interest, affection, or instruction—some gift of spiritual illumination, or some accession of physical vigor and health according to the needs and exigencies of the hour.

The opening of the spiritual senses spoken of (clairvoyance and clairaudience) has been attended by the development of an acute perception, or power to distinguish the auras or atmospheres of different persons—spirits as well as mortals—thus giving an instant and intimate knowledge of their real qualities and characters (psychometry). This appears to be a sufficient safeground against the approach or subtle influence of the evil-disposed, or of deceivers professing to be what they are not. The visitors referred to are not always seen, the clairvoyant power not being at all times in activity; but they are always *felt*, and thus their quality is known. Old friends and acquaintances, of course, are readily recognized, and are often among our visitors; sometimes strangers give their names, and occasionally some sketch of their earthly history, if asked, and many an interesting surprise has been enjoyed this way; but more commonly no name is mentioned, or it will be witheld if asked for—the messenger claiming that his duty is strictly impersonal and official—that he comes in obedience to an authority beyond himself, and that his message must bear its own credentials.

The subject matter of these messages and conversations has been infinitely varied, and any adequate presentation of them would require volumes. Our attendants seem to have an intimate knowledge of all our concerns, and of even our thoughts; they manifest a kindly and vigilant interest in our physical health, often suggesting means for its preservation, or remedies for its restoration if impaired, and frequently impart a direct healing force, of conscious, immediate benefit. They have taught us the reality of the "gift of healing" as anciently practiced, explained

its *rationale*, and instructed in its successful exercise in numerous instances. They have warned against impending dangers—on one occasion saving our lives by preventing our taking passage in a steamboat on which a fearful disaster occurred—the occupants of the stateroom we had engaged (but did not occupy) being scalded to death. They sometimes volunteer valuable advice regarding material interests—though for reasons which cannot be fully explained here, we deem it neither wise nor safe to ask or depend upon the advice of spirits in matters not pertaining to their proper sphere, but counsel *volunteered* from an obviously well disposed and intelligent source may be worth heeding. They have not, indeed, saved us from *all* the ills and trials of life, and probably it is not best they should do so, since the discipline of suffering is doubtless an important part of life's purpose. But their ministrations have illumined even the darkest experiences with the light of hope and trust in the eternal goodness, whose unfailing care is convincingly exemplified in and made rationally credible by these angelic ministrations.

But the chief sphere of their service to us has been the moral, religious and spiritual in the best sense of the latter word. They have seemed most earnest to promote personal improvement, roundness of character, the overcoming of all faults and the stimulation of all that is noblest and best, and to urge the application in human society of those higher principles of action—justice and brotherhood—which alone will redeem our world from its abounding evils and bring "the kingdom of heaven" on earth. Especially have they illustrated the nature and value of "inspiration," as well as other "spiritual gifts" of primitive times. But this interesting branch of the subject cannot be here enlarged upon. It must suffice to say that our celestial teachers have not led us to repudiate (as some so-called spiritualists seem inclined to do) all religion, nor even that form of it known as Christianity; but rather have aided us to attain a far higher sense of what religion is in its essence—to see what is valuable and permanent in *all* religions—and to recognize far deeper meanings in the words and life of the Christ of Judea than the Church has ever exemplified—meanings which the scorning world is sure to miss.

I had hoped to give from my note-book some specimens of the simple and practical, sweet and hallowed lessons given from day to day from this source, but space will not permit. Nor can I

more than allude to the general philosophy of life and of the universe which these teachers have opened to us—eminently rational as well as truly spiritual. I will only say that they never attempt to dominate or control, but respect one's mental and moral freedom to the fullest extent; they suggest, stimulate inquiry, seek to instruct, to enlighten, to uplift.

In all these manifestations and ministrations from the supernal world there is nothing "supernatural" in any objectionable sense of the word. Natural (from *natus*) means *that which is born*. If man is really a spiritual being, he is born so, and in in process of time he is born out of the cumbrous flesh into a more spiritual state of existence. Then, if *love* forms any part of his spiritual constitution, he will naturally and necessarily feel an interest in and care for those who are left behind, still "struggling in the mire of earth," and will seek to serve them if he can. Angelic ministration, then, is *higher*-natural, not *un*-natural; and instead of being a thing intrinsically improbable and incredible, to be disputed and antagonized to the last extent—("spirits are the last thing that I will give in to," are the words of a distinguished *savant*)—is a thing most natural, reasonable and to be expected in a universe where LOVE has any part—where God, who is love, reigns.

If any imagine that it detracts from the regard due to the Supreme Being to recognize the agency of intermediate beings as ministers of wisdom and of good to us, they should remember that it is *the good*, or *the God in them*, which alone prompts them to this kindly service. The infinite spirit of good surely dwells in all loyal beings, and it is by and through their personal agency that He is everywhere present "to will and to do." This affords a rational and intelligible—I think the *only* rational and intelligible—conception of the Divine omnipresence and providence.

While my convictions have been formed mainly on the basis of facts of the class described, occurring in the quiet of my own family, and through the instrumentality of one who has never acted for pay (and thus has no motive for deception, even supposing deception possible, which is not conceded), I am also familiar with phenomena of various other classes, produced through numerous other instruments, probably equally trustworthy, which afford abundant corroboration to the same general truth. Of course, I am not unacquainted with the various theories,

often learned and highly ingenious, advanced by "scientific" men, and men not scientific, to account for and explain away these facts on different grounds. I have made it a point through all these eventful years to carefully note and consider everything of importance that has been put forth against the view which has been forced upon me; but am obliged to say, conscious of the full meaning of my words, that no "explanation" which has been offered—no theory of "automatic or unconscious cerebration," of "diseased or abnormal action of the brain," of "separate activity of the cerebral hemispheres," of "hypnotic hallucination," "self-delusion," or what not, as urged on the one hand; or of "masquerading and deceiving spirits," "demons," "astrals," "shells," etc., as set forth by others—at all meets the case. However astute or pretentious these expositions, or however plausible the case they have made out, a single interview with one of these celestial visitors, under favorable circumstances, has sufficed to brush aside the flimsy reasonings and give to the winds any doubts they may have raised. To question the distinct and excarnate personality of these intelligences is intellectually impossible, while to repel them indiscriminately as deceivers and ministers of evil or semi-conscious "elimentaries," would be to do violence to the moral nature—in fact, to "blaspheme against the Holy Ghost."

Nevertheless, the fact is not to be disguised, because established by abundant experience, that unwise and promiscuous dealings with the unseen world are full of danger. Frivolity, insincerity, or any sinister, mercenary, or selfish purpose, invites, by the very law of spiritual affinity, the presence of beings of a corresponding quality, with whom any familiarity is unprofitable, and liable to prove perilous. Spirit communion should be sought only for the highest and worthiest ends—only in the earnest love of truth and good for their own sake. But this fruitful theme cannot here be dwelt upon. A word to the wise is sufficient.

To conclude, it will be seen from the foregoing that I am a spiritualist perforce of proofs personal to myself, so strong that were there no other of like belief in the world I should still be compelled to be one. But the fact that millions of other persons, in all parts of the civilized world, including in their number some of the brightest intellects and acutest men of science the age has produced, have, within a few years, been brought to substantially

the same conviction by similar proofs, independently witnessed, does not weaken my assurance.

Nor does the fact that a body of professional scientific men and experts acting under the auspices of a respectable University in our country—some of them eminent in special departments of investigation—have, after a few ill-conducted attempts at experiment with certain professional mediums—attempt notable chiefly for *what did not occur*—gravely announced that they have discovered nothing but evidence of trickery and fraud, have any appreciable weight in the case. Even were all the professional mediums in the world proven to be unconscionable tricksters—which seems hardly more provable than that all other professionals are equally untrustworthy—such a fact would have no bearing upon the convictions herein set forth.

A. E. NEWTON.

LORD BEACONSFIELD AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

UPON a massive granite base, and facing the Parliament House, stands the lofty statue of Lord Beaconsfield.

The figure is of bronze, in the full state robes of a Peer, so draped as to uncover the left leg and reveal the garter—insignia of the most coveted order in Europe.

If such a thing be possible, we may well believe that the spirit of the dead statesman inspired the artist to make the statue as it is.

The pose of the head and the peculiar bend of the neck is true to life, as he appeared beside Her Majesty, holding the sword of state, in that memorable pageant when the Queen opened the Parliament in person, on the 8th day of February, 1877.

Take it all in all it is the most effective statue that I have seen, save only the one in the public square at Milan, where Fame, in colossal figure, is represented to have chiseled the single word "CAVOUR" on the base of his statue.

In Westminister Abbey there is also a statue of Lord Beaconsfield in marble. A foreigner visiting London and seeing these imposing monuments which a great nation has reared in honor of a departed subject, naturally asks who he was, and what he has done? And he learns, with surprise, that he was the son of a Jew of Italian descent, without a drop of Norman or Saxon blood in his veins; born to no rank, or wealth, or family; of a despised race; excluded by the laws of England from parliament and all participation in the government of the realm; who at the age of twelve went to the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and was there baptized into the Church of England on the 31st day of July, 1817, "as Benjamin, son of Isaac and Maria Disraeli;" and by this rite became entitled thereafter to all the privileges of a Christian subject.

(Not until fifty-three years after the birth of Disraeli was a Jew ever seated in Parliament, and the first Hebrew ever admitted to the House was Baron Lionel De Rothschild, in 1858.)

He was never a member of any college, university or public school; for a short time he was in a private school, and after that for a while in a lawyer's office in London. In both places he suffered bitterly from the scorn with which "the Jew," as they called him, was treated. He soon dropped the law and turned his attention to literature, and before he was twenty wrote "Vivian Gray." "A childish tale," as he once told me it was, "which he had often tried to suppress, but could not."

It is evident that he used literature from the first as a stepping stone to political power; and in his earliest work he boldly predicted that he would in time be Prime Minister of England; and in the "Young Duke," written three years later, he clearly intimates that he shall one day give a specimen of his oratory in the House of Lords.

Insulted, as he was, by his schoolmates on account of his race, and feeling his own vast superiority over his tormentors, he might well have exclaimed, with the hero of his first book:

"Curse my lot! that the want of a few rascal counters, and the possession of a little rascal blood, should mar my fortunes!"

It is manifest from all his writings that he regarded the maker of history as far greater than the best writer of it; that he considered Julius Cæsar as greater than Homer, and Napoleon as superior to Shakespeare; and he several times makes his hero declare that "he worships the Lord of Hosts!"

When young, his Oriental imagination reveled in the contemplation of power and pomp and the splendors of imperial grandeur, and through that largely developed faculty he early foresaw himself the original of Tennyson's

> . . . Divinely gifted man.
> Whose life in low estate began,
> Who break his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star.
> Who makes by force his merit known,
> And lives to clutch the golden keys,
> To mold a mighty state's decrees,
> And shape the whisper of the throne.

In a general preface to his works, written so late as 1870, he

says that "he recognized imagination in the government of nations as a quality not less important than reason."

This view, coming from a statesman then in his sixty-sixth year, will not be surprising to those who have studied the great writers upon the science of the mind, all of whom give the most exalted place to the imaginative faculty.

President Porter, in his work on the "Human Intellect," says:

"In the communication of scientific truth there can be no question that a large measure of imagination is of essential service. . . . Indeed, we may safely say that in the history of speculation and science not a man can be found who was distinguished for philosophic genius who did not possess an active and a glowing imagination, and whose imagination did not render essential service in the operations of thought."—And further,—"that its workings are more fitly compared to inspiration than those of any other endowment of the soul."

Tyndall, in his "Fragments of Science," treating upon the scientific use of the imagination says:

"We are gifted with the power of imagination, and by this power we can lighten the darkness which surrounds the world of the senses. . . Bounded and conditioned by co-operative Reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer. Newton's passage from a fallen apple to a fallen moon was at the outset, a leap of the imagination. . . In fact, without this power, our knowledge of nature would be a mere tabulation of co-existences and sequences. We should still believe in the succession of day and night, of summer and winter; but the soul of Force would be dislodged from our Universe; causal relations would disappear, and with them, that science which is now binding the parts of nature to an organic whole."

And Agassiz, in his geological treatise, says:

"Imagination, chastened by correct observation, is our best guide in the study of Nature. We are too apt to associate the exercise of this faculty with works of fiction, while it is in fact the keenest detective of truth."

And Carpenter, in his "Mental Physiology," says:

"It cannot be questioned by any one who carefully considers the subject under the light of adequate knowledge that the *creative imagination* is exercised in at least as high a degree in science as it is in art or in poetry. Even in the strictest sciences—*mathematics*—it can be easily shown that no really great advance, such as the invention of Fluctions by Newton and of the Differential Calculus by Libnitz, *can* be made without the exercise of imagination."

On this theory he made the Queen Empress of India. He wished to exalt the British throne in the imagination of her oriental subjects that they might be governed the more easily. It was the plan of a sagacious statesman, and not the scheme of a

subservient courtier to flatter his sovereign and minister to the vanity of a woman.

After many humiliating defeats, Disraeli was finally elected to Parliament, and on the seventh of December, 1837, he made his first speech in the House, where, with insulting interruptions, derisive cheers and mocking laughter he was obliged to sit down.

Then it was, that in a defiant tone, he said: "I have several times begun many things and I have succeeded at last. Aye, sir, and though you will not hear me now, the time shall come when you will hear me."

I have been told by Lord Granville, who heard this maiden speech, that Disraeli's peculiar manner and foppery in dress did much to cause the derision with which he was greeted; but Disraeli's style of dress and manner was acquired in society when that prince of fops—George the Fourth—was king. Julius Cæsar was a dandy in his youth.

There is no doubt that his rare imagination early unfolded before him his great career so vividly, that he foresaw it as a decree of Fate. This appears in all his political novels, in his bearing under repeated defeats, and in a dinner-speech after his failure at Wycomb, where he said:

"I am not at all disheartened; I don't in any way feel like a beaten man. Perhaps it is because I am used to it. I can say, with the famous Italian General, who, being asked in his old age why he was always victorious, replied it was because he had always been beaten in youth."

Whether the strange forecast of Disraeli's life, as divined by his friend Bulwer—Lord Lytton—influenced his later career and helped to support him under every defeat is not known; but, harmonizing as it did with all his early imaginings, it might have done.

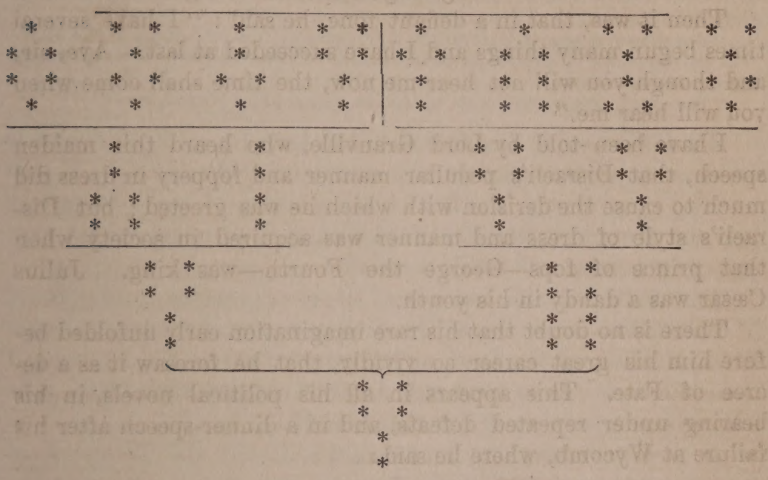
No one familiar with Bulwer's works, and especially with "Zanoni," can doubt that Bulwer was something of a believer in Occult Science. His son, Lord Lytton—the present Ambassador to France—in a biography of his father gives the following:

"Throughout the greater part of Disraeli's early career, his true character was very imperfectly perceived, and the real solidity of his intellect greatly underrated. My father's early recognition of his rare gifts was never for a moment obscured by the ridicule with which mediocre men, for many years, were accustomed to speak of the political pretensions of the future Premier, as if he were merely a spouting charlatan. But neither did his opinion of the quality and order of his friend's genius equal the public estimation of them at the close of that unique career which my father did not live to see.

"What he did not see, however, he foresaw. His well-known interest in studies of an occult and mystical description, which will fill a chapter in the story of his later life, led him for many years to find amusement in the process of divination called 'Geomancy.' And at Wildbad, in 1860, he cast and interpreted the subjoined Geomantic Figure of the character and career of Benjamin Disraeli:

GEOMANTIC FIGURE.

B. DISRAELI.



Judex.

A singularly fortunate figure. A strongly marked influence towards the acquisition of coveted objects.

He would gain largely by marriage in the pecuniary sense, which makes a crisis in his life. He would have a peaceful hearth, to his own taste, and leaving him free for ambitious objects.

In honors, he has not only luck, but a felicity far beyond the most favorable prospects that could be reasonably anticipated from his past career, his present position, or his personal endowments.

He will leave a higher name than I should say his intellect quite warrants, or than would now be conjectured. He will certainly have *very high* honors. Whether official or in rank, high as compared with his birth or actual achievements.

He has a temperament that finds pleasure in what belongs to social life. He has not the reserve common to literary men.

He has considerable veneration, and will keep well with Church and State. Not merely from policy, but from sentiment and instinct.

His illnesses will be few and quick. But his last illness may be lingering. He is likely to live to old age—the close of his career much honored.

He will be, to the last, largely before the public. Much feared by his opponents, but greatly beloved, not only by those immediately about him, but by large numbers of persons to whom he is personally unknown. He will die, whether in or out of office, in an exceptionally high position, greatly lamented, and surrounded to the end by all the magnificent planetary influences of a propitious Jupiter.

No figure I have drawn more surprises me than this. It is so completely opposed to what I myself should have argued, not only from the rest of his career, but from my knowledge of the man.

He will bequeath a repute out of all proportion to the opinion now entertained of his intellect even by those who think most highly of it.

Greater honors far than he has yet acquired are in store for him. His enemies, though active, are not persevering. His official friends, though not ardent, will yet minister to his success.

E. L. B.

"Though specious in theory, nothing can be falser in fact than the common saying that all the world is wiser than any man in it, if by this it be meant that the voice

of the multitude is nearer the truth than the judgment of a sage. The popular estimate of eminent men is, in the majority of cases, the extravagant offspring of hearsay, which gathers force by repetition. When once the cry is taken up, the cuckoo-note, as it passes from mouth to mouth, assumes a sort of collective magnitude. Exaggeration is its necessary aliment. In the hasty correction of an erroneous belief one extreme is succeeded by another, and perhaps we may rightly ascribe to this cause the fact that my father's opinion was in a mean between the earliest and the latest popular estimate of his friend's character; so that he, who asserted the genius of Disraeli when it was depreciated, was surprised at the glories revealed by his Geomantic Figure.

"But whatever may be the truth in this particular, the singularity is the same—that the geomantic conclusions were not suggested by my father's views, but in glaring opposition to them.

"The event, which verified his divination, contradicted his judgment."

I think, to say the least, it is in bad taste for an Englishman to speak of Lord Beaconsfield as a successful "charlatan." If that be true, then, surely, the British are a nation of snobs to have so honored him in his life, eulogized him at death, and reared such enduring monuments to his memory.

For many years he was one of the great leaders in the House of Commons—three times Chancellor of the Exchequer—twice Prime Minister of England, and then an Earl in the Peerage of Great Britian. Does staid old England bestow such trust, confidence and honors upon a "charlatan?"

It is believed—when he measured himself with Bismarck at Berlin in 1878—that the great German, who was apt to say what he thought, conceded that he had met his equal.

The treaty of Berlin was regarded by Lord Beaconsfield as the crowning glory of his life, and the ovation on his return has rarely been equaled. The Queen decorated him with the most ancient "Order of the Garter," which but few of her great nobles can wear.

Selden says of this order that "it exceeds in majesty, honor and fame all chivalrous orders in the world." The order was instituted by Edward III. in 1344, and was limited to twenty-five, the king himself making the twenty-sixth.

Lord Salisbury received the other vacant Garter at the same time, and in honor of the event Lady Salisbury gave a notable reception.

BEHOLD THE CONTRAST!

The despised Jew-boy, sitting disconsolate in the little schoolroom at Blackheath, and the PRIME MINISTER of England, LORD PRIVY SEAL, EARL BEACONSFIELD, of BEACONSFIELD, VISCOUNT HUGHENDEN, KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, CHIEF FIGURE

at the "PEACE WITH HONOR" CONGRESS of Berlin, clad in the costly trappings of his Order, with the Star of rarest jewels—gift from an admiring friend—blazing upon his breast, and nobles of ancient line, with high dames of rank and pride and beauty, crowding to do him reverence, in the grand drawing-rooms of a CECIL, whose escutcheon dates back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The dreams of his youth were now realities; the one shadow was, that his noble wife, so true, so helpful, so cheering by her loving support in his direst trials, could not share with him the crowning hour.

No statesman has been so honored and beloved by his Sovereign, so applauded by the most aristocratic and exclusive nation in Europe.

Commenting upon this scene, the *Times*, I think it was, said: "He ought to have gone home and *died!*"

He did not die that night, but when Mr. Gladstone assailed the Treaty of Berlin, which Lord Beaconsfield cherished as the proudest achievement of his life, irritated by the fiery assault, he retorted in the bitterest sarcasm of which he was master:

"I was astonished to learn that the Convention of the 4th of June (1878) has been described as an insane convention. It is a strong epithet. I do not myself pretend to be as competent a judge of insanity as my Right Honorable opponent. I will not say to the Right Honorable gentleman, 'Naviget Anticyram,'* but I would put this issue to an English jury: Which do you believe most likely to enter into an insane convention, a body of English gentlemen, honored by the favor of their sovereign, and the confidence of their fellow subjects, managing your affairs for five years, I hope with prudence, and not altogether without success, or a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself."

Not long after, Lord Beaconsfield died; and his great rival, in lofty magnanimity, rising to the occasion, delivered one of the noblest eulogies upon Lord Beaconsfield ever pronounced over the grave of a patriot.

* This phrase was long ago applied to one reproached with being insane. Anticyra was the ancient name of an island in the Mediterranean producing hellebore, supposed to cure insanity. Hence the proverb, "Naviget Anticyram."

True Americans should honor the memory of Lord Beaconsfield for the course he took in our perilous conflict. Differing from nearly every Englishman of the ruling class, he firmly resisted the efforts of Louis Napoleon to induce the British Government to join him in recognition of the Confederacy.

On the 18th of July, 1876, the writer, while Minister of the United States, met the Prime Minister—then Mr. Disraeli—at a garden-party given by the Prince of Wales at Chiswick. Speaking of our late war he said:

Mr. Lincoln's proclamation that the war was not for the emancipation of the slave, but only for the preservation of the Union, tended to weaken British sympathy for our success; but that our government had acted very honorably in the Trent affair, and he had never favored the recognition of the South—not from any especial sympathy with the North, but having given much attention to the subject, he was satisfied, for many obvious reasons, that the North must prevail in the end, and that it would be unwise for Her Majesty's Government, in any event, to make a powerful enemy to secure a feeble ally, and, therefore, he advised against any recognition of the Confederacy, which advice harmonized with the sentiments of the Queen. Like all the great statesmen of England he regarded "British interests" as the guide to British policy. His intellect was far reaching and cold, but gratitude was a strong trait in his character.

Towards his wife—whose fortune had relieved him from pecuniary embarrassments and left his mind free to pursue his ambitious career—he was as delicately attentive as a young lover, and when he might well have claimed the peerage for himself he declined it so that the queen might make Mrs. Disraeli "Countess of Beaconsfield" in her own right. She was many years his senior, and it is related that when an impertinent "swell" said to him, "Dizzy, how can you be so devoted to that old woman?"—"From a sentiment which you have never felt—GRATITUDE," was Disraeli's rebuke. Before he died he made his faithful secretary a peer of the realm.

In every domestic relation he was without reproach.

Inherent in his Hebrew blood was profound reverence for the Old Testament, and he disliked the new doctrines of creation and evolution, which he satirized in Tancred and in a speech at Oxford, which gave offense to some. In that speech he said:

"The great question seems to be whether we are the descendants of an ape or an angel—I stand by the angel." In Tancred he writes:

"After making herself very agreeable, Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, 'Do you know this?' And Tancred, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its titlepage, found it was 'The Revelations of Chaos,' a startling work just published, and of which a rumor had reached him.

"'No,' he replied; 'I have not seen it.'

"'I will lend it you if you like; it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style.'

"'It explains everything!" said Tancred; 'it must, indeed, be a very remarkable book!'

"'I think it will just suit you,' said Lady Constance. 'Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it.'

"'To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure,' said Tancred.

"'No longer so,' said Lady Constance. 'It is treated scientifically; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor, the cream of the milky way, a sort of celestial cheese, churned into light, you must read it, 'tis charming."

"'Nobody ever saw a star formed,' said Tancred.

"'Perhaps not. You must read the "Revelations;" it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man has been developed. You know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then, I forget the next, I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came, let me see, did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah! that's it: we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it.'

"'I do not believe I ever was a fish,' said Tancred.

"'Oh! but it is all proved; you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand, it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved: by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us; we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is development. We had fins; we may have wings.'"

On the 22d of December, 1877, I had a conversation with Lord Beaconsfield about the Irish Question. I thought it so important that I made copious notes of it in my diary, by referring to which I am able to reproduce it substantially.

He said that the government of Ireland was likely to cause much trouble before long, and that the agitation of the question might be felt in America; that Ireland demanded a voice in the management of her local affairs, and a redress of many grievances which would have to be considered. I asked him if he had any plan for the better government of Ireland? He said: "No perfected plan, but a general idea that if he had to deal with the situation he should propose to place Ireland in a similar relation

to the imperial government that New York holds towards the federal government—differing in many particulars, on account of the different conditions—but in the main, similar." He added, "The fear that many express, lest in that case Ireland would become independent, I consider groundless—your war has settled that; even several great states combined could not maintain a confederacy independent of the Union."

I remarked that I had lately read his statement "that imagination was quite as important in the government of nations as reason."

"Yes," he replied, "I dare say that many will criticise this view; people generally think that the office of the imagination is to make rhymes and write fairy tales. Great metaphysicians do not think so. Cromwell undertook to govern Ireland in the 'blood and iron' way, but failed."

I replied, but he brought peace, did he not?

He said: "Yes, the peace of death. The rule of Charles the First was better. The Irish are susceptible to kindness and full of sentiment—not logical—and inconsiderate of the means necessary to gain desired ends; but easily governed if dealt with in the right way."

"The great difficulty about the adoption of any plan for the home government of Ireland is that Ulster and the other Protestant portions of the island fear that if Ireland were made a state like New York her legislation would be oppressive to the Protestants."

I replied: "Do as we do in America. Divide Ireland into two states, as we divided Virginia; of Ulster and Leinster make one state, and of the remainder of the island make another. Each state being then absolutely independent of the other, and both subject to the Imperial power,—as in the United States,—no oppressive legislation of the kind feared would be possible."

He was more than courteous towards my suggestion, and said that perhaps he might live to give me credit for it.

I have often thought, since the Irish question has assumed such large proportions, that if Lord Beaconsfield had lived in the full possession of his eminent faculties for dealing with difficult situations, the Irish problem would have been solved.

No truer patriot-statesman has lived in England. His forecast in securing the Suez Canal as a means of protecting India.

His plan to bring the Indian troops to Malta, and his scheme for enlarging the suffrage attest his zealous care for the interests of England, and when he, alone in 1878, had the courage, "*the perfect courage,*" to bring the Czar—intoxicated with recent victory—to a halt; to drag him reluctant to the Congress at Berlin, and force him to sheath his reeking sword, and to tear up the treaty of San Stephano* which Russia had extorted from the strangled Turk, and then acquired Cyprus as a base of future operations, he did more for the security and glory of England than any number of Crimean wars could have done.

Then his work was ended, and a nation—greater than Rome ever was—hastened to do him honor. And when he died—on the 19th of April, 1881—a cloud of deeper and more universal mourning never darkened a sorrowing Empire.

When his full history shall have been written; when the prejudices of race and of caste shall have died away, and all the difficulties and jealousies which impeded him in his early career shall be well understood; the *true life* of the great Minister will surpass in wonder the most romantic tale that fiction has told.

Then the fame of Lord Beaconsfield will be cloudless, and future generations will cite his example to show how "mountains can be removed and cast into the sea," by persistent courage and unfaltering faith.

EDWARDS PIERREPONT.

* This treaty virtually wiped Turkey from the map of Europe, and opened the way for the Russian army to march to the Bosporus.

SHAKSPERE'S INFLUENCE ON THE DRAMA.

THE English drama is of native growth. In form, in spirit, in its passion, in its method, in its diction, in its draught of character, it owes nothing to the ancient or any antecedent Spanish or Italian source, to all of which the French drama owes its being. Begotten out of the mummeries, miracle plays, mysteries, and grotesque exhibitions, the Elizabethan stage sprung in fifty years into its grandest poetic state. It was Gothic and Romantic, resembling the Greek model as much as Westminster Abbey resembles the Parthenon. It was regarded with classic contempt by the scholars of that period, as a home-made, trivial, and vulgar matter. Marlowe, Jonson, Shakspere, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massenger, Webster, Ford, and a score of such spirit, formed in public opinion a group of brilliant Bohemians wasted on the playhouse. Shakspere was not distinguished amongst his fellows; his plays were not particularly valued. We cannot find that he was preferred at the Royal festivals held at court. His works seem to have enjoyed a fair share of popularity, but not so large as to make his name pre-eminent, or his retirement from the stage remarkable. The literary records of the period leave him alone. They had no suspicion that the greatest genius had lived and died amongst them, and during a century after his death the literary world was not sensible of his position in the Pantheon of great men. Addison, writing a hundred years after Shakspere, brackets him with Nat Lee, saying "in these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of style," and "they are guilty of spurious sublimity." At the same time the courtly Pepys goes to witness a play by Mr. Shakspere, called "As You Like It," and finds it silly and stupid. Is it strange, therefore, that at this time Dryden undertook to reclaim the rich wilderness of Shakspere? and to show his landscape gardening he undertook to recompose the

"Tempest." Here is a specimen of his improvements. The *Prospero* of Shakspere reproaches *Ariel* with ingratitude and forgetfulness of the tortures from whence his magic power had rescued the sprite. *Ariel* replies, "Pardon, master! I will be respondent to command and do my spiriting gently."

Prospero: Do so! and after two days I will discharge thee!
Ariel: Shall my noble master! what shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Nothing can be more delicate, more pathetic than the tender relations between the magician and his dainty *Ariel.* Now turn we to Dryden! here is how *his Prospero* bullies the sprite, in bombastical fustian:

Prospero: I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of Mount Hecla;
I'll singe thy airy wings with sulphurous flames,
And choke thy tender nostrils with blue smoke;
At every hiccough of the belching mountain
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down again!

And this grotesque rubbish was applauded at the time!

Further on in this improvement of the "Tempest" the two lovers deliver themselves in the following fashion:

'What is the soul?"
"A small blue thing, that runs about within us."
"Then I have seen it of a frosty morning run smoking out of my mouth."

Is it conceivable such nonsense could be presented by a poet of the calibre of Dryden, and that a public could be found to tolerate it?

I propose to submit that the literary world was blind to the merits of this poet, who owes his life to the tragedians that resolutely maintained him on the stage, where they beat into the brains of the people a sense of his divinity, and then, and not until then, the Scribes and Pharisees of Literature professed an adoration which they have since carried to a ridiculous excess.

I propose to show that no author of ancient or modern times has been treated with so much indignity by his idolators; he has been knocked on the head, mangled, gutted and stuffed, sometimes swept away and reconstructed; every playwright and actor has taken a hack at him! Cibber, Dryden, Garrick, Kemble, tore him to pieces and put him together again. And these remedies of his malformations, these amendments of his imperfections,

are to this day accepted as the ritual of his divine service. When two of the Shaksperean devotees meet, like Cato's augurs, it is wonderful they do not laugh in each other's faces!

He had no consciousness of his own magnitude, and cared so little for his dramatic works that he left the manuscripts to drift about the stage, when they were probably lost in the Globe Theatre, when it was destroyed by fire in 1613. He seems to have attached more value to his poems, especially to "Venus and Adonis," which ran through four editions in as many years. The coeval writers refer especially to these works, but omit all mention of his plays. A few of these had been printed without his authority, some with and some without his name as author on the title page, showing how slight the esteem in which that name was held at the time. Theminge & Condell, who printed an edition of his works seven years after his death, call them "trifles," and say they "collected them," regretting the author had not corrected the press; but they assure the readers that the "stolen, surreptitious, maimed and deformed," copies theretofore "published by frauds and impostors," were to be repudiated. They add, curiously, that the manuscripts they had "received from him (seven years dead) had scarcely a blot in his papers." There has been recently discovered a copy of this one edition, revised and corrected in ink by some actor or stage manager of the period, showing hundreds of manifest blunders, and misprints and omissions, and proving that these publishers had not received from him his papers, as they claimed, but copies collected from the memories of actors, or compiled from parts. In their dedication and in their preface to readers, they ascribe no transcendent merit to Shakspere, but plead only that "he was a happy imitator of Nature, and a most gentle expressor of it," and they undertook to print the works "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive." The indifference extended by himself towards his dramatic works, which he seemed to regard as "pot boilers," is to my thinking the most noble feature in his being; he was unconscious of the greatness of his own genius! The surroundings of the theatre, at that time, were ignoble. The audience was largely ragamuffin! The dramatist was also an actor, holding shares in the theatre. These resources he augmented by filling the offices of costumer and property man, for Shakspere provided on hire the dresses and properties. Is it strange that a proud spirit and fastidious mind

should regard these employments as a degradation? And when he felt able to cut loose from his servitude, is it strange that he was glad to bury all record of his connection with it, and leave as few traces as possible of his engagement in a business which all decent people held in undisguised contempt?

His hopes of finding a modest place among the poets of his days rested in his poems and sonnets. Whenever he is mentioned by his contemporaries they confine their praises to these works.

> **And Shakspere thou: whose honey flowing vein,**
> **Pleasing the world, thy praises doth contain;**
> **Whose "Venus" and whose "Lucrece," sweet and chaste,**
> **Thy name in Fame's immortal book hath placed.**

But not a word about his plays!

And so this great soul, whose fame was destined to fill the world, to the eclipse of ancient and modern poets, as the sun eclipses the stars, was being quietly buried and laid away. The robust phalanx of the Elizabethan heroes, led by Raleigh, Sidney, Spenser and Francis Bacon were incapable of divesting their minds of the ancient and classic forms of tragedy, and failed to recognize the new prophet of nature. If these failed, how could the shallow dilettante of Charles the Second, with their imported French prejudices, appreciate the rude grandeur of "Lear," or sound the depth of "Hamlet." They agreed with Voltaire in regarding him as an inspired savage.

It was the selfish emergency existing within the London Theatre that served to rescue one poet from the oblivion into which he was rapidly disappearing.

Shakspere wrote thirty-seven plays, or was largely concerned in them. Of these

Fourteen are Comedies.
Thirteen are Tragedies.
Ten are Histories.

Of this number eight have proved pillars of the stage: "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," the "Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," and "Richard the Third."

These plays have been performed more frequently than any others—one hundred times for once any play in the second group has been represented.

The second group consists of ten plays: "Julius Cæsar,"

"Coriolanus," "Henry the Eighth," "King John," "Twelfth Night," "Taming of the Shrew," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The Tempest." It is doubtful if these plays would have been retained on the stage but for the name of Shakspere, upheld by the popularity of the first group.

The third group is formed of nineteen plays. These are so rarely performed that we may regard them as shelved, viz., the three parts of "Henry VI.," two of "Henry IV.," "Titus Andronicus," "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," "Love's Labor Lost," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Henry the V.," "Richard II.," "Measure for Measure," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Comedy of Errors," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Cymbeline," and "Winter's Tale."

If we examine the first group, containing the plays on which the popularity of Shakespeare mainly depends, we shall find in each of them one great conspicuous character, around which the play is built; which affords the actor, or actress, an opportunity for personal display. (A kind of drama I have elsewhere distinguished as the "pedestal play.") The tragedian is ever on the search for such; and Betterton, Barry, Barton Booth, Robert Wilkes, Garrick, Kemble, Edmund Kean, Edwin Forrest, found no such great parts in any other dramatist, nor in the plays written in their own times could they discover such opportunities as these tragedies afforded. It was their necessities, therefore, that maintained these eight dramas in the foreground of the theatre. The public began to regard each play in the list as the touchstone for the actor. And by these prætorians, and not by the literary world, Shakspere was raised to a throne around which they stood as a body guard.

The occasional production of the second group was a concession to the curiosity of the public; not that these plays are less important, less well-conceived, than those in the first group;—on the contrary some of them contain his best writing;—but the tragedian had no use for them. It is pretty certain that had Shakspere written only the twenty-nine plays contained in the second and third groups he would have remained beside Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, Massinger and Otway, admired but neglected. By the way, Massinger wrote one play, "A New Way

to Pay Old Debts," in which there happened to be one conspicuous character, *Sir Giles Overreach*, so that play has lived,—thanks to the tragedians.

There is at present, and there has been, a groveling adoration of this poet, which does him neither honor nor justice. Ben Jonson wrote of him: "I lov'd Shakspere, and do honor his memory, on this side of idolatry, as much as any," and so say I, heartily; but let us see in him the loftiest expression of the human mind, but nothing superhuman—that he is to be admired, yes! but to be worshiped as a god, no! The silly effusion of fanaticism is degrading to him and to us. The forms of his works are defective; so they have been altered and put into better shape. His diction is so teeming with the wealth of thought, that, like a torrent pouring out of the side of a mountain pour the entrails of speech—it tears rocks seamed with precious metals and jewels, jostling each other in the precious flood that flings them or buries them in its bed, like worthless things. So without art, but teeming with riches uncoined, Shakspere founded no school, had no following. He left nothing behind him but himself. Uncultured, unreclaimed, as the Yellowstone Park, we know no landscape gardening to educate his picturesque solitudes, no art conducted the waters with propriety into romantic, ready made brooks, or spread them into well-trimmed lakes; no careful hands cleaned up his paths; but all stood as God left it, with the impress of His hand alone, and therefore it is inscrutable. Such is the genius of Shakspere: Unfettered by education, self-stored by a power of observation which acquired knowledge would have stunted. I deny that he reveals any learning that such a receptive mind could not have obtained by attrition with his associates. His information is general and wide, never deep, excepting such depth as there is in his own soul. Wherever certain accomplishments are put forward, they were easily supplied by his collaborators, whose learning ran into him as rivers run into the ocean. None but an actor could have written his plays, and actors have been his apostles to carry faith in him and his works into the hearts of the people, when the high priests of literature denied him.

DION BOUCICAULT.

WHY HARRISON WAS ELECTED!

THE State of New York has of late years been the battle-ground of political parties in the United States as certainly as Belgium was formerly regarded as "the cock-pit of Europe." The old campaign cry, "as goes Pennsylvania, so goes the Union," has lost its significance. The Empire State has become the arbiter, and success there has been the determining factor in the last three Presidential elections. For a variety of reasons, few or none of them consonant with the best form of Republican government, the Democratic party has, since 1876, confidently counted upon the support of all those States wherein slavery was but recently tolerated by law. Of the one hundred and fifty-five electoral votes cast for General Hancock in 1880, one hundred and thirty-eight came from the sixteen States which compose "the solid South,"—New Jersey with nine, Nevada with three, and California with five of her six electoral votes contributing the remaining seventeen. Of the two hundred and nineteen votes cast by electors for Mr. Cleveland in 1884, the South gave one hundred and fifty-three. If the Democrats had carried New York in 1880 General Hancock (the first candidate since President Monroe to receive the vote of every Southern State) would have been elected. If the narrow margin of less than one vote in a thousand by which the Republicans were defeated in New York in 1884 had been reversed, Mr. Cleveland would not have been inaugurated.

Nor would Mr. Lincoln have been chosen in 1860 if the thirty-five votes of New York had been given to one of the opposing candidates. We are accustomed to regard the first election of General Grant, in 1868, as an overwhelming Republican victory, but General Grant carried eight Southern States. Alabama, Arkansas, and Florida, the two Carolinas, Tennessee, Missouri

and West Virginia gave majorities in his favor. Governor Seymour received the votes of Delaware and Maryland, Kentucky, Georgia and Louisiana, while Virginia, Mississippi and Texas were not reconstructed, and did not therefore participate in the election. In the College of Electors General Grant received two hundred and fourteen votes, Governor Seymour eighty, but if the total Southern vote could have been cast in the latter's favor he would have defeated General Grant by seven electoral votes. The famous election of 1876 in which South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana contributed toward the slender majority of one electoral vote by which Mr. Hayes was elected President, after he had lost New York, is fresh in the remembrance of all.

In the elections of 1884 and of 1888, conducted under the census taken in 1880, the Electoral College is composed of four hundred and one members. In order to obtain the two hundred and one votes essential to an election, the Democratic party reckons with certainty upon the one hundred and fifty-three votes of the sixteen Southern States. The Republican party reckons with a certainty more honorably justifiable upon the support of eighteen Northern States, which cast one hundred and eighty-two votes. New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana, which muster sixty-six electoral votes, are the prizes to be fought for—the doubtful States to be contested. Provided that these lines can be maintained as they have been in both elections (unless figures not now attainable should show that the Republicans have this year carried West Virginia), it is evident that the State of New York is absolutely essential to Democratic success. By no warrantable calculation can the needed forty-eight electoral votes be obtained without her aid.

Of the remaining doubtful States New Jersey is ordinarily Democratic. In the election of 1860 her vote was divided between Lincoln and Douglas, four of her electors voting for the former, three for the latter candidate. In every subsequent Presidential election, save that of 1872, when Mr. Greeley was the Democratic nominee, the Republicans have lost the State. The defeat of General Harrison and the cause which he represents was, therefore, not unlooked for by either party in New Jersey. In the seven national elections preceding that of the current year, Connecticut and Indiana have given Republican majorities, save in 1876 and 1884, and New York, while going Republican in four

out of the seven, sustained Seymour in 1868, Tilden in 1876 and Cleveland in 1884. As in 1880 and 1884, so in 1888, the Democratic managers foresaw that, with New Jersey carried to the Democratic column where the State naturally belongs, victory in New York, supplemented by triumph in either Indiana or Connecticut, meant victory in the Nation.

The Democratic party had, after the elections of 1887, every reason to hope that it could in the succeeding year carry every State in which it had been successful in 1884. Insidious enemies in the four doubtful States were hard at work to disintegrate the Republicans. The Prohibition party, which in 1884 threw 25,000 votes in New York, had in 1885 thrown more than 30,000; in 1886, over 36,000, and in 1887, about 42,000 votes. In New Jersey a Prohibition vote of but little more than 6,000 in the Presidential contest of 1884 had in the Gubernatorial election of 1886 increased more than threefold. In Connecticut a poll of 2,126 in 1884 had two years later risen to 4,699, while in Indiana the third party mustered more than 9,000 on the election day of 1886, as against 3,028 two years before. At the same, in every State except Indiana, the Republican vote had, since 1884, shrunk in a ratio far greater than the Democratic. The table showing the percentage of votes cast by the several parties at the election of 1884, and at subsequent elections up to 1888, clearly exhibits this, as it does the increase in the Prohibition vote, so justly alarming to the Republican party.

		Democrats.	Republicans	Prohibitionists.	Labor or Greenback Party.	Scattering.
New York...	1884.	48.27	48.15	2.07	1.45	0.06
	1885.	48.86	47.77	3.00	0.20	0.17
	1886.	48.29	47.48	3.75	0.28	0.20
	1887.	44.94	43.31	4.00	6.71	1.04
New Jersey	1884.	48.98	47.32	2.36	1.34	
	1886.	47.45	44.00	8.55		
Connecticut.	1884.	49.32	48.12	1.54	1.02	
	1886.	47.72	46.18	3.80	2.30	
Indiana.....	1884.	49.49	48.18	0.61	1.72	
	1886.	48.21	48.89	1.93	0.97	

On the other hand, the Democratic party had no reason for serious uneasiness on account of the marked increase of the Labor vote in New York, which had suddenly risen from two thousand

eight hundred in 1886 to seventy thousand in 1887, for while, owing to this cause, their own vote had shrunk three and one-third per cent., that of the Republicans had decreased four per cent., as compared with the preceding year, thus indicating that the Labor party drew rather more heavily from the Republicans than from the Democrats.

Third parties, such as are made up of Labor, Prohibition or Paper Money advocates, flourish where no deep and broad issue divides the two leading contestants for popular favor. Where a great principle, understood of all men, is at stake, where a clearly defined principle or measure is maintained on the one side and denied on the other, voters ordinarily join one of the great political divisions, as inclination or conviction may determine. The exception to this rule seems to be where one party courts self-destruction by shattering its own organization. Thus the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Greeley in 1872 was undoubtedly caused in large part by the deep disgust of thousands of Democrats, who abstained from voting rather than sustain one of their most ancient and bitter political enemies.

If this be a rule applicable to political action, it is evident that the Prohibition vote in the four doubtful States, drawn in a large measure from the Republicans, could only be expected to increase, or, indeed, to hold its own, upon the condition that no issue was presented of importance sufficient to induce a return of the wandering sheep to the Republican fold. The party in opposition could not frame an issue of that decisive character. It could be done only by the party in power. To do nothing, to "let well enough alone," to pursue the proverbial and often wise policy of masterly inactivity, is within the province of an administration.

True, it may be asserted that Mr. Cleveland's conduct of the National Government was open to the attack of the opposition at many points. His administration has been successful in few things, scarcely creditable in some things, commonplace in many things. Its foreign policy has not been firm, courteous, or dignified. The chief part played by the Secretary of the Navy has been in a quarrel which resulted in the ruin of one of the great ship-builders of the country by an official interpretation of a government contract so arbitrary and unfair that in a private transaction it would have seriously affected the character of the man

who insisted upon it. The Secretary of the Interior and his Land Commissioner radically differed over matters of grave importance, while the Post-Office Department is justly blamed in many parts of the country for mal-administration and for seriously crippling the public service by hasty removals of competent officials to make room for political favorites, ignorant of their duties, and, in many instances, unfitted by temperament or education even to acquire a knowledge of them.

The Secretary of the Treasury, unable or unwilling to grapple with the problem of too large a revenue, has rendered himself unpopular with the masses by depositing the money of the government in banks selected capriciously or for political reasons—a course of action sententiously condemned by President Cleveland himself in his third annual message, when he said that "No condition ought to exist which would justify the grant of power to a single official, upon his judgment of its necessity, to withhold from or release to the business of the people, in an unusual manner, money held in the treasury, and thus affect, at his will, the financial situation of the country."

Dakota, with an area of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand square miles and a population of seven hundred thousand people, easily and naturally divisible, as its inhabitants request, into two states, the smallest of which is considerably larger than Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland combined, has up to the present time been denied division or admission by the Democratic House of Representatives, in a manner so arbitrary and so unjustifiable as to involuntarily recall the course of the same party with reference to the admission of Kansas.

The herald, who, on Mr. Cleveland's advent, stood "tiptoe on the misty mountain-top," joyously proclaiming the dawn of the bright day of civil service reform, has found himself a discredited "Wiggins," and that ideal title to office, whose muniments are personal fitness and work well done, has not been viewed as absolutely unimpeachable by the Democratic tribunals which passed upon it. It is even suspected that competitive examination is not a bulwark impregnable to the assaults of those who desire to bestow office as political reward, and the president of the civil service reform league, who annually comes to the shores of the deep sounding sea to applaud and to praise, has remained to apologize and to defend.

Veterans of the war, relying upon lavish promises issued even in writing before election, as to pension legislation, have been grievously disappointed by failure to meet obligations at maturity. Of the one thousand and more pension bills of a private character submitted for executive approval to Presidents Hayes and Arthur not one was vetoed, while the interposition of a prerogative, stretched perhaps beyond its constitutional limit, killed four hundred and sixteen out of one thousand and eighty-four enactments of this character, passed by Congress during the first three and one-half years of President Cleveland's term.

Yet it may well be questioned whether attack at any or at all of these critical points would have produced great impression upon the mass of voters in doubtful States. The country at large cares little for foreign affairs, so long as we are not at war, and little for a navy or a Navy Department, so long as we are at peace. Discussion of financial affairs is ordinarily dreary and uninteresting to political gatherings, while the voters of the older States can, with that equanimity with which we endure the misfortunes of others, bear the disfranchisement of their brethren in Dakota. The vast majority of our citizens still view the honest and competent conduct of the business of the government with more concern than they do the exact method by which fit and competent persons shall be appointed to office, and are generously ready to forgive a party new to power for many errors and mistakes.

The one absorbing predominant issue which assured General Harrison's election was supplied by his opponent. From the standpoint of the politician the President's Message of December, 1887, is inexplicable; nor can the motive be more readily explained from the statesman's point of view. The President knew that he would be renominated and believed that he would be reelected. Silence on the tariff, an ordinary report "on the state of the Union," a recommendation that Congress should consider the question of the surplus revenue, would probably have secured him a second term. But a policy so safe and so peaceful was apparently not pleasing to the President, and he unwisely launched upon a crusade against Protection when it was morally certain that a Republican Senate would baffle, defeat, and humiliate him. The Press, as quickly as Congress, seized the advantage, and, before a week had gone by, the President found retreat impossible

and was forced to maintain a position sharply defined by his antagonists, who immediately became the aggressors.

The composition of the Committee of Ways and Means, upon which the duty devolved of framing the bill in accordance with the recommendations of the President, was singularly unfortunate. Of the eight Democratic members, six represented districts in Southern States where manufacturing interests are so slight in importance that the annual wage-roll of the combined six is not one-third as large as that of a single large manufacturing establishment in the North. Neither employers nor employed could view with indifference the hasty manner in which modification of a protective tariff, upon which depended their fortunes and their daily earnings, was made by men fitted neither by association nor experience for the task. It was not until the first day of March, nearly three months after the President's message was received, that the minority was informed as to what had been done by the majority, and it was not until the second day of April that the bill was reported to the Committee of the Whole.

Before the passage of the Mills Bill in the House, on the twenty-first day of July, the National conventions of both parties assembled. The Democratic Convention unanimously nominated Mr. Cleveland and joined with him upon the ticket Judge Thurman. While the nomination of Mr. Cleveland was inevitable, the choice of Judge Thurman cannot be regarded as wise or prudent. It aroused no local pride which could give his party additional strength, for in a contest over a protective tariff and "free wool" Ohio is as surely Republican as Vermont. Nor was Judge Thurman able to aid his party in the canvass. The attempt which was made to carry a man not in robust health and of advanced years over long and fatiguing distances only resulted in breaking down the patient victim, and arousing public sympathy in lieu of public enthusiasm. Nor was the argument which Judge Thurman advanced in support of the chief issue of the campaign worthy of the high opinion which the public had formed of his power while he was a member of the Senate. Apparently he viewed the country as confronted, not with a condition, but with a theory, for the constant refrain of his public utterance was the long-since exploded dogma of the *doctrinaire* that a tariff is always a tax, enhancing by the amount of the duty the price of each article to the consumer.

The Republican convention which met at Chicago was somewhat longer in reaching a conclusion, but its choice of candidates, made with the greatest harmony, was more fortunate. To select representative men from the two great doubtful States, New York and Indiana, was wise politically, and the men selected were wise. The public utterances of General Harrison, succeeding his nomination, commanded the hearty approval of his party and the respect and admiration of the entire country; while Mr. Morton's wide acquaintance and long and honorable career in business in New York brought strength and popularity to the ticket in that State. A weak and puerile attempt which was made to deride General Harrison as the descendant of illustrious men reacted upon its abettors. General Harrison's reputation at the bar, his meritorious service in the field, his admirable record in the Senate, served as an answer of triple strength, while his discreet bearing during the canvass, with his apt and eloquent speeches, added fresh renown to a name brilliantly interwoven for three generations with the history of the country.

In that effective organization of political forces, without which party success is impossible, the Republicans had undoubtedly the advantage. The roseate imagination of one of the Democratic managers has supplied our political slang with the suggestive epithet of "rainbow chaser," while the jovial propensity of their National Committee for converting sharp disaster into unlooked-for benefit, recalls the bulletin of the physician who, in oft repeated phrase, announced that the condition of his patient had all long exceeded his most sanguine expectations, tersely concluding, "he is dead." As against the Democratic "game of bluff," the Chairman of the Republican National Committee and his associates indulged in no counter-boasting, but quietly kept at their arduous task until they were able to announce, with the acquiescence of their opponents, that the Republican candidates had been elected. Perhaps no National Committee ever before did so much work, or did it so effectively as did that whose movements were directed by Senator Quay.

Still, with prestige of candidates and ability of management in their favor, the Republicans would have found almost insuperable difficulty in dislodging the administration from power but for the aid of the one great, clear, dominating issue of the Protective Tariff. Throughout the country that question was

brought forward to the subordination, if not to the exclusion, of all others—protection not to capitalist or manufacturer, but protection to those who toil at wheel and spindle, at forge and furnace, at the anvil and the plough, protection to all those who depend on a good day's wages for a good day's work. Strive as they might Democratic orators could not convince their audiences that labor is not more generously remunerated here than in any other portion of the globe, nor that European competition in this country means aught but a reduction of the wages of our own artisans to the foreign standard. Explain as they might by percentages and by comparison Democratic newspapers could not allay the apprehension and anxiety with which the North views tariff modification and revenue legislation at the hands of those in the South, who firmly believe in free trade, though they may prudently disavow such a faith during a campaign.

The victory for protection was not won wholly and solely by Republican votes. Democratic unity in the House in support of the Mills Bill was not indicative of Democratic unity in the nation. Many life-long Democrats, sincerely attached, from conviction or interest, to the maintenance of protection, refrained from all participation in the campaign, while a not inconsiderable number foreswore old party associations and openly supported General Harrison. The personality of the candidate could not repair the breach. Popular support, regardless of the unpopularity of the platform, did not come to Mr. Cleveland's aid. "No man," says a brilliant Democratic editor who extravagantly eulogizes the President's position, "no man made the President's fight his fight." The future historian will be, as the observer of the present now is, greatly perplexed in endeavoring to find the impulse or reason which gave to the President the absolute sway that he has undoubtedly exercised over his party since his inauguration.

Nor did the factional quarrel into which the City of New York was divided defeat the President's re-election. In Brooklyn, where the party was united, the loss was far more serious; and the 105,000 votes given to General Harrison were no more, the Democratic majority in the city no less, than was conceded in advance by competent judges on either side. The insurmountable majority given to the Republican candidate north of the Harlem River made New York Republican, a result obtained by the over-mastering economic issue which reduced the Prohibition vote of 1887 at

least ten thousand, and in equal measure increased the Republican vote.

Equally fortunate was the successful party in the national contest in its mottoes and maxims. That we intend to keep "our home markets for home producers," that "we prefer Uncle Sam to John Bull," are popular and pithy condensations of the conclusions of argument. The rather amusing blunder of the British Minister, who gravely furnished to an unknown correspondent a certificate of Mr. Cleveland's character as a true friend to England, exercised little if any influence upon the campaign. It but served as cumulative proof of the oft-asserted statement that the English people were greatly interested in the election, and desired Mr. Cleveland's success. Beyond this, it was the occasion for a singularly inconsistent course of action by the Secretary of State, who gravely urged upon the President the propriety of employing the judicial power of the Government, in order that the unknown correspondent might be dragged from his obscure retreat on the Pacific coast and visited with condign punishment for venturing to write to Her Majesty's representative without the permission of the Government of the United States, while at the same time he requested the instant dismissal of the minister who was unwise enough to reply.

The Democratic party was also unlucky in its choice of a distinctive campaign badge. The antiquated and peculiar handkerchief which its venerable candidate for Vice-President is accustomed to use was raised to the dignity of a national emblem. The Republican party, by an inspiration at once seized upon the flag of the country as the distinguishing mark of its adherents. Once lost, the Democratic party never could regain this advantage, and it is to be hoped that the Republican party will never relinquish it. It is a symbol well befitting a party which proudly boasts that its policy is distinctively American, and it undoubtedly carries with it a great prestige. That flag stimulates patriotism and arouses the enthusiasm alike of the older men who fought for the maintenance of all its stars, and of the younger men who give devout thanks that all its stars were maintained. Under its folds the Republican party of 1888 marched forward to a triumph which, if wisely used, will lead to still more important triumphs in the years to come.

WALKER BLAINE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

THE EVOLUTION OF DISCOVERY.

WHILE sitting in Mr. Edison's library a few days ago I chanced to turn over one of his many scrap-books. Among the extracts from newspapers was an editorial, published some years ago in a journal devoted to the interests of the gas manufacturers, in which the editor informed the world that Mr. Edison had totally failed in his efforts to invent an electric lamp, and that his idea of incandescent electric lighting was a dream never to be realized. Mr. Edison's quiet humor in preserving the editorial is characteristic.

A few years ago some enthusiastic inventor said he had found a mine of wealth in every clay bank. Why not? Did not the school books tell us clay contained alumina in abundance? This hopeful person had dug it out and we were to see great things, bridges of cobweb section, steel-like strength and silvery beauty; iron was to be such a very base metal nobody would think of using it. We had the metal, but it cost two hundred dollars a pound. This enterprising person had made it cheap. The fairy-like "aluminium age" did not appear, and yet it is a curious fact that to-day the metal is practically cheap and is in daily use to make certain valuable alloys.

We have read that if 2.75 per cent. of manganese is added to steel that an utterly useless compound is produced. An alloy of only 4.9 per cent. is so brittle that it can be broken up with a hammer like so much glass. Now comes the announcement that, if the percentage of manganese is greatly increased, we have a series of new and very valuable alloys of remarkable qualities.

These things are confusing. Who are we to believe? If men of learning are so easily upset by little facts like the electric light, what are plain folks to think? Shall we cheerfully believe everything, or abide in the good old mediæval frame of mind that believes nothing at all?

As far as nature is concerned, we are bounded by the limitations of our senses. Light, heat, and sound we understand as well as we can understand them in the present condition of our senses. Electricity and magnetism have been quite as well apprehended, and the great advance in these fields is not so much the discovery of new laws as the utilization in new ways of old facts. In chemistry there has been discovery and invention, and it is in chemical research we have had our greatest surprises and may look for the most hopeful future.

Invention and improvement there will be, and yet it may be questioned if the greatest progress in both invention and discovery may not eventually spring from improvements in our senses. It is fair to suppose our senses are improving, and that the time will come when we shall apprehend things to which we are now

blind, deaf, and insensible. We only know what our senses tell us. What if we may some day see, hear, and feel far better than now? We cannot see the invisible ends of the spectrum. What might we learn if we could? We cannot hear below the sixteen-foot tone or above the treble of an insect. What might we not hear if we could hear more? May it not be from the improvement of our senses that the great discoveries and inventions of the far future are yet to come?

We are, therefore, safe in believing all things are possible, because there is no apparent limit to the evolution of our physical being. Meanwhile, we may accept new things in a spirit of expectant attention, ready to believe, glad to be convinced when any fact in nature is made useful, and yet hesitating to accept claims of new discoveries made by men whose senses are no better than our own. A thousand horse-power in a tea-cup is senseless, because beyond sense. Speech by wire is sensible, because within the range of sensation.

CHARLES BARNARD.

II.

DO WE WANT DIALECTS?

A CERTAIN English critic once remarked that this country was not *interesting*, implying by his speech a contrast with Great Britain and her castles, ruins, peasantry and dialects. He was in some ways an able man, so that we were willing to smile at his insular narrowness and listen for the grain of gold that might be found in his utterances; but we saw at once that when he spoke of dialects, he referred to the monotonous similarity of our speech, North, South, East and West.

However much alike the citizens of the several States may speak (and their similarity of speech is an evidence of education and a matter of pride to all good Americans), we have no lack of dialects in our literature. The Tennessee and Kentucky mountaineers have proved prolific of bad spelling and dialectic eccentricities in more than one novel, while the patois of the creoles and the dialect of the negroes have irritated thousands of readers and hundreds of type-setters. In literature, at least, we have a multitude of dialects.

Do we want dialects in this country? No! Emphatically NO! A dialect is a sign of ignorance, an unfailing evidence of the lack of education. We want none of it. We want the negro to speak as the Yankee, and the Yankee as the Westerner, and the Creole of New Orleans as the College Professor at Princeton.

There are some persons (it is hardly necessary to say they are the possessors of settled incomes) who find poverty picturesque and interesting, who find in a tumble-down house with battered sides and leaky roof an "interesting object" in the landscape. So also there are others who find a toil-burdened, unlettered peasantry an "interesting" part of the social life of a nation. But here, in these United States, are we not ready to sacrifice the picturesqueness of ignorance and poverty for the substantial if not "interesting" benefit of universal education and a common tongue? That so many volumes come from the press, decked out in the cheap finery of a gew-gaw dialect is much to be regretted. Ignorance should no more be idealized by the novelist than sin—the twin-sister of ignorance. Those who speak dialects should be held up by the teacher as objects of pity, not idealized into heroic proportions because of their dialectic failing. Every novel that appears in dialect debases literature as much as if it were written in the dialect of the gutter, or the vile speech of the slums. Pure speech is indicative of pure thought; and proper speech, of a well trained mind. We have great need, in America, at least, of pure thoughts and well-trained minds, and we have no use whatsoever for dialects, nor the ignorance of which a dialect is the offspring.

NORTON V. JOHNSON.

III.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PIONEERS.

I HAVE a high regard for the critics, and it is but natural that I should have, for during more than twenty-five years they have uniformly treated me with decided courtesy. This being so, it is with great reluctance that I differ from any one of them, and especially from the distinguished gentleman who in a recent review of one of my volumes of Southwestern history says: "The soldiers who fought under Arnold and Gates at Saratoga, or under Washington at Yorktown, knew very well what was at stake, and were perfectly conscious that the fate of the country hinged upon their prowess. The sturdy backwoodsman, on the other hand" [who won the battle of King's Mountain], "builded better than they knew. They did not look an inch beyond the homely, though honorable, end of preventing Ferguson from pressing in his northward march up to and over the Alleghanies." And he adds that I seem to "imagine" that they did "look an inch" beyond their noses.

Now, the gentleman need not have been in any doubt of my conviction that the leaders of the Western pioneers did fully realize the consequences of their actions, for I distinctly state it as my opinion that John Sevier was convinced that, "Ferguson's army being destroyed, or even badly broken, the British general [Cornwallis] would be forced to fall back upon Charleston, and thus give the patriots time to rally and recover their lost country," and I clearly assert that these "leaders were far-seeing men" who "had higher aims than a mere escape from political tyranny." "They sought," I say, "to found in those Western forests great empire of freemen, and they knew that they were clearing the way for a civilization which should overspread the continent." Said Robertson, while yet the navigation of the Mississippi was controlled by Spain and all the vast region beyond that river was fast locked by her mediæval bigotry: "We are the Advance Guard of Civilization, and our way is across the Continent; and to Governor Caswell Sevier wrote, when the settlers were but a handful: "However inconsiderable the people of this country may appear at this day, reason must inform us that the time is not far distant when they will become as consequential in numbers, if not more so, than most of the Eastern States."

I might have added, had the connection so required, that the principal burden of Gov. Sevier's conversation in his old age as it was reported to me by the venerable Dr. Ramsey, who was on terms of close intimacy with him—was the coming greatness of the West, where, he predicted would be, within a hundred years from his time, the seat of the political power of this great nation. Among the discoveries of the Nineteenth Century will be the fact that Sevier was one of the greatest and most far seeing of the statesmen this country has yet produced. To prove that he was one of its greatest soldiers, it is merely necessary to state that he fought thirty-five battles, every one of which was a victory.

I have been led to think upon this subject by a letter I have recently received from the Hon. Randal M. Ewing, of Tennessee, in which, after giving me an interesting account of the discovery of some valuable letters of Hon. Joseph McMinn, who, in 1815, was one of Sevier's immediate successors as Governor of Tennessee, he goes on to say: "What did those old Trojans care for sickness, exposure, or even death, when acting in the line of their duty? It seems strange in reading the correspondence of those old worthies, to see what unbounded faith they had in the future of this country, at a time when they had scarcely blazed a path through its interminable forests; and when savage beasts and yet more savage men lay in wait for them at every fountain of the wilderness where they paused to quench their thirst. They seem to have conceived the idea that

they were as visibly led and guarded by Providence as the Israelites of old."

This was John Sevier's feeling, as I note in my book, "John Sevier, the Commonwealth Builder," where I state that in reply to a gentleman who in his old age reminded him of his great services to the country and Western civilization, he said, "I am not entitled to the credit, sir; I have been merely an instrument—led, and guided, and guarded by the INFINITE GOODNESS." And much in the same spirit is a paragraph which Mr. Ewing quotes from one of Gov. McMinn's recently discovered letters. "No human power," says McMinn "can stop its [the country's] progress, though it may not be the will of the All-Wise Disposer to permit me to see it otherwise than he did the beloved father in relation to the land of promise; and to his will I hope I shall be able to give a Christian assent"

They were a remarkable race of men, those Western pioneers, and more for the grandeur of their characters than for the wonder of their exploits, should their histories be better known by the American people.

EDMUND KIRKE.

IV.

CRADLEDOM AND CUPID.

MR. COOMAR ROY deserves and undoubtedly will receive the thanks of the Western barbarians in return for the expression of his lucid and logical exposition of certain of the social customs and characteristics of Eastern civilization.

As regards the chief subject matter of his letter—Child Marriage in India—the impartial reader, weighing well the facts given and arguments adduced, can cheerfully and easily arrive at conclusions quite reconcilable to, if not coincident with, our accepted ideas of virtue and religion.

That the ingrafting of the custom into our social system would mark a step towards the progressive will perhaps be questioned, but can scarcely be entirely controverted.

Where there are two children, of two families, a boy child and a girl child, educated to live and love each for the other, and from infancy taught to understand and revere the sweet and sacred relationship to which they are in a measure predestined, it would appear it is almost certain that the haphazard possibilities of our ordained order of marriage would in a material degree be lessened, if not, in many instances, entirely averted.

The existence of true love, as ordinarily understood by us, and with especial reference to our creed of courtship, is generally a mere delusion.

As a matter of certainty, one does not absolutely know when one is really loved or in love; and how often one—usually two—can be mistaken is evidenced by the sad experiences of the unhappily wedded, who, like the poor, are ever with us.

The fact that one has arrived at the age of discretion implies but does not prove the capacity to suitably choose a mate. Ere we become intractable, it would, therefore, be as well, on general principles, to have our parents or guardians assume the responsibilities.

In the event of misalliances, ill-assorted pairs could perhaps derive some consolation, in that in strict justice it could not be contended that the blame as to consequences rested entirely with them, the match being not of their making.

Probably, though, by many this suggestion will, with some degree of truth, be regarded as savoring of moral cowardice.

Without endeavoring to discuss the question exhaustively and in its varied in-

tricacies and detail, it is submitted that the reflecting and contemplative mind can, by and through the operation of its own influences, readily admit, that under this blessed dispensation the necessity of "popping the question" and its attendant anxieties would be unknown, and it must appear equally obvious that in the new society there could be no place for that heartless and heart-breaking jade —the jilt!

Further, the universal adoption of the principle which forms the basis of the system of child marriage—the co-education in love of the child mates—and its proper, rigid and religious observance by our parents or guardians, would preclude the possibility of the existence of old maids or bachelors; wedding bells would chime unceasingly, all womankind would be glorified as wives or mothers, and babies—bless them—would be as numberless and "as numerous as the sands of the sea."

MAURICE GROS.

V.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ECCENTRICITIES.

OF the multitude of absurd and amusing errors made in the composition of articles for print, comparatively few are seen by the readers of the literature of the day. Some evade the vigilance of the proof-reader, and bring mirth or vexation, according to the mood of the reader or his relation to the production, but the number of these is small, and the more characteristic ones are seldom printed. The literal errors, the substitution of one word for another, sometimes to the utter confusion of the author's idea, usually meet an untimely end—or perhaps, more correctly, a timely one—and disappear. Many writers, whose copy is legible enough to themselves, no doubt, would be amazed if they could see the attempts that are sometimes made to put their productions in type. Peculiarities of penmanship are accented, and the result is grotesque. This work on the part of the printer, I am sure, often comes from the mechanical nature of his task. Small pieces of copy are given to him, incomplete and fragmentary, like a piece of a Chinese puzzle, and as it is impossible for him to get any meaning out of his little remnant he sets it up for what it looks like, and meantime thinks about other things. It is only when the pieces are joined and one tries to make out the pattern that the failures to fit are apparent.

Irregular shapes of letters in copy are prolific of literal errors, and one common form is the substitution of letters for figures, or the opposite. As an instance, not long since, in a report of the coal market, where it was intended to say that there was an over supply of egg size, it appeared that there was an over supply of 299; and similarly, where a writer described a house with zigzag staircases, he was made to give it the extraordinary number of 219,209 staircases.

But the misreading of words, and their use in the place of others of closely similar size, sound or appearance leads to the most absurd conjunctions. In a piece of verse for a labor paper some time ago I came across the following choice bit, which was decidedly anarchistic in tone, till it came under the reforming influence of the type:

> Or with flags of crimson *blue*,
> Forward! triumph waits for you!

Since the sanguinary intention of the writer was so evident, it is almost needless to say that the types were not allowed to carry out their peaceful intention, and the ruddy color was restored to the poem and the banners. The well-known Bible quotation "The cattle on a thousand hills are his" was once paraphrased "The rattle on a thousand bells was his."

A pair of similar errors which came close together lately will suffice for examples of this style of composition. In an excellent technical report on the Forth railway bridge, a noted engineer was made to say that it is a bridge which no gale or *toronto* can upset, and in an editorial article on some sporting topic we were told that we must go to the young head for *pie* (fire) and enthusiasm.

More singular than these errors, and characteristic of only one person in my experience, is the joining of parts of two words in manuscript, and making two new ones. This was in the work of a busy editor, and was probably due to the pressure under which he had to write. I recall one instance, where, in writing of the accidental derailing of a train, he said that it was derailed by the railing of the spreads, and another accident where a trainman was hurtly slight.

Countless numbers of such errors of print as these given are never seen outside of composing rooms, and those which meet the eye of the general reader are usually of a quite different character. This brief glimpse at these will show what dangers one has to face in writing for the press.

C. B. GILLETTE.

VI.

SOME QUEER BELIEFS.

"WHAT is Socialism?" I asked of a white-bearded man who has studied the question for forty years, and he smiled thoughtfully.

"Why not ask what civilization is?" he asked in turn. "The question is overgrown. I can give you a sort of sketch, suggestive of a reply, and you may understand it after a lifetime or so of study. I know a little about it, but nobody after the first five years of study ever pretends to explain it fully. Here is a skeleton thought which may guide you."

And he reached out for a piece of chalk and began writing on the table. We were in a beer saloon. People usually are when they discuss socialism. Then the old man wrote.

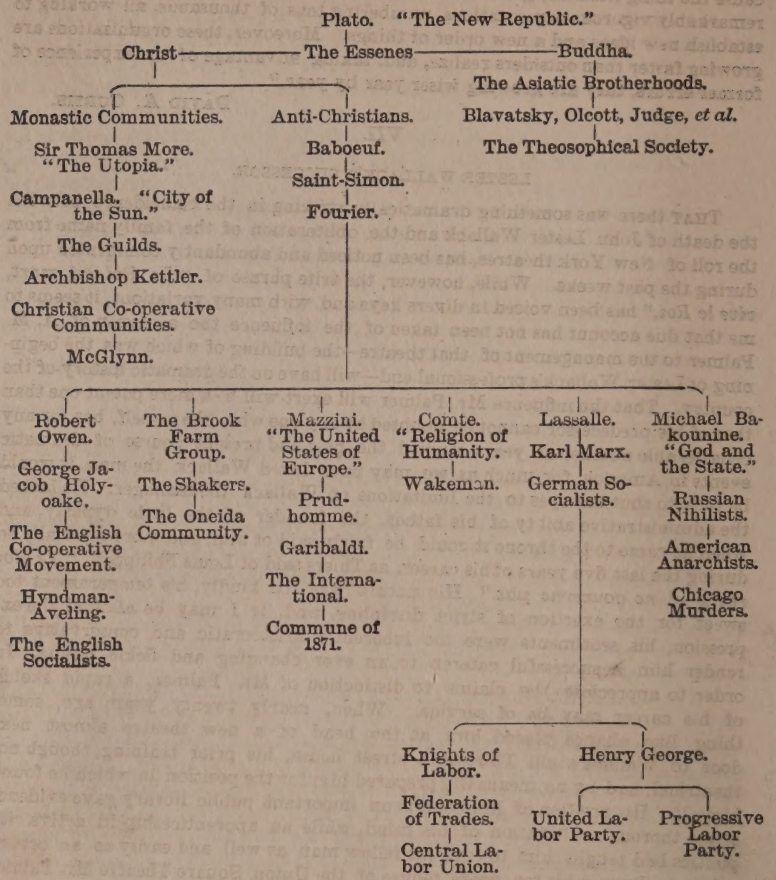
"That," said the old man, "is not a chronological table. You can make all sorts of criticisms on it. Probably no two socialists would agree with me touching the selection I have made of names, and a good many would quarrel with the arrangement. Yet, it has a value, as indicating in a general way the lines along which thoughts have been handed down from one school of thinkers to another. I am not trying to show the influence which the different schools have exercised on one another. A Cretan labyrinth would not show that, let alone my modest little tree. I am only explaining, very generally, the sources of socialistic ideas."

Then he talked for an hour, and when he paused, I said:

"I see. Socialism is everything in the way of thought about man's condition. It is a dream. It is formulated discontent. It is the combination of all effort for the improvement of mankind. It is like Theosophy—a something or a nothing which men put upon a pedestal and then either fall down and worship, or heave contumely at. It is any effort to remould the customs of society in order to rectify real or imagined evils. It is any attempt to overthrow any custom sufficiently important and deep-seated to be called an institution. It is any or all of these."

"You are wrong," said the old man, calmly. Whenever anybody says to a socialist anything intended to show that he understands what has been explained to him, the socialist always says: "You are wrong."

"There should be a limitation made," said this particular exponent. "If you give this wide significance to the word, you rob it of its particular meaning. Socialism means, of course, a study or a science of the conditions of men in society so far as those conditions relate directly to men's maintenance."



"He is wrong," said another thinker and writer on the subject. "Such a limitation of the word is what robs it of its full significance. It is as narrow a view in one way as was taken by Dr. Webster in his definition as published forty years ago. That was:

"'SOCIALISM, n. A social state in which there is a community of property among all the citizens; a new term for agrarianism. [See Communism.]'"

"Then is there any real live Socialism in America to-day?" I asked, "or is it as we used to think twenty years ago, the mere vapor that floated across the Atlantic from the seething caldrons of man's misery and strife in the badly governed nations of the old world?"

"There is certainly Socialism here," was the reply, "and it is particularly alive. He who would do away with the jury system of trial is a socialist. He who would abolish the wage-system and introduce co-operation is a socialist. He is a student and a would-be reformer of our social order, taking the word social in its largest meaning. The word means more than it did in Dr. Webster's day, be-

cause the thing itself has grown. And there are not only socialists, but they have remarkably vigorous organizations, numbering tens of thousands, all working to establish new ideas and a new order of things. Moreover, these organizations are growing faster than outsiders realize, and, taking advantage of the experience of former errors, they are growing wiser year by year."

DAVID A. CURTIS.

VII.

LESTER WALLACK'S SUCCESSOR.

THAT there was something dramatically striking in the coincidence between the death of John Lester Wallack and the obliteration of the family name from the roll of New York theatres, has been noticed and abundantly commented upon during the past weeks. While, however, the trite phrase of "*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*," has been voiced in divers keys and with many variations, it seems to me that due account has not been taken of the influence the accession of A. M. Palmer to the management of that theatre—the building of which was the beginning of Lester Wallack's professional end—will have on the dramatic history of the country. That the influence Mr. Palmer will exert will be a more potent one than that of his predecessor cannot be doubted by any one who, like myself, has for any considerable number of years studied the past and present course of dramatic events in America, for much as we may have loved Wallack the man, it would be folly to shut our eyes to the limitations of Wallack the manager. He lacked the administrative abil ty of his father, the founder of the little dynasty, and when he came to the throne it could be fairly said of him, and more especially so during the last five years of his career, as Thiers said of Louis Philippe: "*Le Roi regne et ne gouverne pas.*" His nature was too kindly, his temperament too sweet for the exertion of strict discipline, and, if I may be allowed the expression, his sentiments were too inherently aristocratic and conservative to render him a successful caterer to an ever changing and fickle public. In order to appreciate the claims to distinction of Mr. Palmer, a rapid sketch of his career may be of service. When, nearly twenty years ago, something like chance placed him at the head of a new theatre almost next door to Wallack's old Thirteenth street house, his prior training, though not theatrical, had by no means illy prepared him for the position in which he found himself. His position of librarian in an important public library gave evidence of the thorough cultivation of his mind, while an apprenticeship in active city politics had taught him to read his fellow man as well and easily as an octavo volume. During his ten years' tenure of the Union Square Theatre Mr. Palmer did several important things. He gathered round him a company of actors who were essentially American in their methods, and who worked admirably together; he took pains, at that time rare in this country, to costume his pieces correctly, and give to them well painted and effective scenery, and finally he offered to his audiences the pick of the productions of the French stage, at that time far more rich in works of genius than is the case to-day. In the height of his success he perceived that that success would not continue much longer unless he made a new and radical departure. Accordingly the Union Square was abandoned and Mr. Palmer wisely employed a year or two in travel and careful observation of the field in other countries before he ventured once more into active management. Then, when he took the Madison Square Theatre, he made no attempt to follow again the policy which governed him during his occupancy of the Union Square, neither did he follow the path beaten by the first managers of the little Twenty-fourth street house. He found that the standard French play no longer con-

formed to the tastes or sentiments of the American public, as had been so curiously the case in the decade just ended. He drew for his material on English sources, and the result proved the wisdom of his choice. In place of "French Flats" he offered "The Private Secretary," and with "Jim the Penman" reduplicated the success of "The Two Orphans," while he remained faithful to his original principles in so far as a collectively well-trained and indivldually strong company and the expensive mounting and careful stage managing of his plays were concerned.

In a year from now, we shall know more certainly as to his plans and purposes with his new theatre, but it is fair to assume that he will soon raise it to the leading place among American theatres. The means he will adopt to this end can only be guessed at, but it is fair to assume from what he has hinted to me that he will offer a series of productions which will go beyond anything our stage has yet seen in all that appertains to stage management and stage setting, while the pieces so produced will be of the highest order of the drama. New York, as the umbilical city of America, has long needed an acknowledged home of the classical drama. Edwin Booth attempted to supply this but the times were not ripe. Lawrence Barrett has talked and planned to the same end. Is it not probable that it has remained for the manager of Palmer's Theater to carry it to a successful consummation? HORACE TOWNSEND.

VIII.

OUR POSTAL SERVICE.

NINETY-NINE out of every hundred citizens of the United States are under the impression that the postal service of our country is the finest in the world. In traveling through the United States I have heard such an assertion made by both "traveled" and "untraveled" Americans who seem positively grateful to the United States government—with its superabundant wealth—for giving them a mail service of any kind. But the residents of large cities have no conception of the irregularity of the postal service in outlying districts, supplied by what is known in the postal department as the "star route," nor of the utter incompetence of many of the postal servants. Two years ago I traveled with a special reporter from a leading Boston paper, who was commissioned to photograph a delinquent postmistress in the State of Vermont, and who, in the course of a few days, sent me some very graphic representations of the fair lady's back kitchen in which she kept the United States mail. Country postmasters stand perfectly aghast if you betray any sense of irritation at the delay of your regular mail or at the non-delivery of your New York daily. Not long ago I had the satisfaction of seeing a quantity of the United States mail for a certain township conveyed a distance of three miles in a soap box kindly brought over by the kindness of a private citizen. In the month of January last a local railway became bankrupt, and ceased to run, and it took fully three months before the mail service could be restored to the townships along the route, although they were but a few miles from the Boston & Albany Railway. The United States has very nearly sixty thousand post-offices with a postal route of more than three hundred and eighty thousand miles, and yet such is the organization of the department that if an extension of some three or four miles of postal route has to be made tenders for the same must be sent to Washington. The post-office inspector seems to be merely a kind of police detective, who must drop in upon the country postmaster at an unwary moment to see if he is not absconding with a registered letter or the cash box, but he appears to have nothing whatever to say to the arrangement of the mail service. But it is not merely in country places that I find the postal ser-

vice inefficient, but there are very loud complaints regarding it in such large centres of population as Chicago and St. Louis. Cities of very considerable size are still without a local delivery, and the citizens thereof are perfectly satisfied, amidst the "terrific rush of our American life," to trudge four times a day for the receipt and dispatch of their business letters, and seem perfectly incredulous when they are told that in an old fashioned and somewhat effete country like Great Britain there is not a town or village which has not a local delivery.

But we must not compare the postal arrangements of the United States with that of Great Britain. There are manifestly greater difficulties in arranging for a prompt mail service in a country with an area of three millions of square miles than in a country of less than a hundred and thirty thousand, although the enormous surplus of our national revenue ought to relegate many difficulties, and do much to equalize the difference. But I compare the postal service of the United States with that of British India, and I do not hesitate to affirm that the mail service of that vast empire is infinitely better than that of the United States. The postal department of British India is very nearly self-supporting, and yet for the past fifteen years it has had what is practically a one cent postage on letters and a half cent postage on cards. Every town and village has a local delivery, and in all large cities and in military stations the post-office combines the three-fold duties of mail service, telegraph and savings bank. For ten years past the postal department of British India has instituted an admirable system of C. O. D. on parcel delivery, so that in country places, instead of having (as in America) to journey some miles to the nearest "express" office, where, according to the old slow coach system, your parcels may be detained "at your own risk" for days, you can have small packages not exceedin a certain size and weight delivered at your very door.

The postal department of British India, with its vast territory and enormous population of 300 millions, is well organized. Every controlling officer is a trained expert and not a mere political nominee. The Postmaster General of India is usually a covenanted officer of the India civil service, and resides with the supreme government. But each province or state (for in British India there is local state government) has its postmaster general. There provinces are divided into a number of inspectorships, and the public can forward to these inspectors any complaint on "postal service" with the assurance of its being promptly attended to. The railway mail service is operated the same as that of the United States, the distribution being made from large traveling post-offices, but in the "Star route" H. M 's mail is conveyed in secure mail carts supplied by the department, although drawn by contract, and not as in the United States conveyed in a huckster's wagon, a donkey cart, or a hand-barrow. Post-offices are graded into different classes, and all postmasters receive a stated salary according to their grade. They are nominated by the Postmasters General of the State or Province, and practically by the administration in power, but the appointment is for life, subject to good behavior and departmental efficiency.

The present organization of the Postal Department in the United States precludes the possibility of its ever becoming a really efficient service, for even a Rowland Hill, an expert of experts in postal organization, would not be secure against the caprice of party administration. The cumbersome machinery of Washington should be broken up, and each State should have its postmaster general, while the whole postal administration of the United States should be controlled by the very best man that money and official position can secure. Surely, of all countries in the wide world, the United States of America has a right to the very best mail service. We are a commercial people. We do not boast of our

standing army of 23,946 men, nor do we boast of our navy (when found), but we have a right to demand that a great commercial empire which posts some ninety millions of letters every year, and transmits fifty millions of telegrams, should have as good a postal service (if not better) as the Hindoo of Benares and the Moslem of Bombay.

THOMAS P. HUGHES.

IX.

THE HOME IN FRANCE.

IT is doubtful if any form of criticism is less valuable and authoritative than criticism of a country not your own. One likes to read an intelligent observer's estimate of a foreign country, and hear what may be said of its manners and institutions; for all such writing is in its way piquant and appetizing. But, to be intelligent and valuable, it necessitates a broad background of study, and a perfect elimination of feelings and prejudices. But what critic equips himself by meeting such conditions? Almost all that has been written and which is notable in "country criticism" has been tinctured by superficiality and prejudice. Of course much truth is stated and many undeniable facts are produced along with clearly exhibited bias, but very few are the writers who treat a foreign country at all who do not in a manner caricature it. We see the glimmer of vraisemblance in what was said of America by Mrs. Trollope and by Dickens in his famous "Notes," and by Hawthorne concerning England in his book on "Our Old Home. But we see it just as we see certain truths in pictorial caricature. The difference is the artist's cartoon is a caricature by intuition, while the criticism of the foreign land in one in effect.

Books of this sort are in a measure lampoons, though their authors are pretending to be really serious and judicial. On the contrary, books like De Tocqueville's on our own country, and Emerson's upon England, are really successful criticisms, and are among the pure books of their kind which are so. They may not be without fault, but they are so accurate a perfection and show such careful study and intelligence that unlike the others referred to they will not suffer essentially from the footsteps of time. It was Matthew Arnold's imperfect data and strange prejudice which made his latest conclusions about us so grotesque, while at the same time you can trace back to some germs of truth every indictment that he uttered. While he implicitly held England up as having solved the human problem in a better way than America has solved, his various points which were offered to prove this were owing to his ill-managed perspective made to prove too much, for they are just as true of England as of us. It was an effort to measure the facts in the case by a reference to his American discomforts. All this may be very edifying as a contribution for one country's reading, or to point out a few spots on the sun, but it is worthless as a philosophy of the sun itself.

I have been led into these preliminary observations by a recent article in which Mr. Max O'Rell complains of an emphatically false indictment of France. Probably no idea has been more sedulously held by both American and English writers than that which maintains that the French are destitute of the idea of *home*, as it is known to the Anglo Saxon race. How often have we heard from them that the French language has no word for *home*. This made the accusation seem plausible, but it never seemed, even with this evidence, quite credible. And even now Max O'Rell tells us that the alleged philological proof is false. "To feel the whole meaning of those sweet words, *Chez tois, chez nous*," he says, "one must know the language they form a part of. How many English or American people have an inkling of their value? Do they care to know that some hundred years back the French used to say *en chez* (from the Latin *in casa, at home*), then took to adding a pronoun, *en chez nous*, and that later on the peo-

ple mistaking the word chez for a preposition because it was always followed by a pronoun, suppressed the *en*, so that now the French language has lost a noun for home but has kept a word, *chez*, which to this very day has all significance. It contains," he says, "the idea of snugness and happiness, though it may represent but a quarter of a house." He then goes on to show that the accusation that there is no home life in France is the "most glaring mistake" ever made. We might have known this, too, ourselves if we had only stopped to think of what is patent—and what he advances—that the French are neither great travelers nor emigrants. There is no place, in fact, so dear to them as home. We knew, too, all the while that English and American writers were inculcating the anti-home notion concerning France, that nowhere is the whole family kept together as it is in France. The small farm is divided and re-divided to give all the children a foothold with their parents, and this home is "so precious a dominion that the outsider is often jealously excluded from it." The few Frenchmen who emigrate only do so for temporary gain, and all who do so return to France if they can.

Max O'Rell intimates that the criticism which should have been made is that the French are so home-like and home-loving, that they are narrow in their mental horizon. They are too apt to think that France is either the whole world or that what there is outside of it is scarcely worth their serious attention. And how individually true this is.

I am not trying to give all the clever things which he says on this subject, but I must add that in his opinion, no foreigner except Mr. Hamerton has written anything about France that is "worth the paper it is written on." The most critics foreign to that land look at Paris and call it France, while Mr. Hamerton has spent years among all classes of French people and is probably one of the best critics of the kind in the world. I have seen nothing lately better calculated to call a halt to rapid and superficial criticism of another country than your own than this pungent and acutely written article of Max O'Rell's. It ought to make us all modest when we travel and to remember that no nation can be sincerely studied or effectually pictured by rapid glances from a car window and the massing of grotesque sporadic examples.

JOEL BENTON.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTIQUARIANS will read with interest an exhaustive treatise lately issued by the American News Company, with the sanction of the American Geographical Society, on the "Origin of the Name America."* The author contends that this continent does not derive its name from Amerigo Vespucci, as is generally supposed, and he advances another theory backed by important testimony and arguments, which will well repay the attention of the curious and learned. The work has considerable historical merit and is well illustrated.

Dr. J. I. Mombert's "History of Charles the Great,"† or as he is usually styled Charlemagne, is the product of great research and learning and a vast collection of incidents connected with that wonderful monarch.

Mr. Edward Eggleston's "School History of the United States,"‡ makes a good text-book. It is free from the objection of high party coloring, and gives a fair and clear survey of facts from the period of the earliest discoveries to the present time. It is also adorned with almost numberless illustrations, including portraits and some colored lithographs.

The compilation of the proverbial utterances of all ages,‖ classified both subjectively and alphabetically is a task that only an intellectual worker of the greatest muscularity could have achieved, and Mr. Robert Christy is entitled to high commendation for his attempt. These two volumes have a very tempting look about them to people whose business it is to write or speak for the public ear. Almost every topic one can think of can here be pounced upon and under its full faced headline some wise and witty utterances can be found that throw light upon it, or that stimulate to thought activity along the desired line. The compiler has not always credited those proverbial utterances to their source, and there are some needless repetitions and an occasional error. It appears to us also that he might have drawn far more heavily than he has upon the Proverbs of Scripture, many of which are models of profundity and point. The work, however, is on the whole well done.

* "Origin of the Name America." American News Company.

† "A History of Charles the Great (Charlemagne)." By J. I. Mombert, D. D. D. Appleton & Co.

‡ "A History of the United States and Its People, for the Use of Schools." By Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co.

‖ "Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of All Ages." Classified subjectively and arranged alphabetically. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Some of the most difficult questions of political and social economy would be solved if people understood how to exercise thrift and live within their incomes. Especially does this apply to small incomes. The author of "How She Did It"* has written a very readable book, likely to be of practical benefit to multitudes if they will only study it carefully. The preface states that the story is in no sense fiction, but an actual portrayal of the author's personal experiences, step by step. It is a brave story and bravely told.

"The Jewish Prayer Book,"† or Manual of Household Devotions, is the work of a Committee of the Jewish Ministers' Association, consisting of the Rev. Doctors G. Gottheil, F. de Sola Mendes, A. Kohut and Louis Stern. It is devotional and ethical rather than doctrinal, and will meet a want felt by pious Jews of all schools. In addition to a large number of prayers suitable to almost every personal and family condition, it contains many beautiful and timely meditations, practical suggestions and ethical readings. We have never seen any devotional work, not claiming direct inspiration, so truly comprehensive, either in Christian or Jewish literature. Christians as well as Jews will find much that will greatly edify and interest them. The Committee have rendered an important service, not only to their own people, but to all mankind, in the publication of this small but weighty volume, which will win its way to many hearts.

Professor Fisher, of Yale, has brought together into one compact pocket manual a group of "Christian Evidences,"‡ which serve the purpose of classification, and give a tolerably clear idea of the course of reasoning deemed satisfactory and conclusive in the theological schools of the present day. The task undertaken is limited by the title. The existence of God and His government of things are taken for granted. The point is really to prove the "substantial verity" of the gospel histories. Their inspiration, and the presence or absence of discrepancies, are questions the author leaves to other branches of theology. The subjects chiefly discussed are miracles, the divine character of Jesus as portrayed in the gospels, the resurrection, alleged errors of opinion among the apostles, difficulties on comparing the Old and New Testaments, proof from prophecy, the intrinsic excellence of Christianity and its rapid growth. To clergymen and laymen desirous of meeting infidel arguments this work will be suggestive. It is by no means exhaustive, nor does it bring forward any new arguments. Miracles rest on testimony. Revelation is miraculous. He who denies the possibility of a miracle will not credit any testimony. He who admits the possibility must sift the testimony or let others do it for him. The greatest miracles alleged in reference to Christ are his birth, his resurrection and his ascension. If Christ were not of supernatural birth then the *fabric* of Christianity falls; but this is a point on which the human testimony is necessarily meagre, and Professor Fisher does not touch upon it. The divinity of Christ may be *inferred* from his character, but can hardly be *proved* by it. Even miracles do not prove divinity, else were Moses, Elijah, and Peter divine. The fact is that the whole subject of the supernatural in religion is shrouded in mystery. It is entirely distinct from the moral and spiritual nature of Christianity or its rapid spread and growth. It is around the alleged supernatural in Christianity that the conflict of the future will thicken.

* "How She Did It, or Comfort on $150 a Year." By Mary Cruger. D. Appleton & Co.

† "The Jewish Home Prayer Book." A Manual of Household Devotion. Published by the Jewish Ministers' Association, New York.

‡ "Manual of Christian Evidences." By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The genuineness of the gospel histories, and the moral excellence of Christianity, with its power to elevate men, are conceded by many who yet doubt the dogma of the supernatural conception of the infant Christ, or his resurrection and ascension, as they doubt all so-called miracles, notwithstanding the weight of testimony or of authority, or of both, which have been produced in their behalf. The idea of this manual is excellent, although in some respects the author follows too closely in the track of the schools, and fails, we think, to meet or even to state some of the difficulties honest minds encounter.

Few thoughtful persons are entirely satisfied with any creed of Christian doctrine, however venerable or authoritative, and yet few people venture to assail or even to criticise the creed of their own church. Mr. Eaton in his moderately written and unassuming book* deals very respectfully with popular beliefs and established creeds, but he recognizes the fact that they are but imperfect expressions and forms of thought, struggling with the grandest problems that can occupy the minds of men. His purpose is to set forth the undisputed principles or some of them, which lie at the basis of all creeds, and he claims that these principles are not now evolved, as it were, for the first time, but have been recognized in all ages by the purest and most devout and enlightened minds. The subjects treated of are God, Man, Christ, The Creeds, The Bible, The Church, The Sacraments, The Liturgy, The Future Life. The tendency of the book may be gathered from what the author says as to the Augustinian and Alexandrian schools: "The Augustinian theology has hitherto colored most of the religious thought of this continent, but with the increase of independent thought and study the older, better and more truly orthodox form of theology of the Alexandrian Fathers is returning, and in intelligent and broadly thinking quarters is fast superseding the cruder form of religious belief that has prevailed." The popular conception of the God of the Hebrews was essentially different from the theism of the later prophets. The New England theology of fifty years ago is slowly fading into history. And yet the great thought of God abides, and must abide. "The highest proof of God's existence is the fact that we are able to think of him at all." The same breadth of view pervades the other chapters of this book, in which the reader will find statement rather than argument, but the statement is that of a candid and clear thinker, in line with advanced but distinctively Christian philosophy.

"The Realities of Heaven"† is the title given to a collection of eight lectures from what seems to us the Swedenborgian standpoint. The writer does not believe in a future material body. The future life is to be wholly spiritual so far as the soul of man is concerned. There are many wise and devout sayings in this little book, which may be read with interest and profit by all who feel drawn to these hidden and sublime mysteries.

The second volume of Mr. Stevens' book, entitled "Around the World on a Bicycle,"‡ has lately been issued by the Scribners, and will be eagerly opened by all who have had the first volume before them. As a narrative, this second vol-

* "The Heart of the Creeds; Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." By Arthur Wentworth Eaton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† "The Realities of Heaven." Eight Lectures. By Rev. T. F. Wright. W. H. Alden, Philadelphia.

‡ "Around the World on a Bicycle." Vol. 2. From Teheran to Yokohama. By Thomas Stevens. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ume is perhaps hardly as interesting as the first—we cannot exactly say why, unless it be that the first volume was simply inimitable. Perhaps the author dwells longer on the more descriptive parts of his work and less on personal adventure. The book will, however, bear very attentive reading, and is exceedingly instructive in the light it throws upon the strange peoples and countries visited by our adventurous traveler. The feat of making the circuit of the globe after this solitary fashion, and on this peculiar steed, was a right brave one, and is not spoiled by egotism in the telling. One hardly knows which most to admire—the modesty of the historian or the pluck of the traveler. Mr. Stevens seems to have a physical constitution of the very best, and in point of ready tact and resource proves himself to be a prince among lovers of adventure. His coolness and nerve, no less than his patience and good temper, were often sorely tried, but were seldom, if ever, found wanting. The worst part of his experiences befell him in China, where he came very near being mobbed, and where he found very little indeed to awaken admiration or tempt him to loiter. Japan proved to be a perfect contrast to the Celestial Empire, and his journey through that interesting country was a pleasure excursion from beginning to end. Indeed, he almost doubts whether the Japs can be made happier or better by European civilization. "Happy people! happy country! Are the Japs acting wisely or are they acting foolishly in permitting European notions of life to creep in and revolutionize (their country)? Who can tell: Time alone will prove. They will get richer, more powerful, and more enterprising . . but wealth and power and the buzz and rattle of machinery and commerce do not always mean happiness."

All musical people and many others will welcome the publication of these letters of Mendelssohn to his friends, the Moscheles, which have already, we gather, appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, but which, as they are now presented in substantial book form, are embellished by portraits and other pictures, and also by many fac-similes of musical scores and original compositions. The work has been done, together with the translations, by Felix Moscheles, son of the distinguished tutor of Mendelssohn. Particulars are also given of the closing scenes of the life of the great composer. The book will prove a rich addition to every musical library.*

Some very important principles are wisely and temperately discussed in Dr. Charles Elam's treatise,† under the modest title of "A Physician's Problems." The problems are, indeed, not only those of a physician, seeing that all humanity is concerned in their solution. What they are may be gathered from the headings of the various chapters: Natural Heritage, Degeneration in Man, Moral and Criminal Epidemics, Body and Mind, Illusions and Hallucinations, Somnambulism, Revery and Abstractions. The author is not always concise and clear, but the essays abound in good things of special interest to those who believe in the possibilities lying before the race of man under certain physical and moral conditions.

II.

BOOKS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

AMONG the recent issues of "Appleton's International Scientific Series" we note some valuable books; indeed, there is scarcely one member of the series so

* "Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles." Translated and edited by Felix Moscheles. Illustrated. Ticknor & Company.

† "A Physician's Problems." By Charles Elam, M. D., M. R. C. P. Lee & Shepard.

far which does not possess strong claims to attention, and is not calculated to be of great service to lovers of science. Sir John Lubbock is always profound and yet clear and interesting in his special department, and in this volume on "Animal Instincts"* he has gathered together an array of facts and observations of the greatest interest and significance. He infers that the sensations of other animals differ in many ways from those of mankind, their organs of sense being sometimes constructed on different principles and situated in very unexpected places. "There are animals which have eyes on their backs, ears in their legs, and sing through their sides." Very little is positively known, of course, though on some points, such as in the cases of the organs of hearing and sight, we have very full information as to their structure. Investigations, therefore, extending down to the very smallest minutiæ are important, and throw light upon many questions of far-reaching philosophy. On the ant, Sir John says that during many years of close observation, he has never on any occasion seen anything like a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same community, while on the other hand, every community of ants is hostile to every other. "Some species, indeed, are more intolerant of strangers than others; but as regards most species of ants, it may be said that if an individual be taken from its own nest and introduced into another, even though belonging to the same species, it will be at once attacked and driven out." This shows conclusively that the ants of a community recognize one another. How do they do this? It has been suggested that each nest—and there are often half a million of ants in a nest—has a kind of signal or password. To test this, Sir John took a number of ants, half from one nest and half from another, and made them very drunk, so as to become insensible. He then marked them with spots of different colors, so as to distinguish the two lots, and put them on a table near where some ants belonging to the nest from which one-half of them had been taken, were feeding on some honey. The table was surrounded by a moat containing water, to prevent the ants from wandering away. The sober ants were rather puzzled; but after examining the intoxicated individuals, they picked up the strangers and threw them into the ditch, while they carried off their own friends into the nest, where, no doubt, they slept off the effects of the spirit. This experiment seeming to show that there was no signal or password, Sir John made another trial. He took a few ants from two different nests, A and B, and placed them together. At first they were rather shy, but after awhile fraternized. After living amicably for three months he put two of the ants which had been taken from nest A into nest B, where they were instantly attacked and driven out. The ants belonged all to the same species. This experiment was repeated under different circumstances, and the conclusion he comes to is that ants recognize each other by the sense of smell. "Not even six months of close companionship under precisely similar conditions will so far assimilate the odor as to lead to confusion." He says: "If the recognition *is* due in any degree to this cause, the odor is probably an hereditary characteristic. There are reasons for supposing that if ants are more or less soaked in water, they are no longer recognized by their friends, but are attacked. The book contains not only many interesting points, such as the foregoing, but an abundance of scientific data, the results of prolonged and patient study and experiment.

Sir J. William Dawson's work on the "Geological History of Plants"† has special interest and value as a comparatively new field of research. The author explains

* "On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals, with Special Reference to Insects." By Sir John Lubbock. D. Appleton & Co.

† "The Geological History of Plants." By Sir J. William Dawson. D. Appleton & Co.

his conception of the book. Born in a district rich in fossil plants he began as a boy to make collections, and this continued for nearly half a century. "Now in the evening of his days he thinks it right to endeavor to place before the world a summary of facts, and of his own matured conclusions,—feeling, however, that nothing can be final in this matter, and that he can only hope to sketch the present aspect of the subject, and to point the way to new developments." The object of this work is to give in a connected form a summary of the development of the vegetable kingdom in geologic time. There is an introductory chapter giving preliminary ideas of geological chronology and of the classification of plants, and the succeeding chapters range through the various eras, concluding with a statement of general laws of origin and migration of plants, and the relation of recent and fossil floras. We quote an interesting paragraph from the concluding pages: "What we have learned respecting this wonderful history has served strangely to change some of our preconceived ideas. We must now be prepared to admit that an Eden can be planted even in Spitzbergen, that there are possibilities in this old earth of ours which its present condition does not reveal to us; that the present state of the world is by no means the best possible in relation to climate and vegetation, that there have been and might be again conditions which would convert the ice-clad arctic regions into blooming paradises, and which at the same time would moderate the fervent heat of the tropics. We are accustomed to say that nothing is impossible with God; but how little have we known of the gigantic possibilities which lie hidden under some of the most common of His natural laws."

Mr. Henslow is an English botanist of distinction, and presents us in his treatise* with some original discoveries and theories connected with the morphology of plants and flowers. After giving in a short preface a survey of the opinions and discoveries on the subject, he states that his object here is to endeavor to refer every part of the structures of flowers to some one or more definite causes arising from the environment taken in its widest sense. In short, he deals with the "why" and the "wherefore" of the differences and peculiarities of form in the floral world. The work contains a vast amount of information, and botanists everywhere will regard it as an important contribution to the literature of the science. The author believes that the entire floral world has come into being as the result of the responsive action of the protoplasm through the "irritations set up by the weights, pressures, thrusts, tensions, etc., of the insect visitors." How he deals with this subject, and conducts the reader through the processes of his reasoning, we have not space to dwell upon. He very modestly, however, offers his reasonings and conclusions as suggestive only.

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